

ALL-NEW SUPER-COLOSSAL  
TRUE FACTS SECTION

AUGUST 1987

**NATIONAL**

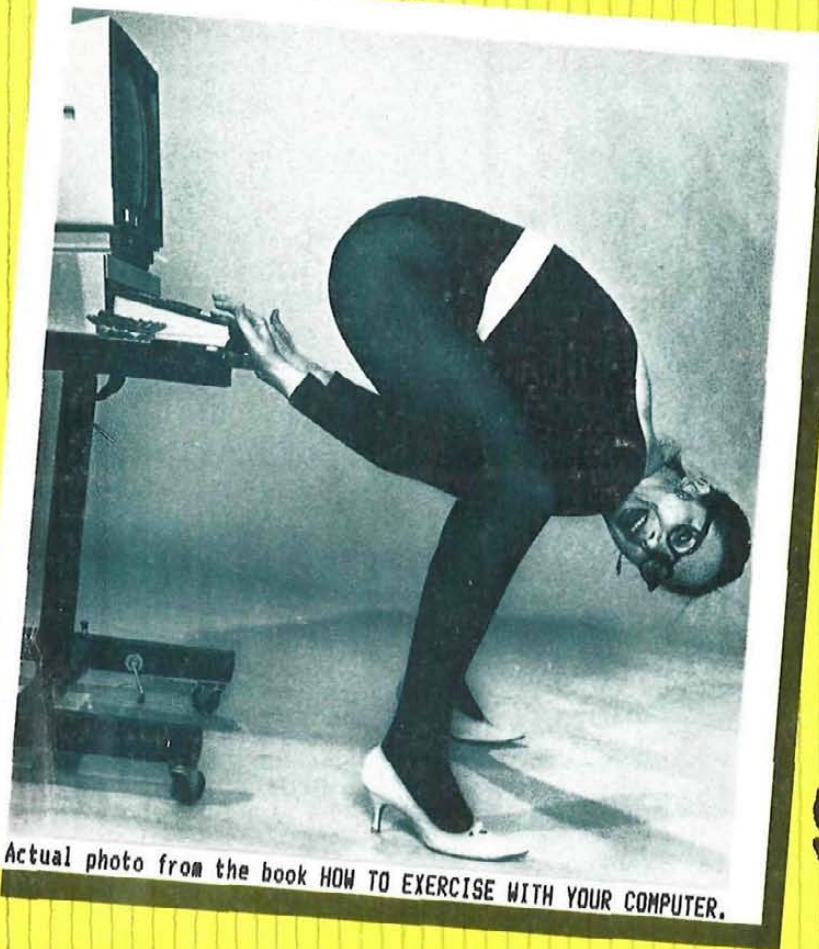
BIMONTHLY

# LAMPON

THE  
HUMOR  
MAGAZINE

® WFS 34490

\$3.95



BADLY  
BOTCHED  
HEADLINES

BEHEMOTH  
BLUNDERS

RIDICULOUS  
ROAD SIGNS

SPECTACULAR  
STORIES

ABOUT STUPID  
PEOPLE

CRAZY  
CRIME CLIPS

LOW-IQ BIMBOS  
and MACHO MENTAL  
MIDGETS

Plus a Smorgasbord  
of Columns, Cartoons, Funny Pages, and Fiction

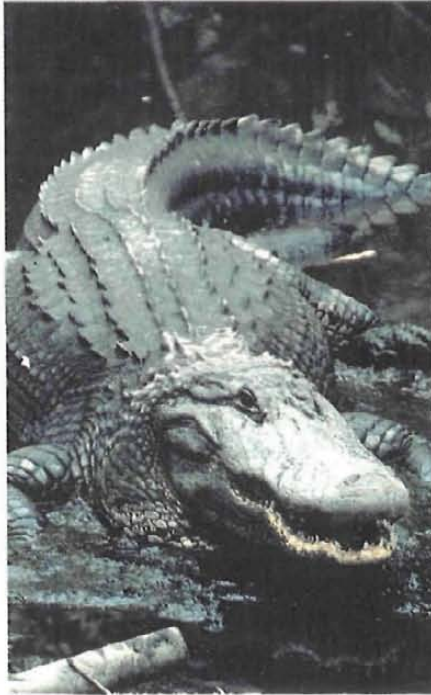
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL AUGUST 20, 1987



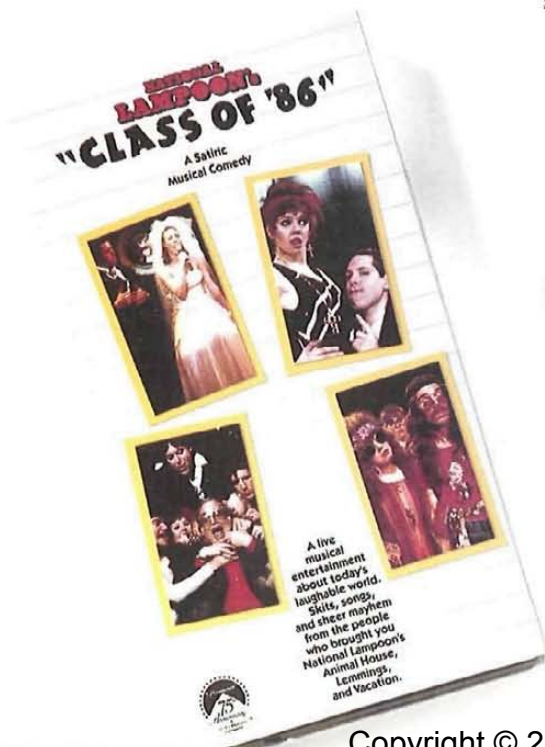
# Are you crazy enough to buy this tape? Take this test and find out.



1. The man who lives here is upset because \_\_\_\_\_.
- A. He's just seen "Class of '86."
  - B. He hasn't seen "Class of '86."
  - C. He can't remember.

2. These creatures got almost totally wiped out until they \_\_\_\_\_.
- A. Stopped drinking and carousing.
  - B. Became Republicans.
  - C. Invented modern-day Yuppie sportswear.

3. This person plays \_\_\_\_\_ music.
- A. Bad
  - B. Really bad
  - C. Accordion



One correct answer, and you'd better run right out and get your hands on this zany satire on the '80s. Remember, it's from National Lampoon, the same people who brought you *Animal House*, *Lemmings* and *Vacation*, so dress accordingly.

Two correct answers and both you and your analyst need to watch all the songs, skits and mayhem of this ruthlessly funny review.

Three correct answers and you should not only go out and buy this tape—you should be on it. After all, it's the ultimate lampoon of everything we hold semi-sacred.

**\$29.95** Available on VHS and Beta  
Price is suggested retail and may vary in Canada.



**The greatest performer in the business.™**



# WHAT DO THE FOLLOWING HAVE IN COMMON?

—A Davis, California, man told police there that someone had broken into his apartment and made a batch of Rice Krispies marshmallow treats, which were then left in the refrigerator. The burglar also dyed a bowl of rice green before escaping.

—The world record for automobile eating has been set by an Indian fakir. Mahegnay Souamin consumed an entire Chevrolet by dismantling it, cutting it into tiny pieces, and eating a few parts each day.

—The ninety-second *National Lampoon True Facts Radio Show* is the longest-running, most widely listened-to comedy feature in the nation.

—An employee of Germaine Montel Cosmetics in Deer Park, New York, was critically burned when a vat of molten lipstick toppled over on him.

**THEY'RE ALL  
NATIONAL  
LAMPPOON  
TRUE FACTS!**



And you can hear other true facts on these fine radio stations throughout the nation:

RANK	ADI	STATION	RANK	ADI	STATION	RANK	ADI	STATION	RANK	ADI	STATION
1	NEW YORK (EATONTOWN, NJ)	WHTG FM	35	RALEIGH DURHAM	WDCG FM	76	CHAMPAIGN	WPGU FM	128	YAKIMA	STATION
2	LOS ANGELES	KROQ FM	37	OKLAHOMA CITY (NORMAN)	WWLS AM	77	SPRINGFIELD-DECATUR	WDRB FM	129	TALLAHASSEE	WGFL FM
3	LOS ANGELES (SIMA VALLEY)	KCFE FM	38	GREENVILLE-SPARTANBURG	WMTT AM		CHAMPAIGN	WDRB FM	130	WAIKAIU	KLLR AF
4	CHICAGO	WGCI FM	39	MEMPHIS	WDBA AM		PAIDUCAN-CAPE GIRARDEAU	WDRB FM	131	MACON	WRBN FM
5	CHICAGO (ELGIN)	WRMN FM	39	MEMPHIS	WDBA AM		(MCLINBORO)	WMLC FM	136	LA CROSSE EAU CLAIRE	WISM AM
6	PHILADELPHIA	WMMR FM	40	(CARLITHERSVILLE, MO)	KCRV AM	78	SPOKANE	KEZE FM	136	LA CROSSE EAU CLAIRE	WBIZ FM
7	SAN FRANCISCO	KRQR FM	40	GRAND RAPIDS-KALAMAZOO	(HOLLAND)	79	PORTLAND, ME	WGAN FM	137	ERIE PA	WBLQ FM
8	BOSTON	WAAT FM	41	PROVIDENCE	WHYI FM	80	CHATTANOOGA	WDXB FM	139	TRAVERSE CITY	
9	DETROIT	WDTX FM	42	SALT LAKE CITY	KMTY FM	81	TUCSON (BISBEE)	KZMK FM	139	(SALLET ST MARIE)	WYSS FM
10	DETROIT (MONROE)	WTWR FM	42	SAN ANTONIO	KSQA FM	81	JACKSON	KHIT AM	139	TRAVERSE CITY (GAYLORD)	WKPK FM
11	DALLAS FT. WORTH	KTKS FM	44	HARRISBURG	WNNK FM	85	JOHNSTOWN-ALTOONA	WBXQ FM	140	ODessa	WHLQ FM
12	WASHINGTON, DC	WKLP AM	45	NORFOLK (HAMPTON ROADS)	WRSR FM	86	YOUNGSTOWN, OH	WNIO AM	141	CHICO	KQIP FM
13	WASHINGTON, DC	WQZZ FM	47	CHARLESTON-HUNTINGTON	WVAF FM	87	HUNTSVILLE	WMSL AM	141	COLUMBIA, MO	KEWB FM
14	HOUSTON	KRBE AF	51	ALBANY	WRWV FM	89	EVANSVILLE	WSTO FM	142	COLUMBIA, MO	KCMQ FM
15	CLEVELAND	WJMI FM	51	MOBILE-PENSACOLA	WABB FM	90	LINDCOLN	KQKQ FM	142	COLUMBIA, MO	KPOZ AM
16	CLEVELAND (BELLEVUE)	WNRN FM	55	JACKSONVILLE	WJFV FM	92	LAS VEGAS	KYRK FM	143	BLUEFIELD	KCLU FM
17	CLEVELAND (SANDUSKY)	WCPE FM	57	JACKSONVILLE (WAYCROSS)	WJFV FM	94	COLORADO SPRINGS	KPMN AM	146	MINOT	WRON AM
18	PITTSBURGH	WHTX FM	57	WICHITA	KKQV FM	100	(DENVER)	WLNZ FM	149	ROCHESTER, MN	KROC FM
19	MIAMI	WPOW FM	58	WICHITA (LIBERAL, KS)	KSCB FM	102	FARGO	KBRF FM	150	LUBBOCK	KSEL FM
20	MINNEAPOLIS (MORRIS, MN)	KROK FM	58	WILKES-BARRE	WPLZ FM	104	EL PASO	KEZB FM	152	WILMINGTON	WISL FM
21	MINNEAPOLIS (OLWIA, MN)	KOLV FM	59	RICHMOND	WKGN FM	105	CHARLESTON, SC	WKSJ AM	154	BANGOR	WGLY FM
22	MINNEAPOLIS	KDWB FM	60	KNOXVILLE	KXTX FM	109	CHARLESTON, SC (KINGSTREE)	WSPJ AM	155	MEDFORD	KBCY FM
23	SEATTLE	KLKI FM	61	SHREVEPORT	WHBD FM	110	SAVANNAH (HINESVILLE)	WBLU FM	155	MEDFORD ASHLAND	KBLI FM
24	SEATTLE (ANACORTES)	KIMN AM	62	TOLEDO	KZZO FM	112	LAFAYETTE, LA	KVOL AM	161	ALLA ANDRIA, LA	KQID FM
25	DENVER	KIMN AM	64	ALBUQUERQUE (CLOVIS)	KKOR FM	113	SNIA BRBRA-SNTA MARIA	KCAQ FM	162	LAUREL-HATTIESBURG	WNSL FM
26	SACRAMENTO-STOCKTON	KEIV FM	65	ALBUQUERQUE (SANTA FE)	KCCQ FM	113	OBISPO	KOTR FM	165	EL MIRA	WEGP AM
27	SACRAMENTO-STOCKTON (MODESTO)	KUPD FM	66	DES MOINES	WZGO FM	114	ROCKFORD	WYBR FM	175	GRAND JUNCTION	WNBT AF
28	INDIANAPOLIS	WEAG FM	66	DES MOINES	WZGO FM	114	MONROE	WTVR FM	179	BLOOMING	WQFX FM
29	SAN DIEGO	XIHM FM	67	SYRACUSE (ITHACA)	WLVY FM	115	JOPLIN	KSNM FM	180	ROSWELL	KRIM AM
30	PORTLAND	KMJK FM	67	GREEN BAY	WTRQ FM	118	CHARLES CHRISTI	KQZY AM	183	ALEXANDRIA, MN	KARA AF
31	PORTLAND (ALBANY, LEBANON)	KIQT FM	68	OMAHA	KLNG AM	120	DULUTH-SUPERIOR	KQZY AM	183	ALEXANDRIA, MN (BEMIDJI)	KKOS FM
32	PORTLAND (TOLEDO, OR)	KTDQ FM	69	OMAHA	KQKQ FM	120	DULUTH-EVELETH, MN)	WEVE FM	188	CHATTENNA	KFBQ FM
33	ORLANDO	WNIJ FM	69	ROCHESTER	WKZZ FM	120	COLUMBUS, GA	WYFC FM	189	BUTTE	KQUT FM
34	KANSAS CITY	KCPW FM	70	ROANOK	WKLO AM	122	BEAUFORT, NC	WSPY FM	191	SAN ANGELO, TX	KOPR FM
35	MILWAUKEE	WUJH FM	71	LEXINGTON	WTFQ FM	124	RENO	KXCV FM	197	BOWLING GREEN	KIXY FM
36	NASHVILLE	WRDQ FM	73	QUAD CITIES	KTSS AM	125	TYLER	KXCV FM	200	ZANESVILLE	WDNS FM
37	CHARLOTTE	WHMP FM	75	CEIDAR RAPIDS	(PLATTEVILLE, WI)	126	WICHITA FALLS-LAWTON	KKQV FM	203	TWIN FALLS (JEROME, ID)	WWPJ FM
38	NEW ORLEANS	WSDI FM	75	SPRINGFIELD-DECATUR	WPKL FM	126	WICHITA FALLS-LAWTON	KPGZ FM	208	BEND, OR	KPFA FM
39	COLUMBUS (HEATH)	WHDH FM	76			127	TERRE HAUTE	WFRF FM	208	HONOLULU	KLBB FM
40									200	HONOLULU	KJMI AM
41									300	WAIHOLE HAWAII	KLNE FM
42									501	JUNEAU AK	KSUP FM
43									149	WHEELING	WZMM FM

Hosted by John DeBella and Steve Lushbaugh. A presentation of the PREMIERE Radio Network. New York/Los Angeles 213-46-RADIO

Sponsored in part by





# T E N

**14**  
**Zen Bastard**  
By Paul Krassner

**17**  
**Yellow Journal**

**25**  
**All-New Super-Colossal True Facts Section**  
Edited by John Bendel

# C O T

**8**  
**Letters from the Editor**

**6**  
**Editorial**

**24**  
**From Disco Fever to Disco Influenza**  
By Dave Hanson  
Illustrated by Randy Jones

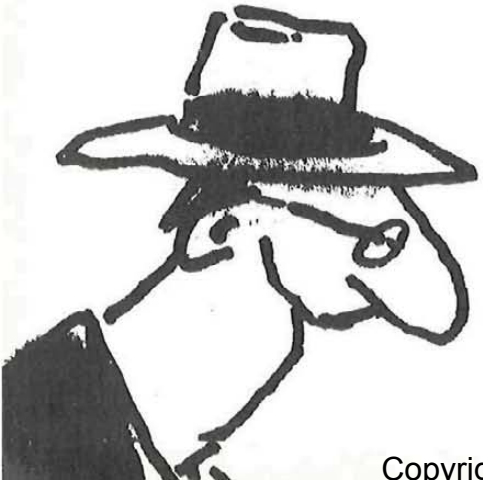


**10**  
**Drinking Tips and Other War Stories**  
By Michael Simmons

# S

**91**  
**Funny Pages**  
By Buddy Hickerson  
Ron Barrett  
M. K. Brown  
Rodrigues  
B. K. Taylor  
M. Marek  
Rick Geary

Cover: I know that many of you may ask yourself, "Why would they put a picture of a leotarded contortionist programmer on the cover?" Well, the answer is simple. Sometimes you've got to do something different, daring, a little unusual, a little stupid, a little eye-catching. Right? Of course. That's what sells magazines. Besides, we couldn't use the nude shots of Tipper Gore or the secret Polaroids of the doctors playing catch with the president's polyps, so we went with the next best thing. The shot is from a new book called *How to Exercise with Your Computer* by Colleen Collins, Mary McGrath, and Lacy Atkins. (Send \$5.00 in check or money order to Mary McGrath, Suite 54, 2801 B Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90405.)





Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

# FROG



The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

The unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride—with or without a Frog Sweater over it—whether you yourself have legs or not.

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$20.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$14.95 plus postage and handling.

Order your sweater and/or shirt today and ensure yourself of the respect your taste and discernment deserve.

## FROG

National Lampoon offers the most prestigious shirts and sweaters in America, and at a price prestigious people can afford.

Please send me  National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$14.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

WHITE:  small  medium  large  
 BLUE:  small  medium  large  
 YELLOW:  small  medium  large  
 GREEN:  small  medium  large  
 GRAY:  small  medium  large  
 CAMEL:  small  medium  large

Please send me  National Lampoon Frog Sweaters at \$20.95 each, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

GRAY:  small  medium  large  
 BLACK:  small  medium  large  
 CAMEL:  small  medium  large  
 BLUE:  small  medium  large

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to:

National Lampoon, Dept. 887  
 635 Madison Avenue  
 New York, N.Y. 10022  
 New York residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White



Blue



Yellow



Green



Gray



Camel

Sweaters available in:



Gray



Black



Camel



Blue

Frog logo  
 by cartoonist  
 Sam Gross



# EDITORIAL

A dedication.

To Charles Fort (1874–1932), father of the True Fact.

Now before any of the editors who have been compiling, collecting, categorizing, and cataloging *National Lampoon True Facts* for the last fifteen years get their bowels in an uproar over my chutzpah in dedicating this issue to someone who's been dead for over fifty years, and who has about the same name recognition in modern-day America as the third baseman for the 1925 Dodgers, let me tell you about Charles Fort and why I consider him the true spiritual father of *National Lampoon's True Facts* section.

Charles Fort spent most of his life holed up in the New York Public Library (and for a few years, the British Museum), where he pored over the most popular as well as the most arcane scientific journals, collecting weird facts that science couldn't explain, scribbling said facts down on tiny little scrip-scrap of colored paper until



Charles Fort, True Father of True Facts

these numbered in the thousands, and then parading these living, breathing exceptions to the rules of logic and rationality and, most of all, scientific decorum in a series of amazing books that were notable for their incredibly humorous presentation, which obscured the amazingly synthetic intelligence that sought to make sense out of these excluded data.

Let me give you a list of things—excuse me, True Facts—that Charles Fort unearthed from the rubble and ruins of scientific exile: he found reports of things that rained from the sky, including axes, birds, blood, coal, fish, frogs, gelatin, insects, manna, stones, turtles, and worms, oftentimes with Old Testament plague-like fury, numbering in the thousands, concentrated over a single area; weird unknown objects seen in the sky, including dirigible-like things years before dirigibles were invented; strange aerial detonations and darknesses that rivaled the

continued on page 103

---

Editor in Chief: **Matty Simmons**

---

Executive Editor: **Larry "Ratso" Sloman** Executive Art Director: **Peter Kleinman**

---

Editors: **Dave Hanson, Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons** Managing Editor: **Diane Giddis**

---

Production Art Director: **Chris Howland** Associate Art Director: **Sheryl Cooper-Lees**

---

Assistant Editor: **Leslie Berman** Administrative Manager: **Jane Muset**

---

Contributing Editors: **George Barkin, John Bendel, Joe Bob Briggs, Lance Contrucci, Josh Alan Friedman, Gilbert Gottfried, Mark Groubert, Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, Tony Kisch, Paul Krassner, Todd McGovern, Chris Miller, Paul Somers, Jr., Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, John Waters, Patrick Weathers, John Weidman**

---

Contributing Artists: **Ron Barrett, M. K. Brown, John Caldwell, Tom Cheney, Shary Flenniken, Drew Friedman, Rick Geary, Sam Gross, R. G. Harris, Buddy Hickerson, Randy Jones, Adam Kubert, Mark Marek, Rick Meyerowitz, Robert Neubecker, Robert Orzechowski, Bob Rakita, Ralph Reese, Charles Rodrigues, Marc Taffet, B. K. Taylor, Gahan Wilson, Jeff Wong**

---

Publisher: **George S. Agolia** Advertising Production Director: **Howard Jurofsky**

---

Chairman and President: **Matty Simmons** Executive Vice President: **George S. Agolia**

---

Vice President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: **Howard Jurofsky** Controller: **Walter Garibaldi**

---

**Advertising Offices, New York:** 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070. **Mark Groubert,** National Sales Representative. **Midwest, Chicago Office:** The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800. **Joseph Guenther,** Detroit Office: The Guenther Company, 1411 South Woodward, Suite 105, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. 48013, (313) 338-7900. **Chris Guenther,** West Coast: JE Publishers Representative Company, 6855 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038, (213) 467-2266. **Jay Eisenberg,** South: Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062, (404) 998-2889. **Byron Brown,** Eastern and Midwestern Canada: Carveth Advertising Sales, P.O. Station "F" Bag 598, Charles Street, E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 921-7598. **Arthur Carveth.**

**National Lampoon Magazine (ISSN 0027-9587):** Published bimonthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The *Lampoon* name is used with the permission of The Harvard *Lampoon*, Inc. Copyright © 1987, NL Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **Subscriptions:** \$15.95 paid annual subscription, \$23.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$30.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$5.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

**Change of Address:** Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **Postmaster:** Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **Advertising Information:** National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Exclusive of the *National Lampoon True Section*, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of *National Lampoon* are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of *National Lampoon* accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the *National Lampoon True Section*. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of *National Lampoon*. Other than *True Section* submissions, *National Lampoon* does not accept any unsolicited material of any kind.



**Now!**

**THE MOST POPULAR T-SHIRT IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS AVAILABLE AS A SWEATSHIRT IN TWO DESIGNS THAT WILL MAKE DISNEY CRINGE!**

Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—*E.T.*?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 887  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Please send me:

- SM  MD  LG NL European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
  - SM  MD  LG NL Vacation shirts (A) @ \$7.95 each
  - SM  MD  LG NL Vacation shirts (B) @ \$7.95 each
  - SM  MD  LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
  - SM  MD  LG  XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (A) @ \$16.95 each
  - SM  MD  LG  XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (B) @ \$16.95 each
- Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8¼% sales tax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# LETTERS



Sirs:  
 "Ask not what fear can do for you.  
 Ask what *you* can fear for your country  
 itself!"  
 EDJ.FK.  
*Hydannis Pork, New Massayorksetts*

Sirs:  
 I just read *The Tower Commission Report*, and boy! are my lips tired.  
 Ronald Reagan  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:  
*Yellow, my baby!*  
*Yellow, my honey!*  
*Yellow, my ragtime pal!*  
 Deng Xiaoping  
*People's Republic of China*

Sirs:  
 Frankly, I don't see what the big deal is. My little pipsqueak brother goes around with a bunch of fruitcakes, gets a ring or something, and then boom, he's a celebrity. Now just compare that to somebody who's built the largest chain of auto-body repair shops in the whole goddamn village. We'll see who the damn celebrity is.

Wally Baggins  
*Middle Earth*

Sirs:  
 SKGBF seeks USM looking for a good time. Enjoy long walks, quiet dinners, embassies, and top-secret dossiers. Discretion assured.

Ivanna White  
*Bakinna, U.S.S.R.*

Sirs:  
 When I put Model Slash Actress on my résumé, I really mean it.  
 Marla Hanson  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
 Ashtrays are aliens from outer space! That's right. I said, ashtrays are aliens from outer space! They might act very quiet, but they're just waiting for the right moment to strike. Here's my proof:  
 —Ashtrays all look alike.  
 —Ashtrays all smell alike.  
 —Ashtrays sit in on important meetings.  
 —Ashtrays make a humming noise (if you listen carefully).  
 What do we do about it? I don't know. But putting out cigarettes in ashtrays should be avoided at all costs, because it really pisses them off. Also, never throw a cigarette into a toilet, because they're in on it too.

Carl Sagan  
*Los Angeles, Calif.,  
 or wherever I'm from*

Sirs:  
 Did you see her tit? Did you see her tit? Huh? You saw her tit. Did you see nipple? Did you see nipple? If you didn't see nipple you didn't see tit. Did you see nipple?

Joey Green  
*Third seat, fourth row  
 Sixth grade*

Sirs:  
 Y'got little doggies, little kitties, little hamsters. But, oooooeece, I tell you, no matter what you do to 'em, dey all gonna come out tastin' jus' like fish.  
 Justin "Cajun Chef" Wilson  
*Shreveport, La.*

Sirs:  
 In the future, everybody will be dead for at least fifteen minutes.

Andy Warhol  
*East of Edie*

Sirs:  
 So . . . can I buy you a drink? You know, the gin and tonic is used by the Wazoumi tribe of Burundi as a fertility drug. That's a very pretty dress. Turns out that passionate sex can actually raise your IQ. I love your hair. Y'know, my dick is eleven feet long. Oh, sure. I'd, uh, love to meet your husband.

Robert Ripley  
*At a singles bar*

Sirs:  
 I'm here. You can't see me. But I'm here.

A Booger  
*The egg salad  
 Burger King salad bar*

Sirs:  
 See, I was like completely embarrassed, like, caused a total scene over dinner when I told my parents I'd landed a big part in John Holmes's next movie and then like my parents turned beeeeeeeecet-red and then I realized what I'd said and I was totally obliterated to learn that they'd heard of him and I just know they feel the same and I could just scream now.

Molly Ringwald  
*San Fernando Valley*

Sirs:  
 You mean I lived three years on stinking tuna fish and cclcry for this? If you see Dom DeLuise, tell him I hate his guts.

James Coco  
*Heaven*

Sirs:  
 My favorite movies?  
 Oh, *Friday the 13th, Halloween, Prom Night*, anything that shows a lot of tecnagers getting killed.  
 Mom  
*At home*

Sirs:  
 After all these years the truth must be known. I am Dorothy's surrogate mother.

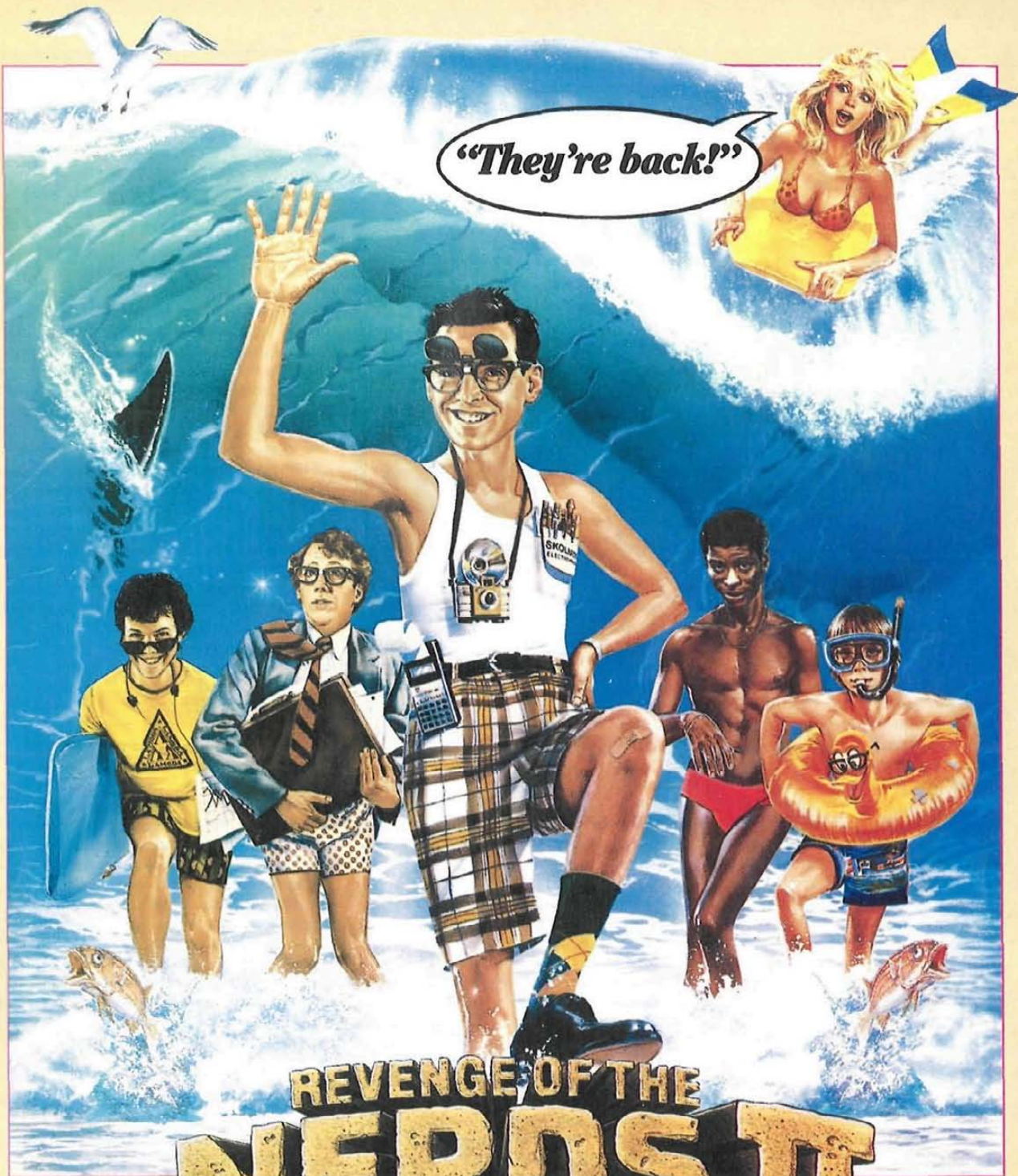
Auntie Em  
*Kansas, Kans.*

Sirs:  
*Bubble, bubble,  
 Toilet trouble . . .*  
 Loo Shakespeare  
*Plumbers "R" Us  
 continued on page 11*



"I told you to use a condom."





"They're back!"

# REVENGE OF THE NERDS II

## *Nerds in Paradise*

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents AN INTERSCOPE COMMUNICATIONS Production A JOE ROTH film ROBERT CARRADINE REVENGE OF THE NERDS II: NERDS IN PARADISE  
 Special Appearance by ANTHONY EDWARDS Executive Producer JOE ROTH Based on Characters Created by TIM METCALFE & MIGUEL TEJADA-FLORES and STEVE ZACHARIAS & JEFF BUHAI  
 Written by DAN GUNTZELMAN & STEVE MARSHALL Produced by TED FIELD, ROBERT CORT and PETER BART Directed by JOE ROTH Color by DeLuxe®  
 Read the Pioneer Communications book "The Total Nerd" Produced in association with Amercent Films and American Entertainment Partners L.P. ©1997 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION

**Starts July 10 At Theatres Everywhere.**



# DRINKING TIPS

## AND OTHER WAR STORIES

by Michael Simmons



Drew Friedman

I was standing on line at one of those cash machines the other day—those computerized tellers that never go home or take weekends off. The ones that come in handy at five A.M. on a Sunday after a long Saturday night and you can't pay the cabdriver because you just paid your bar tab and you forgot that you left yourself with a dollar and the meter reads \$4.80. Yeah, those cash machines. So I'm standing in line with a Classic Hangover and there's some fat guy using the machine and he's in a jogging suit and every time he presses a button he lackadaisically turns and stares off into space and when the machine asks him if he wants another transaction he presses "yes" and all I want is twenty bucks to go get myself a nice, spicy Shrimp Vindaloo which is great for the morning after because the spice releases the endorphins which are the body's natural opiate and this dude is taking his sweet time which is probably two minutes but feels like two hours. This is a fast-paced, harried, eat-you-alive world we live in and hangovers only aggravate that sad reality. What I'm trying to say is that in this hyperaware state I'm in, a state in which my perception is acute, to say the least, the asshole's got Bad Cash Machine Etiquette. After all, this insufferable yupster ought to know what condition I'm in and show that he's at least making an effort to conclude his business quickly, right?

Well, wrong. Actually, I mean, I'm really asking a lot. He doesn't know me from the lady wearing the odious perfume standing behind me. But the previous night of drinking has altered my ability to discern right from wrong,

leaving me deluded and feeling self-righteous. In other words, my reality is shtupped.

But then, that's what it's about, isn't it? Altered states and all that. From the drinking stage to the hung-over aftermath, there's a difference between drunk and sober. Sober and hung over are two states I could do without, although the latter is inevitable when one enjoys the drinking stage as much as I do. I enjoy it for the very same reason many people are terrified of it. It encourages you to do things you'd never do sober.

I was recently reading about a popular college basketball player who was coked out for much of his championship season. It seems when he and his team went to the obligatory White House photo opportunity, this nostril-packing basket stuffer was wacked out on Tributes to Elvis (a code name for cocaine, don't ask me why). He stood behind the Great Communicator (no doubt chomping his teeth and looking for a men's room) and had the sudden desire to simply tweak the back of the president's head. In case you don't know, a tweak is when you put your forefinger behind your thumb and let your forefinger snap forward, delivering a slight sting to your victim. Common sense overcame him and Reagan remained untweaked. I believe tweaking a president is still punishable by death.

Hearing of this incident led me to fantasize about all the things I'd love to do but never have and could only possibly do while shit-faced. Here are some:

- Run up to my heartthrob Debra

Winger and ask her if "Nicholson was boning you during *Terms of Endearment*. Enquiring minds want to know, Wingding." I'm the jealous type.

- Stand up on a table at Nell's (the only place you can stand without being crushed by a sea of so-called humanity) and ask why anybody in his right mind would stand outside in the rain in order to gain entry into a club where it takes an hour to get a drink. My friends John Duke Kisch and Billie Woods recently took me to this trendy New York nightspot and I still haven't forgiven them.

- When Mayor Ed Koch asks, "How'm I doin'?" I would tell him that New York City was a nicer place to live in when it was bankrupt. Because of the mayor's friendship with skyscraper-screwy realtors, rents are prohibitive, sunlight is diminishing, and the politicians are crooks. That's how he's doin'.

- Perpetuate violence against several movie-studio and record-company executives, because illiteracy and tone-deafness in those professions should not go unpunished. They shall go nameless because I am still a writer and musician and the bar tab cannot remain unpaid forever.

- Ditto for rock critics who rarely know anything about music but know a lot about style, trends, and philosophy. To paraphrase: If you can't rock, criticize.

- Tweak Ronald Reagan.

I have lived out many of my fantasies. Like the time I jammed with Joe Cocker and Rick Danko unannounced and uninvited at a small club in the San Fernando Valley out there on the Left Coast. Joe and I did a great duet on Leon Russell's "Delta Lady." It was a dream come true, only to be interrupted by a pretty understanding bouncer, who had to make not one, but two trips to the stage. My friends Casey Silver and Tia Brelis decided it would be best if we split. Personally, I think they were just envious of me.

If you, the reader, have any fantasies that you could only realize while numbnutted, write to me, Michael Simmons, War Correspondent, care of the *National Lampoon*. Maybe we'll print 'em. Enquiring minds want to know.

I can just see them now:

"Dear Mr. Simmons: I would like to get glazed and throttle you for writing that inane piece of trash called "Drinking Tips" that I find in every issue of the *National Lampoon*. Who cares that you like to drink. It doesn't mean you're qualified to pass off that verbal vomit as writing...." ■



## LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

Sharp remark,  
Witty comeback,  
Sly aside,  
Tense banter,  
Sexual innuendo,  
Repeat.

Maddie & Dave  
*Smug City*

Sirs:

Okay, like we all have trouble talking to girls, right? Okay. Well, like here's a line that I use to get started. Okay. And it goes like this: "Baby, you've really got some pair of tits. And I don't mean that in a crude, cheap way—I mean it in a loving, gentle way. 'Cause in this crazy world of ours, we have to find reasons to live anywhere we can. And I'm lookin' at two of them right now. So when I say I want to do a pork job on you, I'm not saying it because I want to use you. I'm simply expressing my sexuality in a natural, joyous way." Never fails.

Leo Buscaglia, Ph.D.  
*Singles Bar Symposium*

Sirs:

I'd like to thank the United Tavern Owners of Howard Beach, New York, for their generous gift to our "Feed Ethiopia" drive. Regrettably, the 2,144 used urinal cakes are too nutritionally lacking for present distribution. However, should the drought continue ...

Bob Gelding  
*Snacks for Blacks*  
*Addis Ababa, Ethiopia*

Sirs:

Give a better blowjob, and the world will beat a path to your door.  
Name Withheld by Request  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

There have been allegations that members of the Indianapolis Colts defensive squad have been seen hanging out in notorious gay bars such as the Don't Drop the Soap Bar and others. Let me explain. As coach, I decided that, to bolster our weak defense, we had to add a new dimension to our game plan, so I ordered my men to the gay bars. Now whenever an opposing player gets the ball, he must worry not only about being tackled but about getting boned up the ass as well.

Coach Ron Meyer  
*Indianapolis, Ind.*

Sirs:

Jim Bakker is completely forgiven, for I have seen his wife and would have nailed that secretary too.

The Lord Your God  
*A cable channel near you*

Sirs:

We were watching the news and we got a look at some of those Russian twinkies the Marines got to stick it in and we got to thinkin', shoot, maybe if they'd let us dork some of them pinko sweeties we'd be willin' to work something out in trade for all that wheat.

Farmers Ed Henley & Garrod Morse  
*Nebraska and Lonesome*

Sirs:

Mekka lekka hi mekka hini ho.  
Mekka lekka hi mekka chonni ho.  
Mekka lekka la la la la la.

National Security Council  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

Ah, yes. We know we're in the middle of summer when the Sparrows return to cappuccino. Yes, once again, the Sparrow family, George and Edna of Brooklyn, New York, have started drinking cappuccino. They go back to it every year at this time and I don't blame them. Who can stand espresso all the time?

Sterling Rodroar  
*Giulissimo's Restaurant*

Sirs:

We'd like to publicly invite the participants and organizers of the America's Cup race to consider our fair city as the location for their next series. Not only do we offer scenic beauty and friendly people, but I think we can guarantee the best TV ratings in the history of the event.

Arnold Schuss, Mayor  
*Niagara Falls, Ont.*

Sirs:

Not just any shroud, but the finest spun silk from the Orient, measured and sewn by Europe's foremost tailors! And just look at the regal splendor of this golden coffin, handmade by experts and sealed in a lead-lined vault! Wait! Here's the preacher to say the last respects . . . . But that's not a minister! It's Richard Dawson!

Robin Leach  
*Deathstyles of the Rich and Famous*

Sirs:

Go ahead. Try to escape me. You can't! I'm everywhere! You puny creatures and your pathetic attempts to pull away make me laugh! Laugh, I tell you! Ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha-haaah!

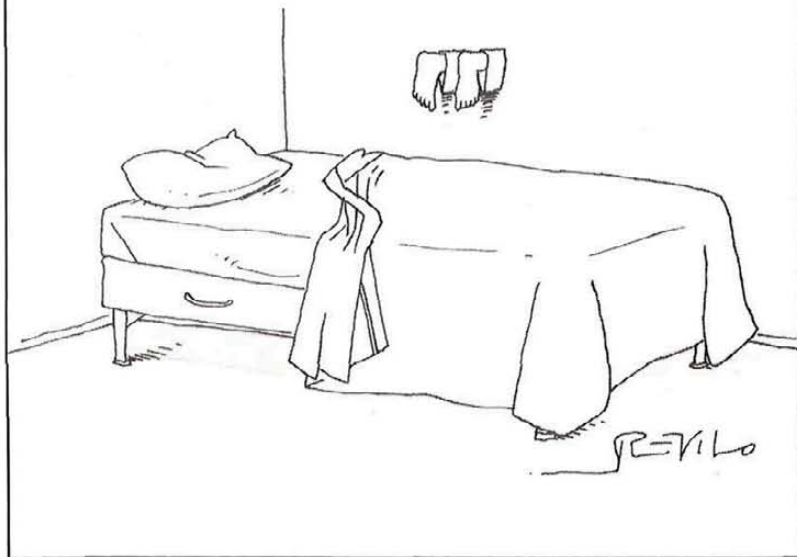
The Force of Gravity  
*Underneath your floors*

Sirs:

Nothing but the Holy Ghost comes between me and my Calvins.

Jessica Hahn  
*Massapequa, N.Y.*

*Carl Gets Up on the Wrong Side  
of the Bed for the Last Time.*





Announcing  
NATIONAL

501  
LEVI'S

Rock Test

AMERICAN  
★ TOP 40 ★  
WITH CASEY KASEM



Listen to American Top 40 With Casey Kasem  
Watch America's Top 10 With Casey Kasem  
July 17–August 23

Win

One of six weekly prizes—a state-of-the-art Super Home Entertainment Center featuring VCR, CD player, video monitor...the works! Plus \$500 cash for your tape/CD/video library.

1 Home Entertainment Center to be given away each week!

Grand Prize: Visit the Hard Rock Cafes in New York and London! Trip for two—two nights, three days in New York; six nights, seven days in London! Check listings below.



<b>Alabama</b> Auburn 47.5 AM Fayetteville 47.5 AM Montgomery 47.5 AM Opelika 47.5 AM Prichard 47.5 AM Tuscaloosa 47.5 AM	<b>Alaska</b> Anchorage 47.5 AM Fairbanks 47.5 AM Ketchikan 47.5 AM Sitka 47.5 AM Wasilla 47.5 AM	<b>Arizona</b> Phoenix 47.5 AM Flagstaff 47.5 AM Tucson 47.5 AM Yuma 47.5 AM	<b>Arkansas</b> Fayetteville 47.5 AM Little Rock 47.5 AM Springdale 47.5 AM Walmart 47.5 AM	<b>California</b> Los Angeles 47.5 AM San Diego 47.5 AM San Francisco 47.5 AM Sacramento 47.5 AM Stockton 47.5 AM	<b>Colorado</b> Denver 47.5 AM Colorado Springs 47.5 AM Fort Collins 47.5 AM Pueblo 47.5 AM	<b>Connecticut</b> Hartford 47.5 AM Bridgeport 47.5 AM Meriden 47.5 AM Stamford 47.5 AM	<b>Delaware</b> Wilmington 47.5 AM Dover 47.5 AM	<b>Florida</b> Orlando 47.5 AM Tampa 47.5 AM Jacksonville 47.5 AM Miami 47.5 AM Fort Lauderdale 47.5 AM Panama City 47.5 AM	<b>Georgia</b> Atlanta 47.5 AM Savannah 47.5 AM Macon 47.5 AM Augusta 47.5 AM Columbus 47.5 AM	<b>Idaho</b> Boise 47.5 AM Idaho Falls 47.5 AM Pocatello 47.5 AM Twin Falls 47.5 AM	<b>Illinois</b> Chicago 47.5 AM Springfield 47.5 AM Peoria 47.5 AM Rockford 47.5 AM Decatur 47.5 AM Joliet 47.5 AM	<b>Indiana</b> Indianapolis 47.5 AM Fort Wayne 47.5 AM Bloomington 47.5 AM Evansville 47.5 AM Gary 47.5 AM Muncie 47.5 AM	<b>Iowa</b> Des Moines 47.5 AM Cedar Rapids 47.5 AM Sioux Falls 47.5 AM Dubuque 47.5 AM Iowa City 47.5 AM	<b>Kansas</b> Wichita 47.5 AM Topeka 47.5 AM Overland Park 47.5 AM Lawrence 47.5 AM Manhattan 47.5 AM	<b>Kentucky</b> Louisville 47.5 AM Lexington 47.5 AM Covington 47.5 AM Owensboro 47.5 AM Paducah 47.5 AM	<b>Kentucky</b> Louisville 47.5 AM Lexington 47.5 AM Covington 47.5 AM Owensboro 47.5 AM Paducah 47.5 AM	<b>Louisiana</b> New Orleans 47.5 AM Baton Rouge 47.5 AM Shreveport 47.5 AM Lafayette 47.5 AM Monroe 47.5 AM Bossier Parish 47.5 AM	<b>Maine</b> Portland 47.5 AM Bangor 47.5 AM Brunswick 47.5 AM Waterville 47.5 AM	<b>Maryland</b> Baltimore 47.5 AM Washington DC 47.5 AM Annapolis 47.5 AM Frederick 47.5 AM Hagerstown 47.5 AM	<b>Massachusetts</b> Boston 47.5 AM Worcester 47.5 AM Springfield 47.5 AM Plymouth 47.5 AM Quincy 47.5 AM Fall River 47.5 AM	<b>Michigan</b> Detroit 47.5 AM Lansing 47.5 AM Flint 47.5 AM East Lansing 47.5 AM Farmington Hills 47.5 AM Livonia 47.5 AM	<b>Minnesota</b> Minneapolis 47.5 AM St. Paul 47.5 AM Rochester 47.5 AM Duluth 47.5 AM Mankato 47.5 AM Morris 47.5 AM	<b>Mississippi</b> Jackson 47.5 AM Biloxi 47.5 AM Meridian 47.5 AM Hattiesburg 47.5 AM Natchez 47.5 AM Oxford 47.5 AM	<b>Missouri</b> St. Louis 47.5 AM Kansas City 47.5 AM Springfield 47.5 AM Columbia 47.5 AM Warrensburg 47.5 AM Joplin 47.5 AM	<b>Montana</b> Billings 47.5 AM Great Falls 47.5 AM Helena 47.5 AM Butte 47.5 AM Kalispell 47.5 AM Missoula 47.5 AM	<b>Nebraska</b> Omaha 47.5 AM Lincoln 47.5 AM Beatrice 47.5 AM Hastings 47.5 AM Grand Island 47.5 AM Wayne 47.5 AM	<b>Nevada</b> Las Vegas 47.5 AM Reno 47.5 AM Sparks 47.5 AM Primm 47.5 AM Henderson 47.5 AM North Las Vegas 47.5 AM	<b>New Hampshire</b> Manchester 47.5 AM Nashua 47.5 AM Concord 47.5 AM Derry 47.5 AM Durham 47.5 AM Rochester 47.5 AM	<b>New Jersey</b> Newark 47.5 AM Jersey City 47.5 AM Paterson 47.5 AM Elizabeth 47.5 AM Edison 47.5 AM Lakewood 47.5 AM	<b>New Mexico</b> Albuquerque 47.5 AM Las Cruces 47.5 AM Farmington 47.5 AM Roswell 47.5 AM Socorro 47.5 AM Tularosa 47.5 AM	<b>New York</b> New York City 47.5 AM Buffalo 47.5 AM Rochester 47.5 AM Syracuse 47.5 AM Albany 47.5 AM Binghamton 47.5 AM	<b>North Carolina</b> Charlotte 47.5 AM Raleigh 47.5 AM Durham 47.5 AM Winston-Salem 47.5 AM Fayetteville 47.5 AM Greensboro 47.5 AM	<b>North Dakota</b> Grand Forks 47.5 AM Bismarck 47.5 AM Minot 47.5 AM Dickinson 47.5 AM Fargo 47.5 AM West Fargo 47.5 AM	<b>Ohio</b> Columbus 47.5 AM Cleveland 47.5 AM Cincinnati 47.5 AM Akron 47.5 AM Dayton 47.5 AM Toledo 47.5 AM	<b>Oklahoma</b> Oklahoma City 47.5 AM Tulsa 47.5 AM Lawton 47.5 AM Muskogee 47.5 AM Bartlesville 47.5 AM Broken Arrow 47.5 AM	<b>Oregon</b> Portland 47.5 AM Eugene 47.5 AM Medford 47.5 AM Astoria 47.5 AM Gresham 47.5 AM Salem 47.5 AM	<b>Pennsylvania</b> Philadelphia 47.5 AM Pittsburgh 47.5 AM Allentown 47.5 AM Scranton 47.5 AM Harrisburg 47.5 AM York 47.5 AM	<b>Rhode Island</b> Providence 47.5 AM Pawtucket 47.5 AM Woonsocket 47.5 AM East Providence 47.5 AM Warwick 47.5 AM Cranston 47.5 AM	<b>South Carolina</b> Columbia 47.5 AM Charleston 47.5 AM Greenville 47.5 AM Spartanburg 47.5 AM Myrtle Beach 47.5 AM Florence 47.5 AM	<b>South Dakota</b> Sioux Falls 47.5 AM Rapid City 47.5 AM Pierre 47.5 AM Aurora 47.5 AM Brookings 47.5 AM Spearhead 47.5 AM	<b>Tennessee</b> Memphis 47.5 AM Nashville 47.5 AM Knoxville 47.5 AM Chattanooga 47.5 AM Clarksville 47.5 AM Cookeville 47.5 AM	<b>Texas</b> Houston 47.5 AM Dallas 47.5 AM San Antonio 47.5 AM Austin 47.5 AM Fort Worth 47.5 AM El Paso 47.5 AM	<b>Utah</b> Salt Lake City 47.5 AM Provo 47.5 AM Ogden 47.5 AM St. George 47.5 AM Cedar Rapids 47.5 AM Mojave 47.5 AM	<b>Virginia</b> Richmond 47.5 AM Norfolk 47.5 AM Virginia Beach 47.5 AM Falls Church 47.5 AM Alexandria 47.5 AM Arlington 47.5 AM	<b>Washington</b> Seattle 47.5 AM Tacoma 47.5 AM Spokane 47.5 AM Everett 47.5 AM Bellingham 47.5 AM Vancouver 47.5 AM	<b>West Virginia</b> Martinsburg 47.5 AM Charleston 47.5 AM Morgantown 47.5 AM Parkersburg 47.5 AM Martinsburg 47.5 AM Martinsburg 47.5 AM	<b>Wisconsin</b> Milwaukee 47.5 AM Madison 47.5 AM Green Bay 47.5 AM Oshkosh 47.5 AM Kenosha 47.5 AM Wausau 47.5 AM	<b>Wyoming</b> Cheyenne 47.5 AM Laramie 47.5 AM Casper 47.5 AM Rock Springs 47.5 AM Jackson 47.5 AM Thermopylae 47.5 AM
---	--	--	---	--	---	---	--	---	---	---	--	---	--	--	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	--	--	--	---	---	---	---	--	--	--	--	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State & Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone number: \_\_\_\_\_  
(where you can be reached on Mondays after 6pm)  
Mail today to: NATIONAL ROCK TEST,  
Box 2000, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

To register for the Levis 501 Blues NATIONAL ROCK TEST, fill out the entry form, send it in, and be sure to listen to American Top 40 and watch America's Top 10, starting July 17.

Each weekend, on American Top 40 and America's Top 10, you'll be given clues to the identity of one of six rock 'n' roll superstars. The following Monday, you may get a call. If you can tell us the identity of that week's NATIONAL ROCK TEST artist, you win a home entertainment center! And, if you know the identities of all six weekly artists at the end of the contest—you can win the Grand Prize!

Minors must travel with parent or legal guardian. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited.



ALL AMERICAN TELEVISION

abc ABC RADIO NETWORKS



# Zen Bastard

*Fun at the Humor Convention*  
by Paul Krassner

**A**s my plane was taking off for Phoenix, Arizona, the stewardess announced that we were going to Las Vegas, Nevada. But just as my adrenal gland went into action, she added, "April fool!" So I really was on my way to a humor conference at the state university campus after all. There were 1,500 educators whose scholarly passion is humor research.

William Fry, author of *Sweet Madness: A Study of Humor*, was delivering a luncheon keynote address, "Fear of Laughter." He pointed out that in the 1300s, in France, "any humorous public presentation or activity or farce or carnivals" were banned, based on the view that various national tragedies occurred as heavenly reprisals for "dissolute and sacrilegious" behavior. Humor was labeled "ungodly" and "sinful."

In the 1700s, in England, "comedy, comedians, humor, carnivals, festivals, dancing, and the Maypole" were banned. Theologians denounced humor, which appeals to worldly interests and love of life, since "it is the part of the wise man and the Christian to hate all such things."

And in the 1900s, in Germany, Adolf Hitler instituted a special court to try cases of people found to be creating humor at the expense of Hitler and other Nazi leaders. "Comedians and humorists accused of making fun of the Nazis were sentenced by this court, and some were actually executed for their crimes."

There was a rumor circulating at this humor conference—a rumor that remained unconfirmed—that Holland has a law forbidding humor based on stereotypes. A British sociologist proclaimed: "This confirms our traditional view of a Dutchman as being a German with the brains knocked out of him."

And, as if in defiance of that law, a psychology professor told a Polish joke: There were these two Polacks who were sharing a hypodermic needle.

Somebody asked if they weren't afraid of catching AIDS. "No," came the reply. "We got condoms on."

Then there was an argument over whether a particular line—"A Filipino contortionist is a Manila folder"—was an ethnic joke or a pun.

According to Alan Harris's presentation, "Pun makers manipulate well-known, rule-bound linguistic configurations, constructs, and entities in order to achieve the literal or oral metaphor—the pun—and the hearer or reader must heuristically apply linguistic knowledge to the icon or sign in a similarly ordered, generative fashion so as to fully appreciate the meaning that the pun presents."

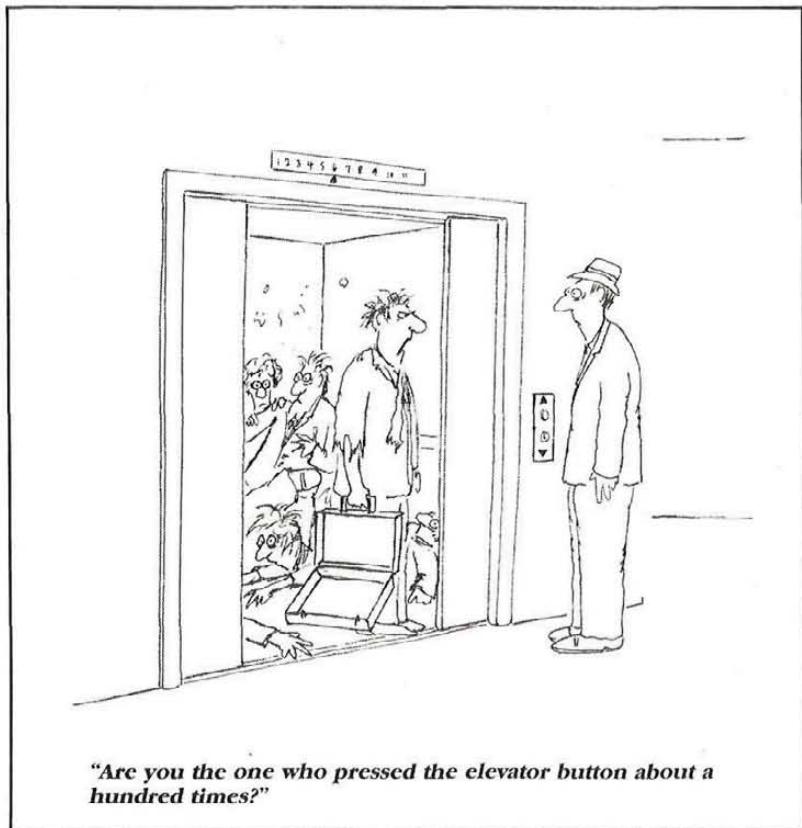
A comedienne who teaches in traffic school pointed out that "women drivers were always the butt of jokes, but thank God for Orientals."

Among the different types of humor was humor of the oppressed. William Thompson's paper, "The American Indian's Attempt to Get the Last Laugh," included this recipe for Dog Head Stew:

"Carefully prepare one medium dog head, removing hair and teeth from jawbones, putting these aside for future use. Into kettle, add heaping handfuls of camas bulbs and cattail roots. The eggs from two medium-size salmon may be combined with water to cover. Place over fire and bring to boil for three hours. It is customary to observe the rites of preparation in order to have all present appreciate the dish that will begin the feast. At the proper moment, using the ceremonial arrow, impale the dog head and bring forth for all to observe the excellence of the dish. Then allow fifteen to thirty minutes for all whites to excuse themselves and leave for home. Bury stew in backyard and bring forth the roasted turkey with all the trimmings. In this way, a fifteen-pound turkey will do nicely."

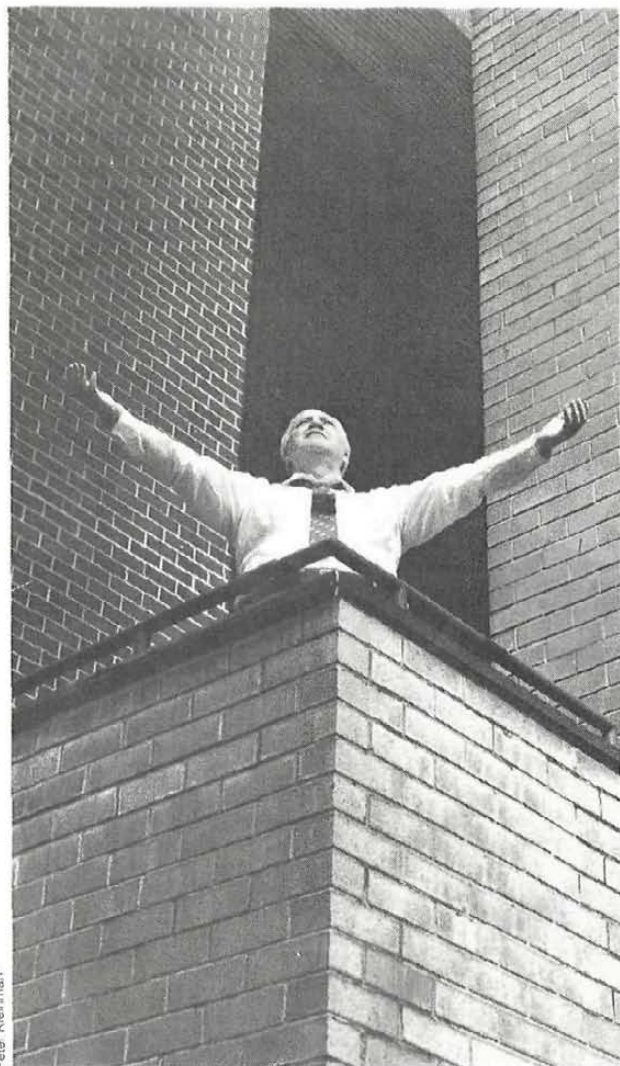
A more contemporary example

continued on page 101





# PLEDGE \$8.95 AND SAVE GEORGE FROM BEING CALLED HOME TO GOD



Peter Klerman

**Y**es, the Lord does work in mysterious ways. It seemed like any other spring night as George Agoglia, our publisher and executive vice president, was processing the last few papers on his desk before his long drive back to his lovely wife and family in Brooklyn. But suddenly he felt light-headed, and a strange ethereal music filled his office, and out of nowhere a majestic-looking old man, with a full flowing white beard, was sitting right across from him. It was God.

## THERE IS NO MINIMUM WAGE OF SIN

What God told George that night was most marvelous and wondrous. There was a blight on the land, God said, a blight caused by the wicked machinations of Satan. False prophets abounded, the mighty were the scourge of the meek, the would-be righteous had been seduced by the Molochs of Greed, Lust, and Envy. America was Satan's playground. But

there was a way out of this spiritual morass, a way to redeem the millions of Americans transfixed by the Wicked One's glittery allure. The road to redemption was humor, God told George, and the *National Lampoon* was the oasis by the side of the road.

## SATAN HAS NO SENSE OF HUMOR

Humor can heal, humor can soothe, humor can set one on the straight and narrow. Satan has no sense of humor, God told George. There's nothing funny about spending eternity stoking the fires of perdition. BUT NOT ENOUGH PEOPLE KNOW THIS, God sighed. So George Agoglia was elected to be the bearer of His crucial message.

## WE NEED 8,000,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS BY THE END OF FISCAL 1987

"Go forth and carry My message that satire is next to Godliness. Bring me a

legion to enter into this new Comedy Covenant. And if you have to, give them a discount on their subscriptions. Just get me 8,000,000 new subscribers by the end of this fiscal year, or I'm calling you home." With that, God was gone in a flash and George was left holding the mailbag.

## HELP GEORGE COME DOWN FROM THE ROOF OF REDEMPTION

And so George retreated to the roof of our offices on Madison Avenue to meditate and pray for the salvation of America's soul through satire. And George decreed that from this day forward till the end of fiscal 1987, the subscription prices to the *National Lampoon*, God's Chosen Humor Magazine, should be slashed. Buy a one-, two-, or three-year subscription and save not only your soul but seven smackeroots! Help George come down from his exile and lead you to the land of mirth and humor. Let me hear you say, I'M IN!

Sign me up. I'm subscribing so George can come down from the roof of redemption and direct the battle against the dark forces of evil and bad humor.

I have checked the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

Make all checks payable to:  
National Lampoon, Dept. NL 887  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Three-year subscription  \$30.95 (Deduct \$7.00) You pay \$23.95

Two-year subscription  \$23.95 (Deduct \$7.00) You pay \$16.95

One-year subscription  \$15.95 (Deduct \$7.00) You pay \$8.95

Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, or foreign delivery. Make check or money order, in U.S. funds, payable to National Lampoon. For even faster service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1750 and ask for Operator #31.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Check enclosed  Bill me  Charge to my:

MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ MasterCard Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_

Visa # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_



# DON'T BE MEESE-LED.

**The Meese Commission Exposed** is must reading for everyone concerned about creeping censorship in our society. Literary, artistic, social, religious, intellectual and political freedom of thought is being threatened.

The biases and abuses of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, appointed with the charge of "controlling" what our laws do not even define, have aroused the concern of many Americans.

On January 16, 1986, the National Coalition Against Censorship brought together well-known writers, feminists, actors, psychiatrists, lawyers and psychologists at a Public Information Briefing to answer the Meese Commission. Actress Colleen Dewhurst, author Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and feminist Betty Friedan among others spoke out fervently on the growing wave of attacks—on the national, state

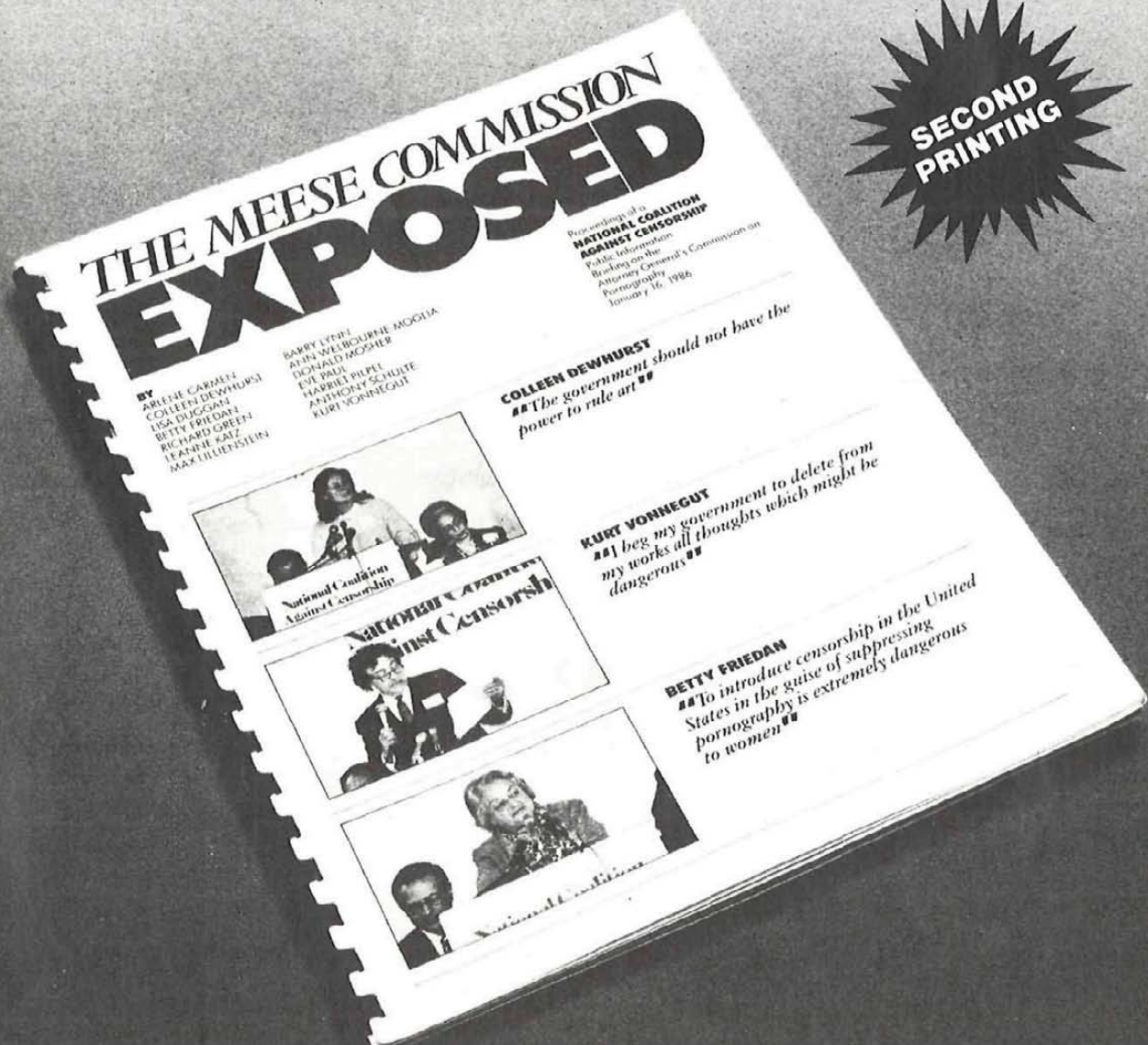
and local levels—on sexually related expression. This booklet presents the vital information covered in this historic public information briefing.

It is must reading for all who cherish freedom of thought, expression and choice in our country, and wish to see these freedoms preserved.

To order **The Meese Commission Exposed**, write to: National Coalition Against Censorship, 132 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036 or call (212) 944-9899. Postpaid copies are \$6. Bulk rates on request.

The NATIONAL COALITION AGAINST CENSORSHIP, founded in 1974, is a broad-based non-profit, non-partisan coalition of religious, educational, professional, artistic, labor and civil rights organizations. The Coalition opposes censorship and advocates First Amendment rights.

**SECOND  
PRINTING**





**FREE**with your \$3.95 purchase of *National Lampoon***Circulation:** Very nice, thank you

# YELLOW JOURNAL

August  
1987*All the news that pays the best*

## U.S. EMBASSY TOILETS BUGGED IN U.S.S.R.

Citing a serious security breach in U.S. embassy toilets in Moscow, the State Department has announced it will send over Port-O-Sans for the ambassador's use. In a report made to Congress, it was revealed that the portable toilets are necessary because the ambassador's flatulence is in code.

The ambassador consumes a meal at night specially prepared by a CIA chef, and the next day the code comes out in the form of flatulence. "It's vital to our national security that the toilets be secure and the Soviets do not intercept the ambassador's gaseous evacuations," said a high-ranking State Department official.

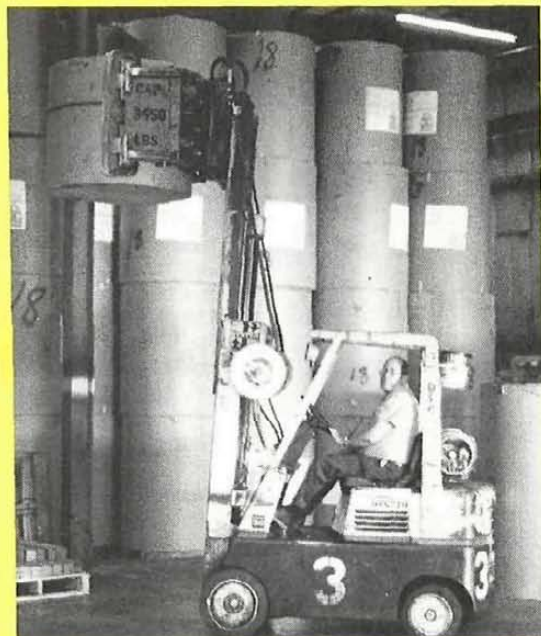
Listening devices that were planted in embassy toilet paper were discovered only after tragedy struck. A bug short-circuited and elec-

trocuted low-level diplomat Arthur Lang shortly after he relieved himself. Mr. Lang is listed in serious condition in a Moscow hospital, suffering from burns, shock, and an anus that is welded shut.

"We always wondered why Soviet toilet paper was so thick and coarse," said the U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, Jack Matlock, Jr. "In America our toilet paper is generally two-ply. In the Soviet Union, it's forty-seven-ply and hollow in the middle."

Until the Port-O-Sans do arrive, Congress has asked the ambassador to refrain from relieving himself. The ambassador replied he would "hold out for as long as I can. But I had an extra cup of coffee this morning and it might prove difficult."

—A.S.



*Soviet KGB agents replacing toilet paper in U.S. embassy toilets.*

Mary Grose



# JUDGE DECLARES SECULAR HUMANISM A RELIGION

**Atheists, Agnostics, and Anybody Now Tax-Free!**

Overjoyed by the ruling of U.S. District Judge W. Brevard Hand that "secular humanism" must be considered a religion under the First Amendment, millions of citizens will now receive tax-free status as ministers of the newly acknowledged church.

Secular humanism (an off-beat cult of teachers, doctors, lawyers, professional athletes, scientists, writers, carpenters, housewives, advertising executives, farmers, musicians, cocktail waitresses, students, salesmen, comedians, ironworkers, sailors, crossing guards, mail carriers,

hair stylists, and the unemployed), has no official dogma, holds no official meetings, operates no missions, and requires no singing of inspirational songs.

"Being a clergyman in this religion is easy!" enthused one avowed humanist, a Chicago insurance broker. "My

house is now an untaxable parsonage, my secular income is mine-all-mine, and my employer can't fire me for skipping work to observe important religious holidays, like my birthday and the Cubs' home opener."

—R.L.

## UNITED STATES TO CHANGE NAME

Conforming with the recent corporate trend of replacing traditional company names with meaningless polysyllables (Navistar), meaningless letter sequences (USX), and meaningless abbreviations (Unisys), the Reagan administration, in a move to emphasize the need for a new competitive spirit in American business and society, has announced it will ask Congress to change the name of the country to Unistar Ameritex.

In a related story, Sammy Davis, Jr. has announced that, to bolster his sagging career, he has changed his name to SAMDAX.

—R.L.

## Performance Artist Displays Mucus

New York artist Roger Edwissian had observers watching in horror as he spewed out over three pounds of greenish-yellow phlegm from his mouth and nose onto a 17 x 34 white canvas.

Several people ran away in shock during the display. "This is me," said Edwissian after the event. "They all think it's gross, but I'm a serious artist. I studied with LeRoy Neiman for three years. He taught me how to paint with what's inside me. In fact, he just showed me a new way to get brilliant crimson tones by smashing my nose with a brick prior to spraying. Of course, he has some secrets that he will never reveal to anyone, like how he gets that vibrant yel-



low from inside his ear, but I'm thankful to him for giving me the tips and guidance he has."

Edwissian is asking a thousand dollars and up for

the canvases. The profits will be donated to the New York Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital.

—P.K. & D.H.

### Contributors:

Mark Groubert  
Dave Hanson  
Bob Harris

Michael Jann  
Peter Kleinman  
Richard Levinson

Bruce Jay Paskow  
Andy Simmons  
P. C. Strupp



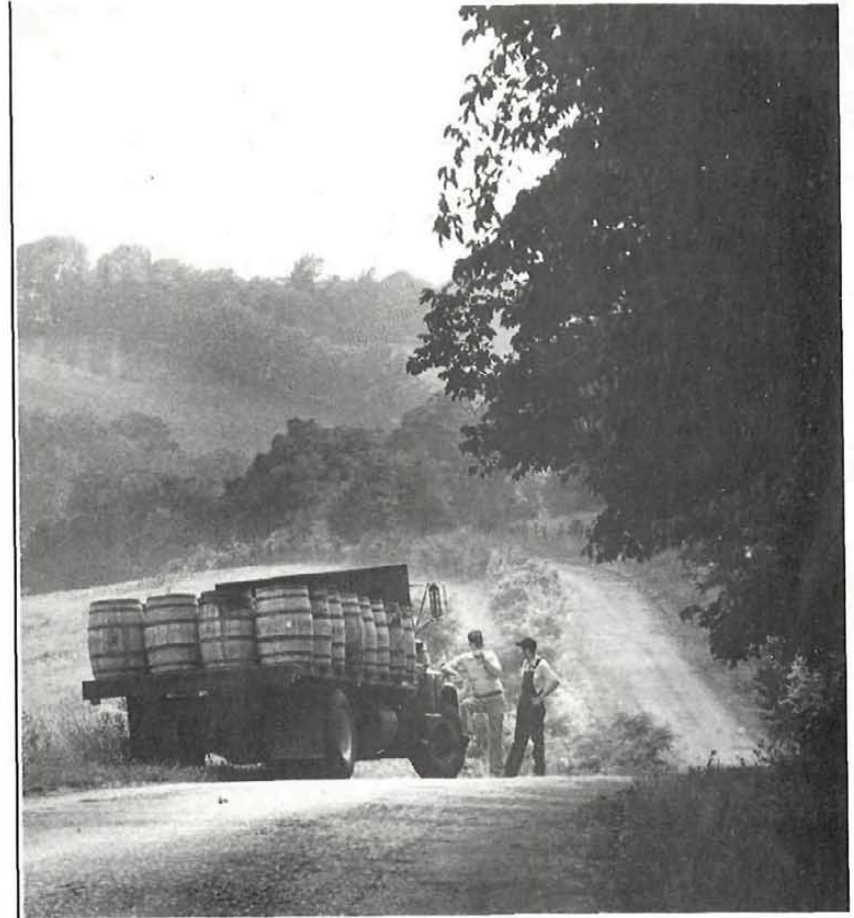
# DODGERS TO BEEF UP SECURITY

The Los Angeles Dodgers organization has decided to beef up security around Dodger Stadium. The measures are designed to guard against possible retribution by militant blacks angry over statements made by former vice president in charge of player personnel, Al Campanis. Campanis stated, "They [blacks] may not have some of the necessities to be, let's say, a field manager, or perhaps a general manager . . . Why are black people not good swimmers? Because they don't have the buoyancy." The Dodgers said they will make the stadium more secure by encircling the ballpark with forty-seven Olympic-size swimming pools. —A.S.

# Tammy Not So Divine

*Transvestite actor Divine announced he is filing a one-million-dollar suit against Tammy Bakker for alleged theft of image and unauthorized use of a false-eyelash concept. According to Divine, he first met Tammy in a Baltimore drug-store in 1967. "She was a little nothingburger," says the three-hundred-pound makeup innovator, "who didn't know an eyeliner from a fountain pen."*

*Divine claims that Tammy promised never to go public with her "makeover." She kept her terrible secret until the recent sex-for-Jesus scandal prompted Tammy to come out with a book of advice for cosmetically deprived Christians. —B.J.P.*



Have you tried Lynchburg Lemonade? It's a great new way to drink Jack Daniel's in the summer

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, in Lynchburg, Tennessee, we don't believe in hurrying our summers.

Two of our barrelmen have some whiskey to unload in a nearby warehouse. But first they're taking time to chat about crops and ball scores and where good fish can be found. You see, both of these gentlemen know it takes years and years for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain maturity. If it's five minutes late to the warehouse, there's not much cause for concern.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'  
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 80-90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352





\*\*\*\*\* **CALLING ALL FALLING STARS** \*\*\*\*\*  
 GET "REHABILITATED" AND GET FAMOUS  
 at the  
**WILLIAM MORRIS CLINIC**  
 FOR  
**PROMOTIONAL REHABILITATION**



"In the year after I checked into William Morris, my income quadrupled."  
 —Dennis Hopper

Envious of all those seemingly dead-careered burnouts who all of a sudden got themselves back in the limelight and wormed their way onto the hot lists after kicking an addiction problem? Sick of seeing people who were born with less than a half hour's worth of talent but who, because they knocked a monkey off their back, now enjoy lucrative TV and movie contracts, big-money book deals, constant exposure in the tabloids, and more talk show invitations than they have time for? Well, now for the first time, you don't need to have a nose like an Electrolux or a liver like the Great Sponge of Caracas to get the press working for you! Thanks to the William Morris Clinic for Promotional Rehabilitation, you don't have to have a potentially painful drug or alcohol problem to enjoy the career-enhancing benefits of one. All you have to do is sit back in the air-conditioned comfort of your suite while we leak just enough information to trigger a Hollywood-wide furor!



"Think they ever would have spent seventeen million on my totally self-indulgent boring fictitious bio if they didn't think I had a glamorous history of self-destruction? Yeah, right."  
 —Richard "Jo Jo" Pryor

Don't believe it could work? Ha! Take a look at the list below. All the people whose names you see  
**HAVE BEEN STRAIGHT AND SOBER THEIR WHOLE LIVES!!!**



"You'll never guess what they have planned for me—just watch my career over the next year."  
 —Joan Heatherton

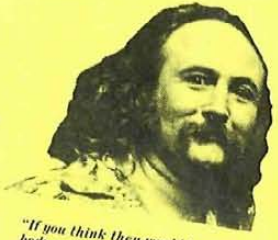
- |                           |                             |                         |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| ★ <b>MARY TYLER MOORE</b> | ★ <b>MACKENZIE PHILLIPS</b> | ★ <b>HEATHER THOMAS</b> |
| ★ <b>DENNIS HOPPER</b>    | ★ <b>JAMES TAYLOR</b>       | ★ <b>NELL CARTER</b>    |
| ★ <b>GELSEY KIRKLAND</b>  | ★ <b>JUDY CARNE</b>         | ★ <b>CAROL BURNETT</b>  |
| ★ <b>LIZ TAYLOR</b>       | ★ <b>JERRY LEE LEWIS</b>    | ★ <b>GREGG ALLMAN</b>   |
| ★ <b>RICHARD PRYOR</b>    | ★ <b>WENDY O. WILLIAMS</b>  | ★ <b>DAVID CROSBY</b>   |
| ★ <b>JOEY HEATHERTON</b>  | ★ <b>JOHNNY CASH</b>        | ★ <b>LAUREN TEWES</b>   |

That's right, the above *junkies célèbres* have never had problems with drugs or alcohol. What they did have is a need to give a sagging career a boost!

Does that make you bristle with rage? Well, it shouldn't. It should make you tingle with excitement, because now the same opportunity is available to you, a falling Hollywood star. You too can go from ignored to exalted in a few short months just by getting your name back in the tabloids! Not to mention book deals, feature stories in name magazines, and attractive new companions! And the only price you'll have to pay is that you're restricted to Perrier in public!

And athletes—take a look at this list of clients!

- ★ **STEVE HOWE • DWIGHT GOODEN • HOLLYWOOD HENDERSON •**  
 ★ **DARRELL PORTER • KEITH HERNANDEZ • ROD SCURRY • BOB WELCH •**  
 ★ **LAWRENCE TAYLOR • MICHEAL RAY RICHARDSON • TIM RAINES •**  
 ★ **DEREK SANDERSON • MERCURY MORRIS •**



"If you think they would have put a body-rotted, tone-deaf, noth-covered old has-been like me on the Morris, you're crazy. My promotional rehabilitation program is the best thing that's ever happened to me."  
 —David Crosby

The long-term benefits you as an athlete will reap—the exposure you'll get from doing designer-jacket anti-drug TV spots and feature interviews—will do wonders to bolster sales at the inevitable car dealership in your future! Not to mention invaluable TV production experience and one lucrative speaking engagement after another!

**Q:** Everyone knows a snort in the nose can give a career a shot in the arm, but what if I don't have the time or the constitution to develop an addiction?  
**A:** The WILLIAM MORRIS CLINIC has got the answers you're looking for!

Hey—we know you're a star, we're not really going to make you scrub toilets! When you're at the William Morris Clinic you'll be: polishing your writing skills • learning how to use the tabloids and the paparazzi to full advantage • learning how to GET SEEN • learning how to leave the press BEGGING FOR MORE!!! We'll even map out a "post-rehab" itinerary for you, and tell you how to wangle your way into paparazzi-addled "star hangouts" like Spago and finagle your way—in a flashy photogenic getup, of course—into the all-important awards dinners.

So call 555-STAR and make an appointment . . . today!

All photos by Ron Galella



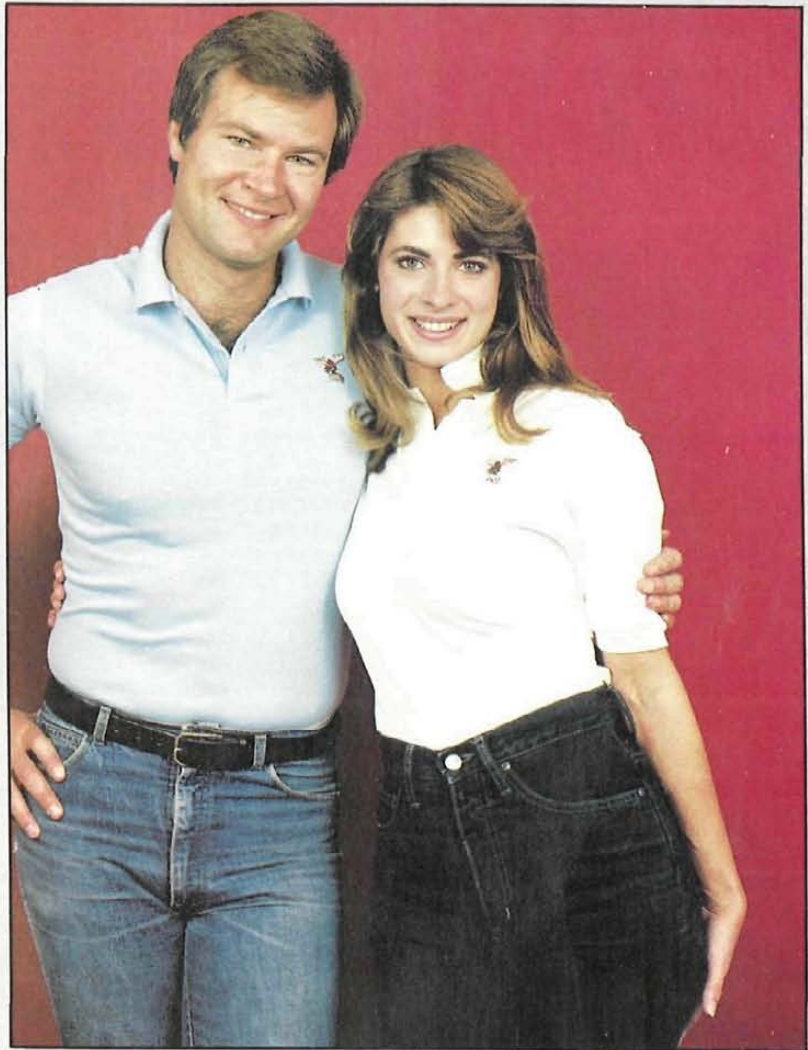
# Marty Moose?

**Why Put an Alligator on Your Chest When You Can Face the World with**

Yes, folks, the world of fashion is on fire. The **Marty Moose Polo Shirt** and **Marty Moose Sweater** are now available for the whole family. You remember Marty. He greeted the Griswolds at the entrance to Walley World in National Lampoon's Vacation. And Clark and Rusty Griswold wore our popular Marty Moose sweatshirts in National Lampoon's European Vacation.

Marty Moose Shirts and Sweaters come in three sizes, and they're soft (they don't itch), warm, and stylish. The polo shirts are great for polo (natch), golf, Trivial Pursuit, and, of course, crotch hockey. And you can tie the sweater around your neck so you can look like every other idiot, except that you have Marty Moose on your breast instead of an alligator!

Marty Moose Shirts and Sweaters are available only by mail. The price? Polo shirts are \$14.95 plus postage and handling. Marty Moose Sweaters are just \$20.95 plus postage and handling.



Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ **Marty Moose** Polo Shirts at \$14.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

WHITE:    \_\_\_small\_\_\_medium\_\_\_large  
BLUE:     \_\_\_small\_\_\_medium\_\_\_large  
YELLOW:   \_\_\_small\_\_\_medium\_\_\_large

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ **Marty Moose** Sweaters at \$20.95 each, plus \$2.50 for postage and handling.

GRAY:     \_\_\_small\_\_\_medium\_\_\_large  
BLACK:    \_\_\_small\_\_\_medium\_\_\_large

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to:

National Lampoon, Dept. **Dept. 887**  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

So order yourself a shirt and sweater today and wear the noble Moose (Marty, that is) with pride.

**Polo shirts available in:**



**Sweaters available in:**





# Philippine President Corazon Aquino Opens Health Club

Prompted by the popularity of recently released tapes of ousted dictator Ferdinand Marcos exercising in exile, Philippine President Corazon Aquino has opened a health club. To mark the grand opening, the chirpy president herself leads a "Firm Fannies" class.

Black market footage showing onetime leader Marcos practicing a topless hybrid of shadowboxing and disco juking reached Manila in January and caused a furor. The Aquino cabinet

became concerned as Marcos loyalists took to doing jumping jacks in the streets and newspaper editorials suggested that His Former Excellency may indeed be in better aerobio-muscular shape than Aquino.

Ever sensitive to public opinion and her own tenuous popularity, Aquino quickly opened the first "Body by Cory" gym. Resplendent in a yellow headband, tight yellow shorts, and a T-shirt, she declared at the opening, "I've put aside affairs of state and

come to my grand opening to accomplish something lasting for the Filipinos. I want to see some tight tushies."

Working to a recording of current Philippine Top 40 hit "Let's Get Physical," Aquino put thirty-odd sweaty women through a twenty-minute workout, at the end of which an assistant brought her a walnut, a spoon, and a key. President Aquino stepped out of her shorts and, in a display of buttock strength, shattered the walnut between her cheeks, then flat-

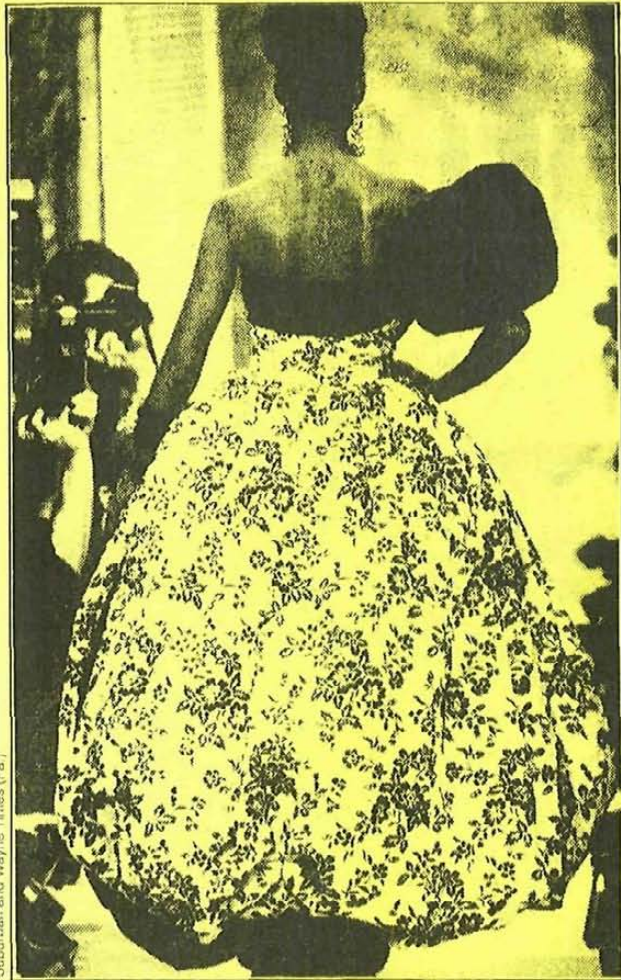
tened the spoon similarly. "Strength means nothing without flexibility," the diminutive leader quipped, and she slowly lowered her buttocks over the key, gripped it, and picked it up.

Though the Philippine physical fitness question has been laid to rest, Aquino's cabinet remains concerned about possible comparisons of breast sizes. While Mrs. Aquino is a B cup, the Marcos videotape indicates that Mr. Marcos could possibly wear a C. —P.C.S.



"Pepe," the world's wealthiest burro, continues to celebrate after winning the Mexican Lottery's biggest jackpot in history (forty-eight million pesos) by taking yet another joyride in his newly purchased helicopter.—M.J.





A new line of clothing for people with bladder problems was unveiled today at an American Medical Association fashion show. This durable vinyl evening gown can be worn for up to seventy-two hours.—M.J.



Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger today denied charges that the president's trillion-dollar military budget includes excessive purchases. Weinberger is seen here dropping his daughter Elise off at school.—M.J.

# CONDOM CORNER

with Connie Condom



Condoms, for many years the victim of unfavorable public opinion, have at last begun to receive the social and sexual accolades they so richly deserve. Between the onslaught of AIDS and the reallocation of IUDs and diaphragms as costume jewelry, condoms are enjoying their greatest success ever.

But the road ahead for condoms may not be as smooth as one might imagine—competitors and ill-wishers threaten to sabotage the success of the condom. At the Forty-fifth Annual Condom Convention in Denver last month—originally entitled “Lambskin and Foreskin—A Match Made in Heaven” but retitled “An Umbrella for My Pee-Pee” to honor the role of latex in the prevention of AIDS—Condom Coalition members discussed the many dilemmas that lie ahead for condoms.

- Many condom users are nixing the traditional disposable condom in favor of a long-wearing model. Made of more rugged elephant or rhinoceros skin, what the new condom sacrifices in sensitivity it makes up for in durability. Many men are buying off-the-rack, sized condoms now, which usually have the same lifespan as a pair of well-tailored leather shoes. Fayva and Florsheim are among the first to feature condom franchises in their actual shoe stores. And a recent article in *GQ* reported that fashion-conscious fornicators are having their condoms tailored in form-fitting sizes and status leathers.

- Surgical installation of rayon linings into female genitalia is also posing a major threat to the condom community. This new technique is reputed to feel “almost as good as the real thing,” according to informed sources, “not as hot and wet and turgid as raw-flesh-on-raw-flesh sex, but not as stinky either.” This technique is also being attempted in male anuses in an effort to make fudge-packing a safe practice again. And though surgeons are eager to attempt it, feminists are lobbying to block efforts to install such linings in women’s mouths.

- Perhaps the most severe problem facing condoms today is bootleggers. Unscrupulous businessmen have made a living out of recycling condoms dredged and fished from rivers, sewers, Love Tunnels in amusement parks, and creeks near lover’s lanes. These jackals-of-the-sensual give the worn sheaths a cursory rinse and a hasty rerolling and then sell them to the unsuspecting at reduced prices.

—D.H.



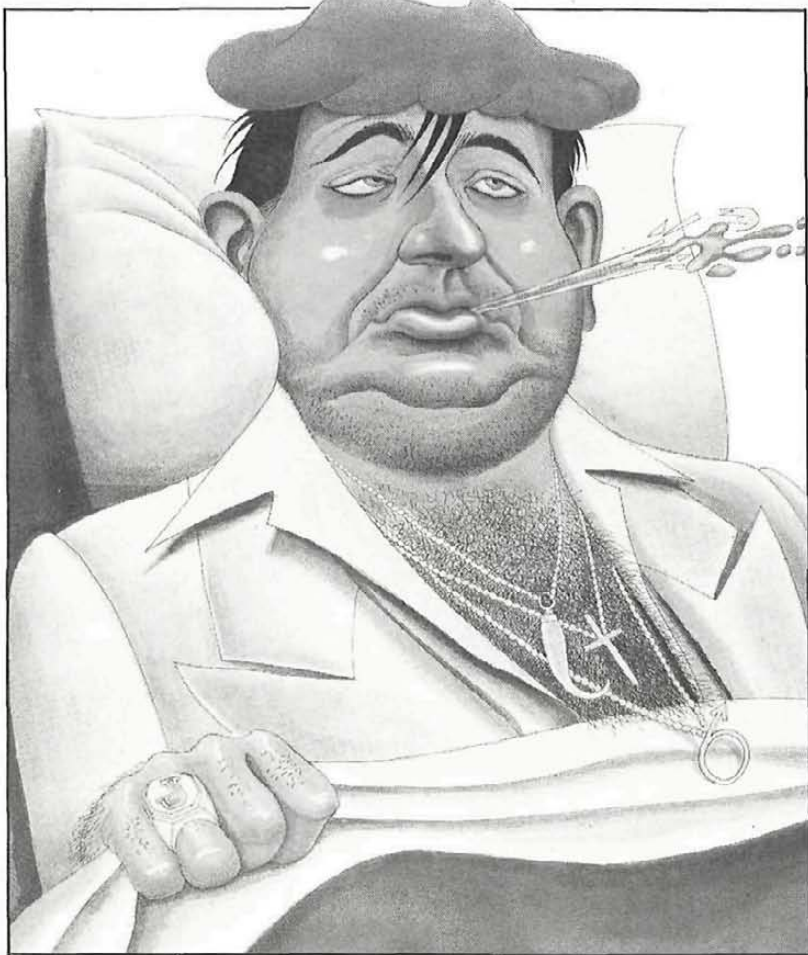
# FROM DISCO FEVER TO DISCO INFLUENZA

by Dave Hanson

It's amazing how hindsight can pull the wool over your eyes—for a while there I actually had myself believing that my bachelorhood was simply one long, humid, unrelenting letter to *Penthouse Forum* which paused only for occasional doses of football and poker. Worse yet, the distortion of this nostalgia was supported by warm smiles from my wife's friends and from my female co-workers. The upshot is, when the divorce came through last month, I was ecstatic.

But I was soon to realize the myopia of my reminiscences, and also to learn that those smiles were only smiles of kindness, and only offered because the ring I wore made me as unthreatening and insipid to them as a gay friend. Once I was no longer morally manacled, and suggested that I was interested in anatomical regions south of a shoulder to cry on, they looked at me the way they would look at a big greasy insect. To top it off, my attempts at acquainting myself with any of the other fish that the sea is supposed to be full of were just as fruitless. I didn't know what to say, or how to say it, and because of my newfound alimony expenses, I didn't have the cash to bankroll the kind of coke-snorting, colada-guzzling girls who don't need to be talked to. So there I was, reading article after article about how the ratio of eligible men to eligible women in this city is something like one to seven, and how there are something like 25,000 miles of unoccupied vagina in midtown alone, but other than numerous trips down mammary lane into my old carton of *Playboys* (June '76 is still a great month), I hadn't pumped any mustard in a dog's age.

And so, desperate for counsel, I called Bensonhurst's answer to Ann Landers, my buddy Richie. Richie and I had been single together, and had both gotten married in June '79. After a four-year marriage he called "hell, but with worse cooking," Richie got divorced and became single with a fury, comparing his exalted appreciation of bachelorhood to people who've



Randy Jones

cheated death and learn to appreciate life as they never would have otherwise.

"What's up?" asked Richie.

"Got divorced."

"All right! Congratu-fucking-lations!"

"Thanks."

"How are the kids doing?" he asked more somberly.

"Not bad, considering. I miss the hell out of the little bastards, though. I miss the cats too, and the neighborhood. It was my fucking neighborhood first, you know. But it's all worth it not to have to deal with that ballbreaker anymore."

"Man, is that ever the truth. Where you teaching these days?"

"Same place. But it's changing. Either

the kids are getting dumber or I'm getting smarter, and I was pretty sure I'd outgrown that. Richie, cut the small talk and tell me where a regular, non-homo, non-rich, white-underwear kind of guy can go to get his bloodstick dunked in today's world."

He told me that when it comes to meeting women, things haven't changed: confidence, or a good imitation, is the key. Richie told me to go where I feel most comfortable, go where I did best the last time my life was based on finding a fresh fuck every week. Go back to the disco. Sure, it may not be full of movie stars anymore, but there's still loads of chicks with

continued on page 104



ALL-NEW  
SUPER-  
COLOSSAL



# TRU FACTS

S E C T I O N



# Report from the Editor

by John Bendel

*What follows are the most frequently submitted stories of the past year. They did not become True Facts, for the reasons noted.*

## Stories that definitely would have been True Facts had they not been so widely distributed:

- A Louisville, Kentucky, man, legally blind and allegedly drunk, told police officers who stopped his car that it was actually being driven by his dog, Sir Anheuser Busch II, nicknamed "Bud."
- TV evangelist Oral Roberts held himself hostage, demanding \$4.5 million in donations or he would die.
- An actress in Baltimore actually did die during a death scene she was playing, evoking "tremendous applause."
- In Weston-super-Mare, England, a man was stopped by two young women in fishnet stockings, then mugged by two people in rabbit suits while a fifth person in a gorilla suit watched.
- Indonesian legislators, anxious to increase tourism, considered the introduction of elephant mating shows.
- The bomb squad in Ramona, California, mistakenly blew up a box of kittens.

## Stories that might have been True Facts, depending on my mood, but weren't because they were too widely distributed:

- A moose took up residence in a Shrewsbury, Vermont, pasture after falling in love with a cow.
- The Stanford University Band was punished for mooning spectators and spelling out bad words on the field.
- A Des Moines garage increased business 50 percent by hiring topless female mechanics.
- A St. Louis man shot and killed his brother in a dispute over toilet paper.
- A mugger in Medford, New York, worked nude so victims couldn't describe what kind of clothes he wore.

## Widely distributed, often submitted stories that will never be True Facts if I can help it:

- Dwarf throwing, which started in Australia and raised hackles all over the world, has been replaced by dwarf bowling, evoking yet another round of huffy Letters to the Editor.
- The pickled human toe used to garnish the "Sourtoe Cocktail" at the Eldorado Hotel in the Yukon has vanished again. It happens every couple of years. In 1980 some dumb guy swallowed it and they had to get another one. I just don't care anymore.
- Anything to do with Thailand's vasectomy program or anyone else's Condom Awareness Week.

## Often submitted items which are not True Facts because I smell fraud:

- The story about the America's Cup sailing crew in Australia for the big race. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, a group of Italian sailors hit a kangaroo with their car, then decided to put one of their Gucci jackets on the limp animal and take its picture. To their surprise, the kangaroo jumped up and bounded off with the jacket, which held the owner's wallet and the keys to the car. However, the *Chicago Tribune* said the group was American, and the kangaroo hopped off wearing the jacket of one Lowell North of San Diego. Someone is lying.
- Classified ads for the return of a lost, three-legged dog. One in the *Washington Post* read "Pit Bull—Only has three legs, missing both ears & tail. Nose smashed in. Has been castrated. Answers to the name of Lucky." Another in the *Bakersfield Californian*: "Boxer: three-legged, handsome, gentle, but blind in right eye. Piece of left ear missing. Has recently been castrated & answers to the name of..." But you already know the boxer's name, don't you?
- Classified ads that have anything to do with parachutes. One "For Sale" ad read "Parachute—used once, never opened. Small red stain. Call 733-8256." Another, marked

"Important Notice," read "If you are one of hundreds of parachuting enthusiasts who bought our course entitled 'Easy Skydiving in One Fell Swoop' please make the following correction: On page 8, line 16, change 'State zip code' to 'Pull rip cord.' Montezuma Mail Order Co."

## More Dubious Facts and Apocrypha

Clipped from the Toronto Sun and submitted by Ed Barao:

### "SIXTEEN HURT IN BINGO MELEE.

"Saturday night bingo games in Mullerville have been canceled after a wild fight in which beans were thrown and chairs overturned.

"It was all Ella Mussleman's fault," said Bernice Baine. "She was trying to play too many cards—sixteen, I think—and her elbow knocked over the bridge table next to her."

"Bernice Baine started the whole thing," said Ella Mussleman, who describes herself as the best bingo player in Mullerville. "She was yapping away at Edna McClelland, trying to throw her off her game. She knew how much Edna wanted to win that Teflon fry pan and complete her set."

"I called the police when somebody swapped chairs with me while I was in the ladies," said Edna McClelland. "They took my lucky chair with the rung missing on the back and left a clunky old green thing with one leg shorter than the other. It made me mad enough to spit."

"Bingo caller Ed Hartland said he thinks the disturbance began when his hand was accidentally trapped in the rotating ball-bouncer cage.

"I had just called out G-44 when it happened," he remembers. "Suddenly there was this terrible pain at the end of my arm and three women were pounding on me with folding chairs. We take our bingo pretty seriously in Mullerville."

"Police arrested 285 women. Sunday pancake breakfasts at the hall are also canceled."



*Jerry Vacio sent this item from the Daily Telegraph of London:*

"A London friend, whose beloved cat died quietly from old age just before Christmas, tells me that she was not only deeply distressed by the loss of her pet but also in difficulty as to how to lay the chap to rest.

"In the end she agreed with her brother that he would take the body to the country and bury it in the garden of their parents' home. So she took the cat, wrapped in newspaper in a white carrier bag, by bus to her brother's flat on the other side of town.

"On the way my friend burst into tears and was comforted by a sympathetic fellow passenger who was already sitting on the bus, surrounded by shopping.

"When the brother got down to the country, had dug the grave, and looked into the bag, he found a five-pound leg of New Zealand lamb."

**Wilson Patchell wrote:**

"This is an incident that happened at a local grocery store. A young man was stocking the shelves when a lady came up behind him and asked, 'Excuse me, but where's the Tam-pax?' The young man got up and turned around, thinking the lady had said 'thumbtacks.'

"'Excuse me, madam,' he said, 'but did you want the ones that you push in with your thumb or drive in with a hammer?'"

**Chris Coon submitted this article without an actual newspaper clipping:**

"Sydney, Australia—(UPI) Two people were injured Monday night when a group of bandits clashed with police. A police spokesman said the incident began when the bandits, dressed as policemen, challenged the policemen, dressed as bandits."

## Mailbag

**David R. Brown of Philadelphia** photographed a "COUNTY LINEN" neon sign in which the only illuminated letters were the "C," the "U," the first "N," and the "T." He wrote:

"While I was shooting this picture, a pair of foxy-looking girls came over to me and asked what I was photographing. I told them, 'That

sign,' and pointed to it. They called me a pervert, but still invited me to their apartment with my camera. I'll leave the rest to your imagination."

continued on page 84

## Editor's Problems, Part I



**If you must submit severed-penis stories, please don't be quite as graphic as M. J. Raguse of**

**Queensland, Australia. It makes me nervous. Thank you.**



# Classified Information

Free - 1 stupid Fizard named "Shelby". Very mean tempered, will bite. Contact Ken at Exxon.

**DEBBIE?**

About that night I cracked up your new BMW over a concrete traffic barrier on Lake Shore Drive. I'm really sorry. What a horrible accident. When I crawled out the window you were still unconscious. I tried to pull you through, but your foot was stuck in the glove compartment. So I went to get help. I was less than fifty feet away when the gas tank exploded. Wow-Wee! Talk about explosions! I ran back and put out the fire with a wet beach blanket. THEN YOU WERE GONE! No Debbie! Where did you go? Are you okay? How's your foot? How's the car? Did they find your left arm? Look, I know you're probably a little upset. You have every right to be a little upset. I can understand that. But I don't think we should blow this thing up all out of proportion. In fact, I don't want to see anything else blow up for a long, long time. So give me a call, or drop me a line. Let's be friends. Come over and we can play records and bang on my drums. Tell you Mom I said Hi.

Box 4499

Job  
(T-  
the  
on-

**HUMAN SERVICE** organization needs brilliant part time Secretari. Must be independent with initiative. Interpersonal skills, accurate typing are top priorities. Call for appt: 742-7452, L. Potrillo.

**NOW** taking applications for Pre School Teachers. 1950 S. 131st E. Ave.



**HELP  
WANTED 78**

**APPLICATIONS ARE** now being accepted for DEPUTY SHERIFF with Caroline County Sheriff's Department. Applicants must be 21 years of age. Will serve civil summons, execute arrest warrants, transport prisoners, maintain order in court, conduct criminal investigations, and may be required to act as turkey in the County Jail. High school graduate. Experience in position dealing with public. Must be able to pass physical examination. Acquire applications at Court House, Denton, Md. Application deadline April 8, 1981.

**WANTED:** Working couple to rent an apt. in Clfd/Cur. area w/12 well behaved dogs, gd. refs. 236-2275

**'ANIMAL NUT'** needed to live-in w/casualty abnormal family consisting of 23 dogs, 9 goats, 7 cats, 9 mallards, 3 horses & assorted transient critters. Duties consist of seeding, combing, petting, cleaning up after & loving same. Occass sargenting of 2 boys-9 & 14 yrs old. Brits consist of room & board, use of car, dining out often, small salary & access to family psychiatrist. No exp req'd. Your pet OK. Age/gender identification unimportant. 876-3264 anytime

**IN MEMORIAM 07**



In memory of Steve "Mike" Detmer who was killed by a bowling ball on January 4, 1985.

We will never forget you.

June Detmer,  
Ann Detmer &  
Ernie Detmer

**16 Business Personals**

**CASH FOR PUS**  
Medical research in treatment of infections with pust. Bug bites, burns, acne, cut, boils, etc. Any draining sores. Age 12-up. Call 588-5135 for apptmt.

**525: Things to Eat**

**Composted Cow Manure**

Delivered. Ken Jr., 761-9804  
**FERTILIZER** — By the bag or ton. Agrico 12-12-12, 16-16-16, 6-24-24, Urea. Dexter Mill, 426-4621.

**DICK WORKER**

Hiring now Call 767-9191  
Only Fee \$65/Adv. Licensed Job Info. Agency. Job Times, Inc.

**BRILLIANT** semi-handsome defrocked South American aristocrat-healer requires fabulously wealthy patroness to facilitate reentry into lifestyle to which he used to be accustomed. News-Press Box 888 2301.

**GRAVEYARD** food server, experienced only. Apply at 1922 N. Pac. Hwy. in Big-Y Shopping Center.

Hi out there! I'm a young at heart lady, 49. Some things I enjoy are people, life, being honest & sincere, dining & dancing, quiet evenings, nature, laughing, family and friends movies, music, my job & some sports. If you are a man that enjoys similar things, I would like to eat you. So drop me a line to Herald Box CH1905.

**ANSWERING SERVICE** Telephone sec'y for small well run ans. serv. Sal commensurate w-exp. 100% co. pd medical benefits. Paid vacation. Pleasant surroundings, indoor toilet. Call Mon thru Fri 8-4 235-8835

**TERMITE SALESMAN**

Growing company needs experienced termite salesman. High commission paid, experienced only need to apply. Call for an appointment. 474-6185.

HEY! ST. Jude. Why haven't you granted me vast wealth & eternal youth? Last chance, Baby!

**2-- LOST & FOUND**

**Lost-1 Gall Bladder with 30 stones. If found, call 734-6854.**

**Contributors:** Bob Evans; Randi Glick; Keith Wulf; David R. Selden; Chris Kunkel; Laura Cooper; Michael L. Jeffcoat; John Sweney; Cynthia Strachan; Wesley Thompson; James Otey; Robert P. Woehrl; V. Morrisroe; Mark Murphy; Jeff Hubbard; Mike Benton; Tom Quigley; Freddie "Fudpucker" Sopic; Kenneth Kinkopf, Jr.

**Publications:** (New York) Airport Press; (Clearwater, Pennsylvania) Ad Bargain; (Ocean City, New Jersey) Sand Paper; Calgary Herald; Tulsa World; San Diego Union; (Cincinnati, Ohio) Buying Guide; Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch; Medford (Oregon) Mail Tribune; Ann Arbor (Michigan) News Advertiser; (Montgomery County, Pennsylvania) Times Chronicle; (Morristown, New Jersey) Daily Record; (New Orleans) Times-Picayune; (Easton, Maryland) Star-Democrat; Atlanta Constitution; Boston Globe; Chicago Tribune; Santa Barbara News Press; (Bloomington, Indiana) Herald-Times.



# True Miscellany Part I

**According** to the *Evening Tribune* of upstate New York, Fred McClelland was once a New York City advertising executive "handling such notable accounts as Pepsi-Cola." He reportedly helped develop the famous "Pepsi Generation" campaign.

But Fred's life took a downward spiral, which didn't end until years later when he began working at City Hall in the town of Hornell as part of the workfare program. Alone in the world, Fred began to make friends among the City Hall workers. He used to "exchange gifts with everyone in the clerk's office, and some of the employees would have him over for dinner during the holidays."

But on the night before Thanksgiving 1983, at the age of forty-nine, Fred suffered a heart attack and died, alone in his apartment. When Fred's estranged wife showed no interest in his remains, "city workers decided to have the service for their friend."

Ever since then, his cremated ashes have been kept at Hornell City Hall, "in a gold-colored canister, in a filing-cabinet drawer labeled 'FRED.'" (contributed by Ben Fanton)

**Former** Los Angeles Lakers basketball star Bob McAdoo scored twenty-seven points in his debut with the Italian professional basketball league. McAdoo plays for Tracer of Milan, which beat Giomo of Venice 89-81. McAdoo hit eleven of twenty-two shots from the field and grabbed thirteen rebounds as his Italian fans chanted "Doo, Doo!" (contributed by Lee Vernon)

**Archaeologists** in Pompeii, Italy, have reported finding "pornographic mosaics depicting combinations of two, three, or four men and women engaged in sexual activities" in what had once been "a combination bathhouse and bordello." The discovery was reported in Washington's *Bellingham Herald* under a headline that read "Pornographic Mosaics Excite Archaeologists." (contributed by Robert and Julie Janyk)

**Dave Mulligan** and **Dave Berg** were arrested at California's Marineland aquatic park for riding the killer whales while "fully clothed and in neckties and penny loafers" at 2:54 in the morning.

The two Daves claimed the idea came up while they were drinking beer at a bar with three other guys named Dave. Apparently, all five Daves sneaked into Marineland, but three of the Daves "balked at whale riding and weren't around when the guards came." AP (contributed by John Rankowski)

**According** to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, a teacher named Max E. Dick was arrested along with several other men on charges of lewdness and indecent exposure in an Altoona, Pennsylvania, rest room. The paper said that "Dick was taken out of the classroom" pending court action. (contributed by Chris Morelli)

**When** a councilwoman in Hemet, California, directed the municipal fire department to rescue a cat from a tree in her neighborhood, it touched off a council debate in the town. Fire

Chief William Dahlquist claimed that such rescues were dangerous and unnecessary.

"You don't see cat skeletons in trees," he said.

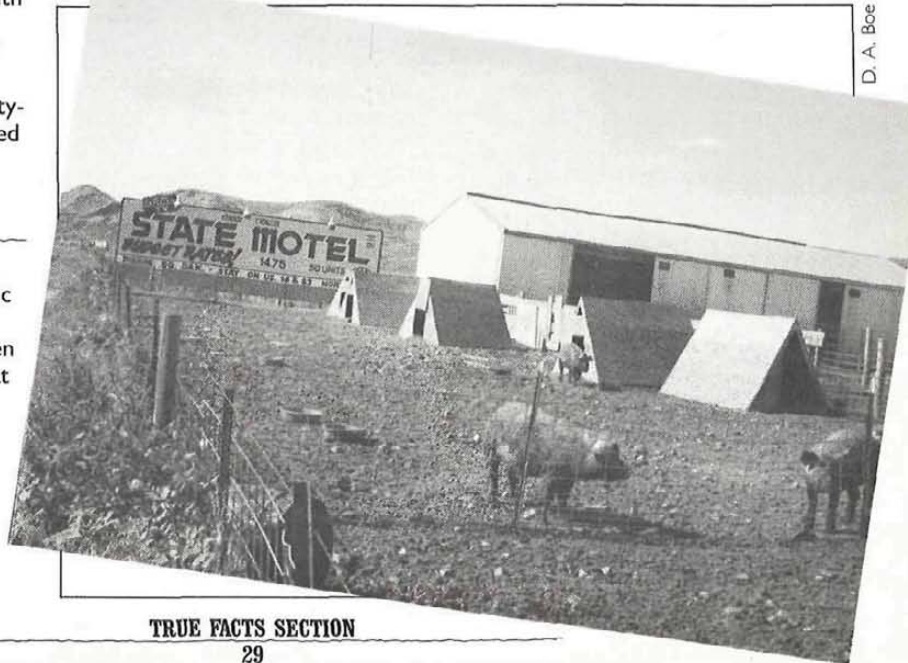
One week later, while fighting a refuse fire, Hemet fire fighters noticed the body of a missing cat twenty-five feet above the ground in the branches of a nearby tree. *Hemet News* (contributed by Alan Reynolds)

**To raise** money for a cheerleaders' competition, students at Florida's Orange Park High School paid a penny a vote to choose a faculty member who would then kiss a piglet on the snout. Coach Sam Ward won the election and dutifully kissed the piglet before assembled Orange Park students.

However, the public kiss led Latin teacher and animal rights activist Cheryl Hendry to resign in protest.

"My concern," she explained, "was that the excitement of so much noise and so much movement would alarm the animal. I wouldn't take a puppy or a kitten out in front of three thousand screaming teenagers." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Herm Albright)

## All This and Complimentary Ice



D. A. Boe



# On the Airwaves

**Anchorman** Brandon Brooks of WTAJ-TV in Altoona, Pennsylvania, used his own home to demonstrate various devices to guard against thieves.

According to the Associated Press, "Brooks was anchoring the eleven P.M. newscast Wednesday when burglars smashed a window, got in, and made off with his videotape recorder, some furniture, and other property."

Police believe the "burglars tuned in and noticed all the devices described, including double locks and a window-jamming gadget."

Brooks's house was not equipped with a burglar alarm. (contributed by Duck Divet)

**Jack Daniels**, a morning DJ at radio station WLLR in Davenport, Iowa, played "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" about twenty-seven times on one shift because he was "kind of depressed." He was suspended after ignoring the program director's order to stop playing the record.

However, station manager Larry Rosmilso noted there was a flood of phone calls after the episode, and nearly two-thirds of the calls supported Daniels. *Cincinnati Enquirer* (contributed by Herm Albright)

**From Detroit Magazine:**

"A man entered the lobby of Channel 4's studios with two Molotov cocktails, demanding to be put on the air. Reporter Mike Wendland pretended to interview him while a crew taped the incident. 'Tackle him!' yelled sportscaster Eli Zaret. 'Shut up, Eli. We're taping,' said producer Al Berman." (contributed by Chris Harbowy)

**From the Detroit Free Press:**

"A disc jockey in Maitland, Florida, has been suspended for a week after he refused a child's request to play 'Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.' Unaware that he was still on the air, Michael Lowe called Santa Claus an obscene name and began singing a parody of the song, describing methods of killing Rudolph. The switchboard at WSTF-FM immediately lit up. 'It was wrong,' said the



station's manager, 'very wrong.'" (contributed by Kevin Courter)

**From the Philadelphia Inquirer:**

"Two men who broke out of a Swiss jail last week announced their escape to a radio station and won the prize for the best news item provided by listeners.

"A spokesman for the radio station said, however, that it had been unable to deliver the prize, a transistor radio, because they had not left an address." (contributed by William Farley)

**Radio station CIME-FM** of Sainte-Adèle, Quebec, claimed to be broadcasting a "special high-frequency tone that mimics the sound of mosquitoes' flapping wings." The tone, inaudible to humans, supposedly frightens off the biting insects.

"We know it works," said sports director Pierre Politick, "because people have been phoning in to tell us so."

The Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission said CIME-FM had "provided no scientific evidence to back up its claims." *Houston Chronicle* (contributed by James Koniec)

**A Utah television station** set up a telephone service children could call to talk to Santa Claus. However, the station had to cease its special Christmas-season promotion when it learned there was a problem with the advertised telephone number. When viewers in nearby Nevada called the number, they reached a Reno "Dial-a-Porn" service. *Delaware County (Pennsylvania) Daily Times* (contributed by Nick Verticelli)

**Radio station KEYI** in Austin, Texas, announced it would give a new Mazda RX-7 to the 103rd listener to phone in. The 103rd caller turned out to be disc jockey Bob Cole of rival station KOKE.

"It must have been some kind of divine intervention," said Cole, who was on the air when he won. Cole said he would give the car away on his own show. *AP* (Mark Hooker)

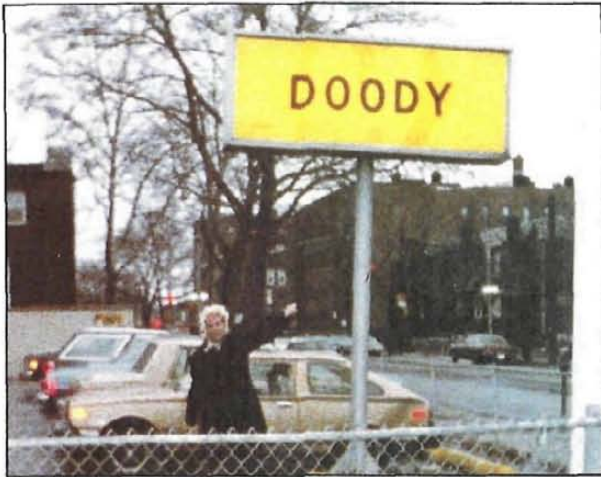
**From the Washington Post:**

"Rockers WCXR-FM and WWDC-FM yesterday stopped running an advertisement for a Philadelphia-based disc-jockey service after James Abourezk's American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee complained that the promo's Middle East-accented 'Rashid' and 'Rashad' characters were portrayed as incompetents. The spots have been replaced by ads featuring generic incompetents." (contributed by Charles A. Jones)

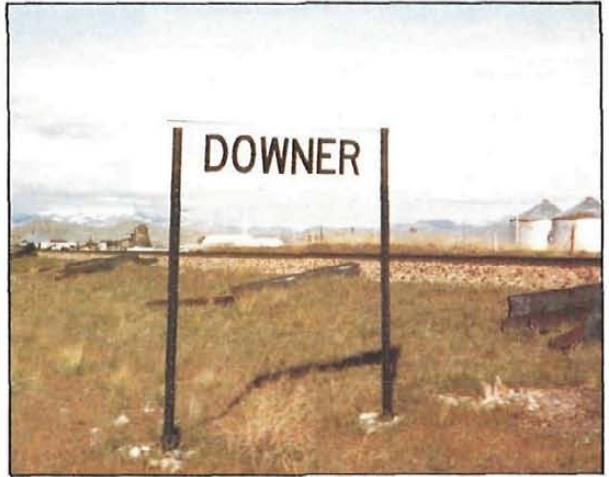




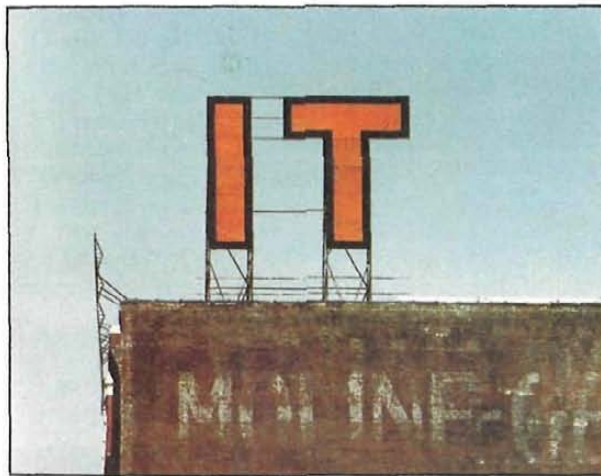
# What's the Word?



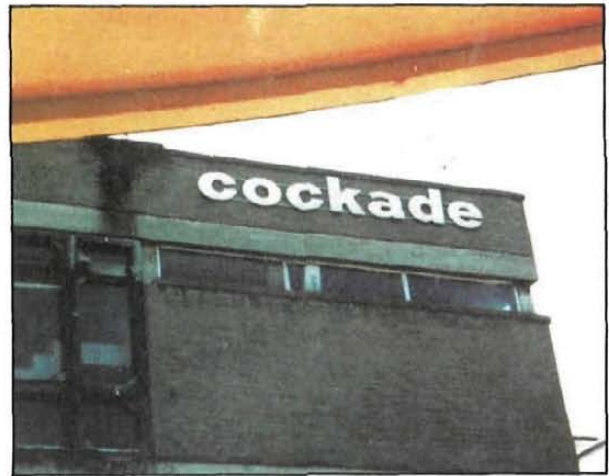
Russ Roif



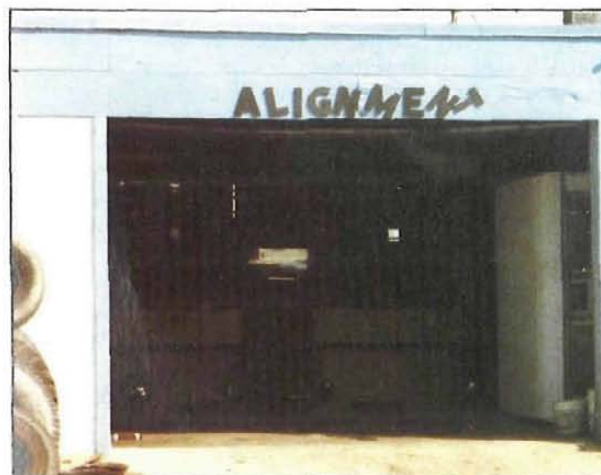
S. N. Gorbach



Frank Pytko



Hank Maston



Carl R. Reichelt



Thom Proctor



# Leave the Driving to Us

**Music** student Richard Steel of Reading, England, "put his violin on the ground while he moved a barrier that was blocking a bus driver's path. The bus backed over the violin."

According to the *Pittsburgh Press*, "In the pile of splinters that remained, Steel saw for the first time a Latin inscription that said the violin had been made by the Italian violin maker Antonio Stradivari in 1715." It might have been worth up to \$720,000.

Said Steel, "The inscription was actually inside the violin and could not be seen unless you took the instrument to pieces. The bus certainly did that." (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

**A Greyhound** bus driver, Rene Flores Rascon, took passengers on a terror ride from Las Vegas, Nevada, to Baker, California, where he finally stopped and was arrested by police for driving "under the influence of drugs or alcohol."

According to the *Los Angeles Herald*, passengers on the bus, which had left Las Vegas at five A.M., told police "the driver began the ride by getting lost twice in Las Vegas, bounding over a curb, and leaving his turn signal on for an extended period of time.

"Passengers also said the driver swept erratically from the center divider to the breakdown lane, and the speed of the bus fluctuated dramatically as he ran at least one car off the road." Some of the passengers tried to persuade Rascon to stop the bus, but he refused.

"At one point, the passengers said, the driver was straddling the number one and two lanes and ignoring a semi-trailer truck that was honking its horn and trying to pass. He would approach cars too fast and have to swerve to miss them.

"When the replacement driver came on the bus, the passengers demanded he take off his sunglasses so they could look in his eyes." (contributed by Tom Perera)

**Forty** people died when their bus "plunged into a ravine near a holy town in northern India." The victims were on a pilgrimage seeking "divine protection against calamity." *Reuters* (contributed by G. Brereton)



Jean Miele

**A bank robber** in Ottawa, Canada, was arrested without a struggle after failing to "negotiate a cloverleaf exit onto a city freeway." The suspect had made his getaway in a stolen city bus. *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by David Haywood)

**John Gillespie** of Queens Village, New York, was arrested after he stole a New York City bus and took it for a joyride through the borough of Queens. He was nabbed after playing with the new bus's computerized sign, causing it to flash the message "CALL POLICE!" *UPI* (contributed by Ed Sousa)

**Twenty-year-old** Stephen P. Reynolds stole a bus from its Hoboken, New Jersey, parking lot and used it to shuttle passengers between New Jersey and New York City over the George Washington Bridge. Reynolds drove between Fort Lee, New Jersey, and an uptown bus terminal for two and a half hours before a real bus company supervisor noticed and called police.

"He's a nice kid," said police spokesman Sergeant Peter Cantilina. "He was well-spoken. He looked like he just came out of college. He had on nice gray pants."

According to police, Reynolds made eighty-eight dollars. "But he didn't do it for the money," said Cantilina. "He's just got this thing for buses. He was really excited telling me about it." Cantilina noted that there were no passenger complaints about the unauthorized bus service. "Maybe because he only charged them fifty cents—half price," he said. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

**After** two buses crashed into a train, killing thirty-five people, some residents of Karachi, Pakistan, rioted and attacked other buses. Similar riots have occurred following recent bus accidents.

According to an Associated Press dispatch, Pakistani bus drivers compete for riders, racing each other to groups of waiting passengers. "Bus stops are almost unknown. Machines stop anywhere to pick up passengers and often discharge others in the middle of busy thoroughfares. Many drivers carry pistols, and each bus has two or three young men who jump out when the vehicle stops and hurry the passengers inside. Slow people are pushed or thrown aboard, and the crewmen often try to force passing pedestrians inside.

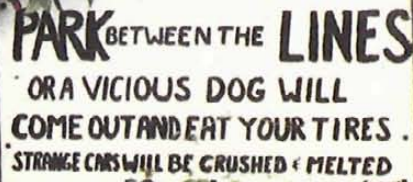
"Buses are painted in glowing shades of yellow, green, red, blue, and purple, decorated with pictures of movie stars, spaceships, and warplanes. They roar along at seventy miles per hour even in crowded cities and towns."

Long-promised reform has not materialized, largely because many bus companies are owned by police and government officials. *Lenoir* (North Carolina) *News-Topic* (contributed by Gerald Mullett)

**A Brooklyn** bus driver was arrested after police caught him driving a stolen Gray Lines tour bus in Auburn, New York. The driver, Robert Kearse, said a man named "Kenny" paid him \$125 to drive a charter bus to the upstate city. The stolen bus was carrying thirty-seven women and children who were visiting inmates at the Auburn Correctional Facility. *Buffalo* (New York) *News* (contributed by Douglas E. Lange)

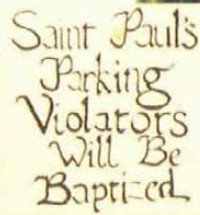


# Parking Consequences



**PARK BETWEEN THE LINES**  
OR A VICIOUS DOG WILL  
COME OUT AND EAT YOUR TIRES.  
STRANGE CARS WILL BE CRUSHED & MELTED

Bill Russell



Saint Paul's  
Parking  
Violators  
Will Be  
Baptized

Paul Gilmour



RESERVED for  
RECTOR.  
UNAUTHORIZED CARS  
WILL BE STRUCK  
BY LIGHTNING

Mark Tomacci



NO PARKING  
IF YOU PARK  
HERE THIS BARREL  
WILL BE CHAINED  
TO YOUR CAR.  
CALL 731-555-7899

Kim Morgan & Willie Phaby



**DIXON'S**  
CUSTOMER PARKING  
OTHERS  
WILL BE CRUSHED  
AND  
MELTED

Rob Jackson



**PARKING FOR KARATE  
& HEALTH STUDIO**  
ALL OTHERS CHOPPED TO PIECES

Peter Larson



# Wretched Excess

**According** to the *United News of India*, Naresh Kumar Savita jumped from a three-story building in Kanpur in his twenty-first attempt at suicide. Savita said he was despondent because he could not marry the woman he loved.

"Savita's earlier attempts to kill himself included hanging, overdoses of opium and sleeping pills, and eating a lizard."

He survived the three-story fall and was taken to a hospital. (contributed by Don Benton)

**Norwegian** censors voted unanimously to ban Walt Disney's *The Great Mouse Detective* for children under twelve, adding that even a reedited version would be unacceptable. *St. Paul* (Minnesota) *Dispatch-Pioneer Press* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

**In** a bid to promote world peace, Ben Garcia of Orchard Beach, Maine, drove a riding lawn mower from Maine to Miami, Florida, and then across country to Los Angeles. In two months Garcia lost one engine and five pulleys, was ticketed for driving too slow in Texas, and sideswiped a Jeep in California. But the worst day, he said, was the first.

"I had no idea how far I could go," said Garcia. "The tank only holds a gallon and there's no fuel gauge." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

**China's** Xinhua News Agency reported that Gou Yanling, a twenty-six-year-old telephone operator, has memorized 15,000 telephone numbers. Gou told a telecommunications meeting in Beijing, "I often memorize telephone numbers when I watch television, see advertisements, or pass shops and factories.

"I will continue my efforts to improve service and will try to memorize 18,000 telephone numbers by August next year." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Norman Lee)

**Raymond** Kirk didn't have a nickel for the parking meter, so he was given a dollar parking fine by Officer Ben Perry of the Inez, Kentucky, police. But because Kirk already owed eight dollars in outstanding parking fines, his car was towed away.

Claiming Perry had no right to have his car towed, Kirk had the police officer arrested and sued the city for \$150,000 for towing damage to his car. The city sued Kirk for \$200,000 in penalties for failing to pay his previous eight tickets. Officer Perry sued Kirk for \$350,000 for damage to his reputation. And Kirk sued Perry and the city for \$950,000 for the "humiliation of having his car towed."

According to the *Ottawa Citizen*, "The cases are pending." (contributed by Jeff Parks)

**A seventeen-year-old** student from Palos Verde High School trashed his Los Angeles home in a tantrum. The *Los Angeles Times* said he "smashed windows, mirrors, lamps, appliances, and other household items" with a baseball bat. Then he began firing his father's rifle in the house.

"Virtually every window was broken, furniture broken, appliances, oven, stove, television, microwave—all were smashed," said a police spokesman. "The interior of the home was almost completely destroyed."

The unnamed teenager was apparently upset over being cut from his school's basketball team. (contributed by Marilyn Benjamin Mooneyham)

**Canadian** District Court Judge Alan R. Campbell ruled that X-raying a prison inmate's rectum was not an invasion of privacy. The decision came in the case of Wayne Bruce McLeod, who was X-rayed after he returned to the Joyceville Prison from a weekend pass in Toronto. The X ray revealed five hypodermic needles, two syringes, forty dollars in cash, an undetermined quantity of heroin, fifty-three grams of hashish, and nearly two hundred methylphenidate and diazepam tablets in McLeod's rectum. (Kingston, Ontario) *Whig Standard* (contributed by Sean Nurse)

**Brian** Roy "Spinner" Spencer, a former hockey pro known for his aggressive style, was arrested in Palm Beach, Florida, for the fatal shooting of a real estate agent. Spencer, who played with various teams from 1969 to 1979, may just be a chip off the old block.

According to the *Miami Herald*: "On December 12, 1970, the night the Toronto Maple Leafs called him up to play, his father, Roy Edward Spencer, had looked forward to watching his son's debut on television. But when the local station decided to televise the Vancouver Canucks game instead, the elder Spencer drove eighty miles to the station, forced them off the air at gunpoint, and died in a shoot-out with Royal Canadian Mounted Police." (contributed by Harvey Bandremer)

**While** in his car at a drive-in teller's window in Lancaster, Ohio, John J. Spires, a diabetic, found himself suddenly unable to speak or control his movements. When officials of the Fairfield Federal Savings & Loan Company asked him to move his car he didn't react, so they called police.

*Indianapolis News*  
contributed by Eric R. Pfeffinger

## Dead man shot once in head



# Gorbachev Courts East Bloc

Moscow adopts a more liberal relationship

BY DOUGLAS STANGLIN



Mikhail Gorbachev and East German leader Erich Honecker embraced during Soviet leader's recent visit to East Berlin

San Francisco Chronicle  
contributed by J. P. Milton

According to *Ohio Official Reports*, a legal journal, officers Harold E. Kraft and Richard C. Schwader arrived and ordered Spires out of his car. When he failed to respond, the officers applied a "wrist drag," which is designed to "cause pain and thus movement." When Spires again failed to move, Kraft and Schwader dragged the inert man out of his car through the window, laid him face down on the pavement, and handcuffed him—breaking his arm in the process.

After taking Spires to a hospital emergency room, Kraft and Schwader learned that he had been suffering insulin shock at the time of his arrest. "Nevertheless, the two officers filed charges against him for criminal trespass and resisting arrest."

(contributed by Jeffrey A. Shively)

**Connecticut's Hartford Courant** reported that police in nearby Manchester arrested one Emil Haberen on charges of making harassing calls to the FBI and local police. Haberen was, of course, allowed one phone call after his arrest.

"Instead of calling his lawyer, police said, he called the FBI in New Haven and screamed obscenities into the phone at an agent." (contributed by L. Beane)

**The International House of Pancakes** offered television viewers a breakfast special of two pancakes, two eggs, sausage, and bacon for

\$2.49 "at participating stores." After seeing the commercial, Mayor Dawna Ane' Davis of Dublin, California, "jumped into her car, drove to the International House of Pancakes in Concord, and asked for the 'Sweet 16' special she had seen on TV." However, the pancake house in Concord was not a "participating store," and refused to honor the offer.

Davis responded by suing the Concord restaurant in Contra Costa Superior Court, claiming she had suffered "severe emotional distress and humiliation, hurt feelings and disappointment." Davis demanded two billion dollars in damages. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by J. L. Blewer)



# Wedding Bells

6 Thursday, November 18, 1983 The Mountain Statesman, Grafton WV



Mr. and Mrs. William V. Trimble

## Trimble - Moore exchange vows

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Moore Jr. of 202 Long St., Grafton W.Va. are announcing the wedding of their youngest daughter, Sheila Ann Moore. She was married to William V. Trimble, Thursday October 13, at 5 p.m. in Winchester, Va.

The couple spent four days there, prior to returning to Grafton. They reside at 334 Haymond Road in Grafton.

Mr. Trimble was born in Blueville on July 18, 1930. He is a veteran of the Korean War, having served in the U.S. Army from October 23, 1947 to July 5, 1953. He was discharged from the service July 5, 1953 from the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington DC, on a service connected disability after having spent three months there.

He is presently employed by Mrs. Ruby Lopez and Mr. Hump Boyce at the Strand Pool Room.

Sheila is a 1983 graduate of Grafton High School. She participated in basketball, football and tennis. She is interested in boxing.

Her husband is a former Golden Gloves Champion, having fought on the same card as Cassis Clay, better known as Mohammad Ali the former Heavy Weight Champion of the World, in Louisville, Ky. while serving with the 3rd armed division.

Vince also fought as a boxer in Japan and Germany, and was the Walter Weight Champion of 7th. Corp Headquarters for two years, 1950-1954.

They are spending a honeymoon here, among old and new friends.

There will be a wedding celebration at the Eldorado Club, West of Grafton, on Sunday Dec. 11, from 4 to 8 p.m. until 7.

All are welcome, come one and all, as there will be plenty to eat and drink.

There will also be a String band, featuring Bill Crook, of Nashville, Tenn, an old friend; also Rod Hunt will play and sing a few songs.

(Grafton, West Virginia) Mountain Statesman contributor anonymous

## White—Nuckles Nuptials

Helen Elizabeth White became the bride of Jeffrey Guy Nuckles in a morning ceremony at Andrew Chapel United Methodist Church, Vienna, Va. Dr. James Athearn conducted the double-ring exchange on August 2 uniting the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cooper White of McLean to the son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rice Nuckles of Danville, Va. The Barns of Wolf Trap was the site for the reception.

Ms. White, a Langley High School alumna, and her husband are graduates of James Madison University. They went to Hawaii on a wedding trip and now reside in Virginia Beach, Va., where Mr. Nuckles is serving in the U.S. Navy aboard the USS Yorktown.

Washington Post  
contributed by Beth Schlenoff

## Butts-Rear

BELLEVILLE — Announcement is made of the engagement of Kim Butts to Van Rear. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Butts, 354 Village Drive. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Rear, 7896 Highway A, Verona.

Both are graduates of Madison Area Technical College, she in accounting and he in wood technics. She is employed by Belleville State Bank. He is in farming.

The wedding will be Oct. 19 in Primrose Lutheran Church.

contributed by Stewart Masche

## Fried-Rice

Lindy Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Rice, became the bride of Jim Fried, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fried, in a Sunday ceremony.

Rabbi Paul Drazen and Cantor Emil Berkovits officiated at 5 p.m. at Beth El Synagogue, and a reception and dinner were held at Highland Country Club.

Jody Malashock attended her sister as matron of honor. Best man was Ed Fried, the bridegroom's brother.

The newlyweds will reside in Omaha and California.

Omaha World-Herald  
contributed by Lee Legenhausen



Mrs. Thomas D. Blow  
Susan E. Moore

## Moore-Blow

Married Saturday at Broadway Baptist Church were Susan Elizabeth Moore of Raytown and Thomas Desire Blow of St. Louis.

Parents of the couple are Mr. and Mrs. Roger Moore of Dalton, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blow of St. Louis.

Honor attendants were Deborah R. Renfrow of Kansas City and John Minihan of Cleveland. David R. Moore of Dalton, brother of the bride, and Gregg Blow of St. Louis, brother of the groom, were groomsmen.

A reception at the church honored the newlyweds, who will live in Kirksville, Mo.

Charlottesville (Virginia) Daily Progress  
contributed by Lee Graver

## Lose-Dress

Cathie J. Dress and Terry J. Lose were married in Centre Hall, July 26, 1985. District Justice Keith Bierly of Centre Hall officiated.

The bride, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Page of Wilmington, N.C., is a graduate of Olympic High School, Charlotte, N.C., and the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga.

Her husband, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lose of Bellefonte, is a graduate of Bellefonte Area High School. He is a 1982 graduate of a school in Arlington, Texas, with a degree in waste water I, and a 1983 graduate of Texas A & M, College Station, Texas, with a degree in waste water II. He is a subcontractor for S & A Custom Built Homes Inc., Bellefonte.

The bride wore a white floral dress with white lace and lavender roses.

The couple lives near Centre Hall.



MR. and MRS.  
TERRY J. LOSE

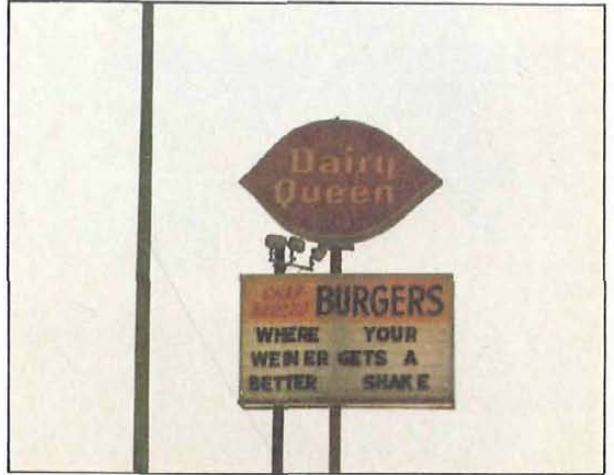
Centre (Pennsylvania) Daily Times  
contributed by Jon L. Hausman



# Signwriters Anonymous



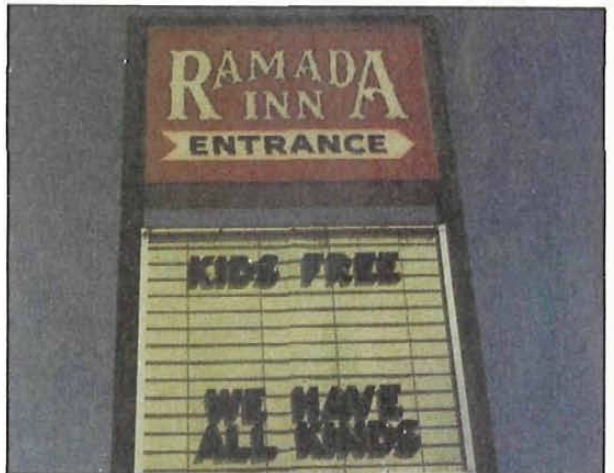
Dan Pence



Kristine Austine



G. Reeves



Wesley Hightree



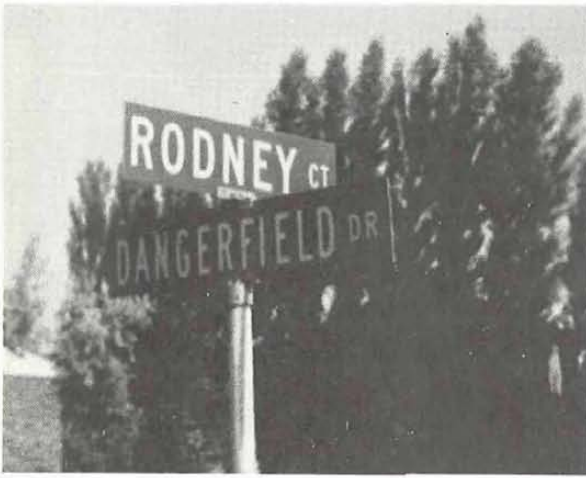
Chuck Follen



Suzan Waskelis



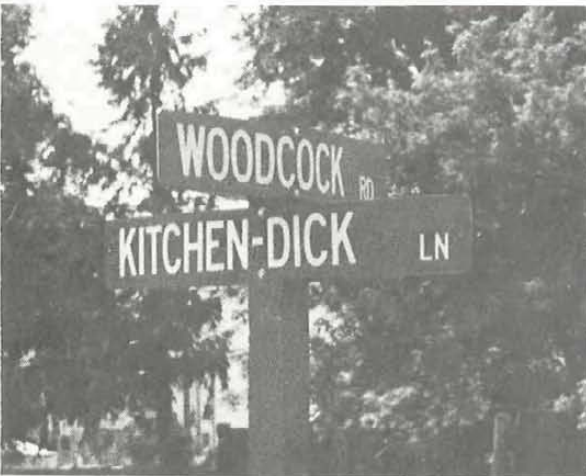
# At the Crossroads



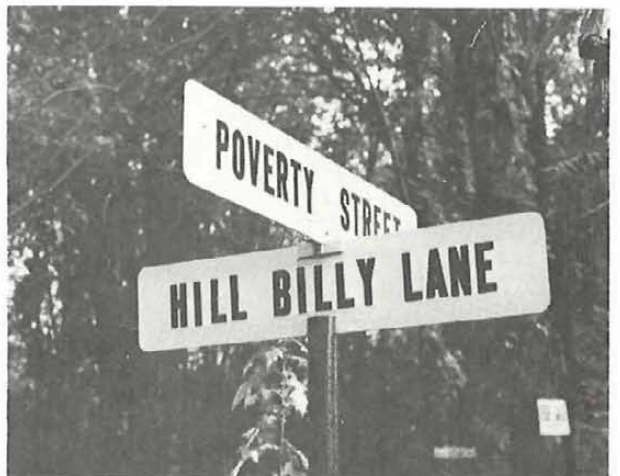
Mark R. Frank



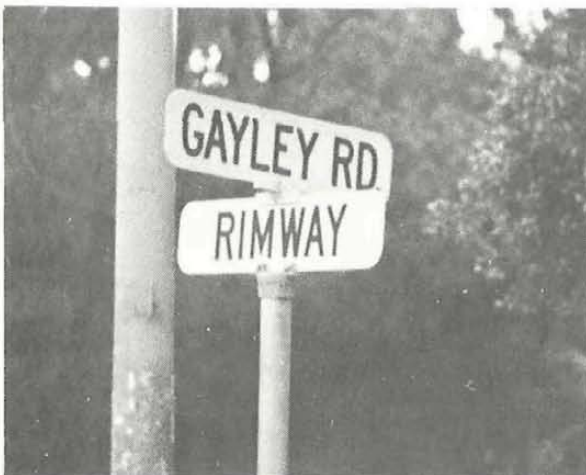
Kenneth W. Nichols



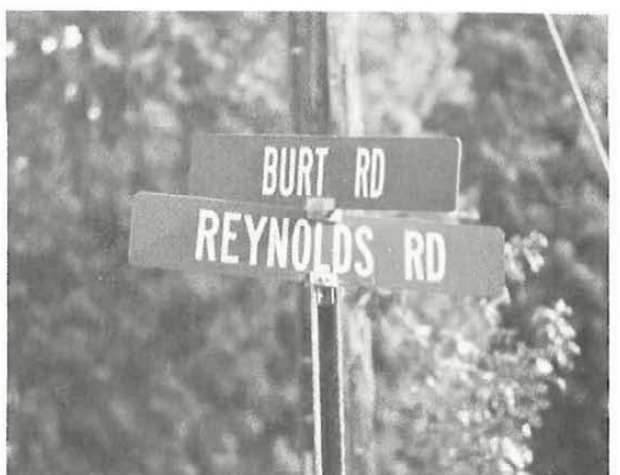
Thomas Lines



Paul M. Patry



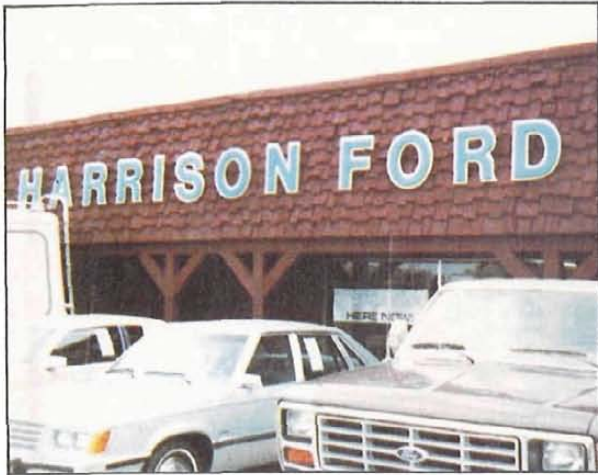
A. Leonard



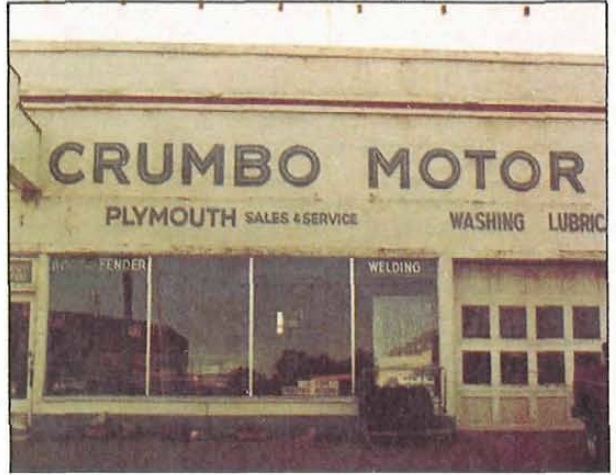
Thibodeau



# Deals in Wheels



Matt Phelan



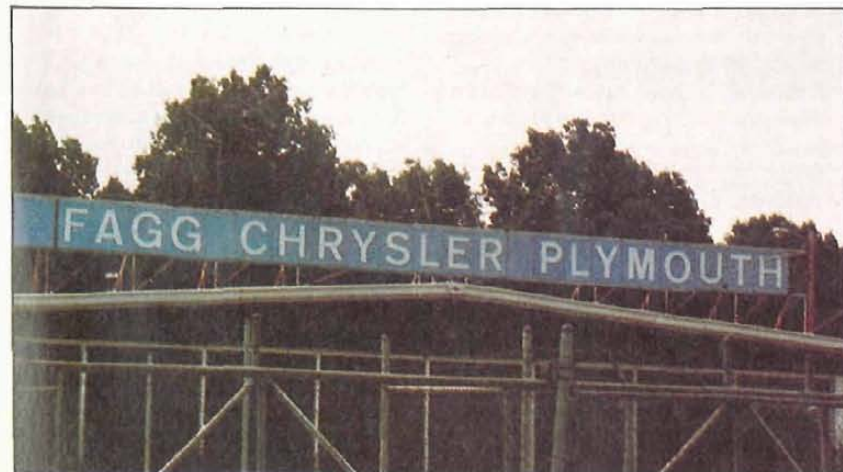
Steven Fritts



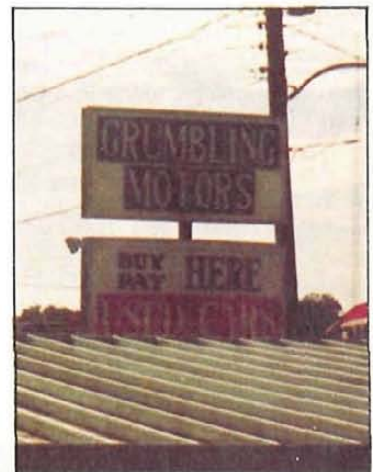
Gibert Kennedy



Tom True



Jackie Bolton



Robert J. Carroll



# Leave It to the Girls

**Hazel Mae Lovelady** lived in a car parked in front of her Bessemer, Alabama, home for seventeen years before she died recently at age fifty-five.

"She hardly ever got out of those cars for anything," said Eva Jones, a neighbor. "We could never figure it out."

Lovelady's next-door neighbors, Vera and Jake Adair, said Hazel Mae went through a half-dozen cars during the time they knew her.

"She'd stay in them day and night," said Jake Adair. "Sometimes [her husband] would take her for rides. But she wouldn't get out for anything, except for that summer she spent on the porch. That was after a car they had at the time caught on fire. Mrs. Lovelady had to get out at that time. She stayed on the porch for a couple of months, until her husband brought home the 1970 Olds station wagon, and then she lived in that until she died."

After her death, a tow truck hauled away Hazel Mae's beige-and-brown 1970 Oldsmobile station wagon. *Newark (Ohio) Advocate* (contributed by Matt Benson)

## From the *New York Times*:

"College Park, Maryland—A woman who commandeered a police cruiser was arrested after leading officers on a thirty-mile chase at speeds of up to one hundred miles per hour, the police said. A police spokesman said the chase, in which three squad cars were wrecked, began Friday after officers spotted the twenty-three-year-old Washington woman directing traffic with a curling iron." (contributed by Diane Giddis)

According to the *Shores Sentinel* of St. Clair Shores, Michigan, the estranged husband of a local woman woke up "to find his wife standing over him with a butcher knife." The man rolled out of the way and called for help from his daughter, who phoned the police.

On her way out of the house, the unnamed woman overturned the living room furniture and "set his favorite hat on fire in the kitchen sink." (contributed by John R. Gerber)

The Dallas, Texas, police fired Sandra Amos from her job as an emergency telephone operator for disconnecting callers so she could "resume her personal conversations on other lines."

Investigators taped Amos at work for a four-hour period and found she had received ten personal calls totaling fifty-two minutes and had disconnected nineteen of eighty emergency calls on her line.

"Officials said the disconnected callers were cut off before they could speak." *AP* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

According to the Reuter news wire, losers in the Miss Thailand beauty pageant tried to tear the victory sash off the winner "before a stunned audience of two thousand people" in Bangkok.

Pageant winner Saeng-ravi Asavarak, "crownless and sash askew, retained her poise and grace and beamed smiles at the crowd throughout the commotion.

"She denied charges by other competitors that she had had a nose job, refused to use the sponsor's cosmetics, and wore false eyelashes." (contributed by Greg Kahan)

Maryanne Lezar of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, was arrested and charged with attempted murder and simple assault in an attack on her husband, Spencer.

The *Delaware County Daily Times* reported that "the Lezars, who were divorced in 1983, went to a suburban Pittsburgh motel together where, according to Lezar, his wife gave him a back rub and then suddenly struck him in the head with a sledgehammer." (contributed by Nick Verticelli)

Dorna Lee Lovelace rammed her pickup truck into a San Diego, California, courthouse and told police she did it because she was "angry at the Social Security Administration." *Reading (Pennsylvania) Eagle* (Bill Katinowsky)

A Fort Worth, Texas, woman was arrested and charged with "theft by deception" after being baptized into the Mormon Church in Cedar City, Utah.

"Mormon Bishop John Q. Cannon said that after he had provided the woman with food, furniture, and rent assistance, he was informed by church security that she had been baptized fifty to sixty times across the country to gain benefits from the church." *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

The *Journal Star* of Peoria, Illinois, reported that two unnamed women in nearby Pekin fought over a water runoff problem. "The trouble started when the eighty-three-year-old victim of the water runoff placed bricks under the downspout to prevent erosion of her yard." The husband of her eighty-year-old next-door neighbor asked the woman to remove the bricks.

"The eighty-three-year-old woman alleges that her eighty-year-old neighbor struck her in the face, broke her glasses, and pulled her blouse off. The eighty-year-old claims she was struck in the face with a brick and said she pulled the other woman's blouse over her head so she could not see.

"The eighty-year-old woman's husband told the police he did not get involved because it was a fight between women." (contributed by Martin Pilou)

Forty-five-year-old Juanita Vasquez Garcia was arrested in a San Antonio courtroom and charged with intimidating a witness, according to the *Detroit News*.

"District Attorney Charles Conaway said she affixed 'the evil eye—a flat, unblinking stare,' on persons in the courtroom during the burglary trial of one of her friends."

She also "tried to put a hex on the courtroom by scattering pepper" and "threatening to turn Judge John G. Benavides into a frog."

"I had black pepper all over my courtroom," said Benavides, "including the bench." (contributed by Jim Karageanes)



# Trots and Bonnie's TRUE FACTS SMORGASBORD

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN

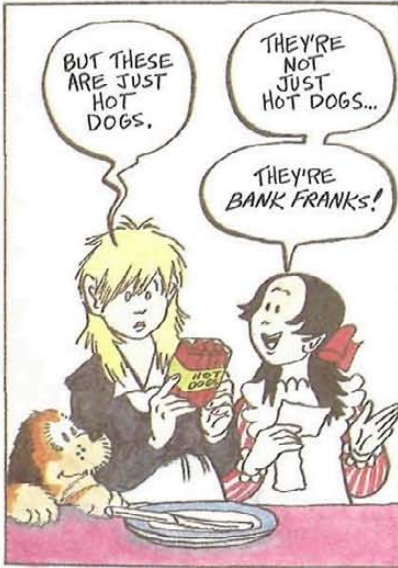
GOOD NEWS!

BENDEL'S CHOSEN YOU TO BE THE JUDGE IN HIS TRUE FACTS GOURMET BAKE-OFF CONTEST.

WOW! WHAT A GOOD DEAL!

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS IMPORTING THE VERY FOODS THAT HAVE MADE HEAD LINES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

OH BOY! I'M REALLY HUNGRY. LET'S GET STARTED.



BUT THESE ARE JUST HOT DOGS.

THEY'RE NOT JUST HOT DOGS...

THEY'RE BANK FRANKS!



IN CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO, A THIRTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MAN WAS CHARGED WITH AGGRAVATED ROBBERY AFTER HE HELD UP A SAVINGS AND LOAN USING A PACKAGE OF HOT DOGS....



... POLICE SAID THE TELLER GAVE HIM AN ESTIMATED \$2,400.

DID YOU EAT THE WHOLE PACKAGE?

MMMPPH.

GOOD.



THEY'D BE BETTER IF THEY WERE COOKED.

WELL... THEN TRY THIS MICROWAVED CHILI DOG.



WHEN TOM WILLIAMS, WHO RUNS A TRUCKSTOP CAFE IN ARIZONA, TOOK TRUCK DRIVER ROBERT ZIMMERMAN'S CHILI DOG OUT OF THE MICROWAVE BEFORE IT WAS FULLY COOKED, ZIMMERMAN GRABBED THE FOOT-LONG CHILI DOG AND USED IT TO WHACK WILLIAMS.



IN COURT, ZIMMERMAN, TO PROVE THAT NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BE HURT BY BEING HIT BY A CHILI DOG, HIT HIMSELF TWICE WITH EXHIBIT A... SPRAYING CHILI AND ONIONS ALL OVER THE COURT CLERK. HE WAS FINED \$4.90.









HEY!  
WHIPPED  
CREAM!  
THIS IS  
MORE  
LIKE IT.

No! No!  
DON'T  
EAT IT!



A MAN PUT NINE CANS  
OF REDDI-WIP INTO A  
SHOPPING CART...  
RAISED ONE CAN TO HIS  
NOSE, AND INHALED THE  
NITROUS OXIDE (ALSO  
KNOWN AS LAUGHING GAS)  
FROM THE  
CONTAINER.



HE YELLED OBSCENITIES AT  
THE CHECK-CASHING CLERKS  
AND REFUSED TO PAY FOR  
THE WHIPPED CREAM.  
HE WAS RESTRAINED  
BY STORE PERSONNEL  
UNTIL THE POLICE  
ARRIVED AND  
ARRESTED  
HIM.



OH BOY!  
MEXICAN FOOD!

A CALIFORNIA MAN  
WHO FED HIS WIFE  
A DRUGGED BURRITO  
WAS SENTENCED  
TO 180 DAYS  
IN JAIL.



IT'S  
SORT OF  
BITTER.

THE VICTIM NOTICED THAT HER  
BURRITO TASTED BITTER...  
HER HUSBAND TOLD HER TO  
PUT MORE HOT SAUCE ON IT.  
HE LATER TOLD POLICE  
THAT HE'D PUT 2 OR 2 1/2  
VALIUM TABLETS IN THE  
BURRITO TO PREVENT HIS  
WIFE FROM BECOMING  
EMOTIONAL OVER THE FACT  
THAT HE HAD  
A NEW  
GIRLFRIEND.



NOW I'M  
THIRSTY  
AND MY  
MOUTH  
IS DRY.

TRY THIS  
FINE, IMPORTED  
AUSTRIAN  
CHABLIS.



AUSTRIA'S WINE INDUSTRY WAS  
CRIPPLED LAST YEAR AFTER  
IT WAS REVEALED THAT MANY  
WINE DEALERS HAD BEEN  
SWEETENING THEIR PRODUCTS  
WITH DIETHYLENE GLYCOL,  
AN  
ANTI-FREEZE  
COMPONENT.



GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WERE  
AT A LOSS FOR IDEAS ON HOW  
TO GET RID OF MILLIONS OF  
GALLONS IN STORAGE TANKS...  
...UNTIL IT WAS FOUND  
THAT, MIXED WITH SALT,  
THE WINE CAN BE USED  
TO MELT HAZARDOUS  
HIGHWAY ICE.



IF YOU LIKED THAT... YOU'LL LOVE THIS RUM-PRESERVED FRUITCAKE.

IT WAS BAKED BY FRIDELIA FORD IN 1878 AND HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN THROUGH THREE GENERATIONS OF THE FORD FAMILY OF TECUMSEH, MICHIGAN.



THE FRUITCAKE SOMETIMES ACCOMPANIES HER GREAT-GRANDSON, MORGAN FORD, TO FAMILY REUNIONS.

MORGAN SAYS HE PLANS TO PASS IT ON TO HIS SON, JAMES.



JOHN HIGGINS'S PARAKEET, BEAUTY, WAS PERCHED ON HIS HEAD AS HE DINED IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT IN LYDNEY, ENGLAND.



ANOTHER DINER GRABBED BEAUTY AND BIT HER HEAD OFF... EXPLAINING LATER THAT HE HAD THOUGHT THE BIRD BELONGED TO THE RESTAURANT.



NURSE ANNAH BHIWA AND HER COLLEAGUE EVAS MIKE ARGUED WHILE ON DUTY AT THE CHINAMHORA HOSPITAL IN ZIMBABWE.



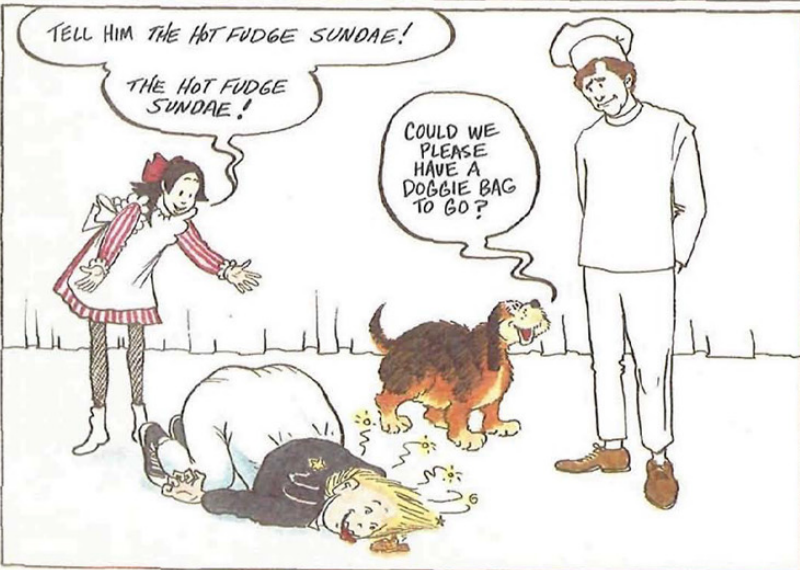
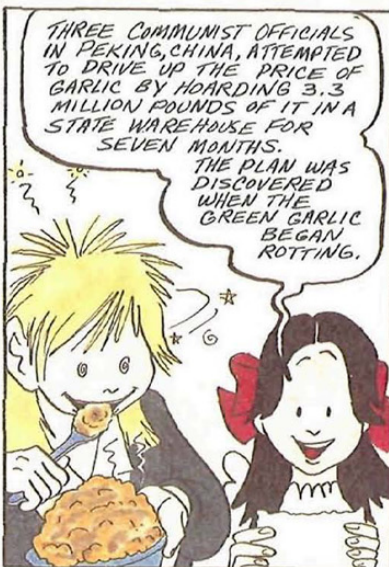
THAT WAS CRUNCHY AND DELICIOUS... WHAT WAS IT?

...VIOLENCE ENSUED AND MIKE BIT OFF A CHUNK OF BHIWA'S EAR AND ATE IT.



Contributors: E. J. Ulrich; Tony Slaci; Charles Oehler; R. Bulka; John D. Connell; Donald E. Nowak, Jr.; John B. Thompson; Bill Selstedt; Neil Schuman; Sue Elizabeth Creighton; Herm Albright; Dan Stenberg.





Publications: Enid (Oklahoma) Daily Eagle; Globe; Arizona Republic; UPI; Washington Post; Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter; (Downers Grove, Illinois) Suburban Life; (Palm Springs, California) Desert Sun; (St. Paul, Minnesota) Dispatch-Pioneer Press; Philadelphia Inquirer; Toronto Star; Indianapolis News; Rocky Mountain News



# Great Headlines

Democrats welcome Dicks this year at party's 'big love-in'

Shots Interrupt Salvador War

Dead guitarist better

Some Murderers Prone To Violence

Ground to be broken today for Rouse's ground-breaking project

Sun to darken much of America

Prisoner loses his appeal

Guardsmen quit after death

Christine Preston  
Former head nurse; at 69

Burghers  
Oppose  
McDonald's

April slated as child abuse month

Downpour likely to help only crappie fishermen

Get involved  
with drugs  
before your  
children do.

Rejection of laundry is urged

Air Force shoots down recruit

**Publications:** Newark Star-Ledger; Meadville (Pennsylvania) Tribune; Santa Barbara News-Press; San Francisco Chronicle; (Washington, Pennsylvania) Observer-Reporter; Saratogian; Boston Globe; Chicago Sun-Times; Louisville Courier-Journal; Minneapolis Star and Tribune; Cleveland Plain Dealer; Cedar Rapids Gazette; (Charlottesville, Virginia) Daily Progress; (Bremerton, Washington) Sun; Daily Oklahoman/Times; Philadelphia Daily News; Los Angeles Times; Discovery; (Escanaba, Michigan) Daily Press; Houston Post; Philadelphia Inquirer; Washington Post; Reader's Digest; Richmond (Virginia) News Leader; Half Moon Bay (California) Review; Chattanooga News-Free Press; Stamp Collector; Arizona Daily Star; Toronto Star; Birmingham (Alabama) News.



Cocaine Is Seeking  
To Buy Table Talk

Shortage of Brains  
Slows Medical Research

Children's book has  
prowling postal pussy

Organ Will Be Speaker  
At Sertoma Conference

Ears Found

Woman Killed, Burned Near Lakes!

In Probe  
Of Heads

Items that are round and wrinkled  
stand out among nutritious foods

Disabled athlete  
wins second gold  
with record heave

Change should help Iowa get  
more drug money, Tauke says

Woman's Arm Turns  
Out to Be Beaver Leg

Burglar takes  
underwear  
from home

Wine promises to put some life back into dead Braves

Killer of Irvine police chief gets  
life without parole for 25 years

Officials warn clams,  
oysters can carry virus

League of Women Voters  
Aims To Shed Drag Image

Towle head buys Galaxy building

Fight erupts at world peace conference

**Contributors:** Lew Weidenfeld; Liz Perkins; John B. Higgins; Kris Sperry; Mitchell W. Carver; W. Alan Ball; Mary G. Haggan; Joe Peterson; Lee Taplinger; Jerry Dolan; Mark Brakeman; Chris Weiss; Jeff Simmons; Kevin Smith; Michael T. Hahn; Mark Johnson; Scott Lewis; Gaston and Vic; Bill Skoonberg; Ward Foeller; Cindy Vaz; Sarah Spero; K. A. Neuendorf; Peter M. Nelson; David B. Kilbride; Stephen Weir; Greg Tarlin; Chuck Barber; G. Held; James A. DeMay; Bill Horgos; Ken Clason; Betsy Curtis.



# This Little Piggy



Jillian Byers



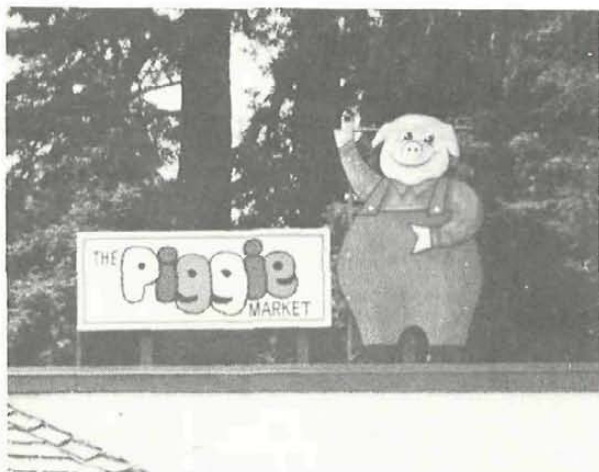
Marc Brewer



Jim Eichman



Tobi Pledger



Christian Powell



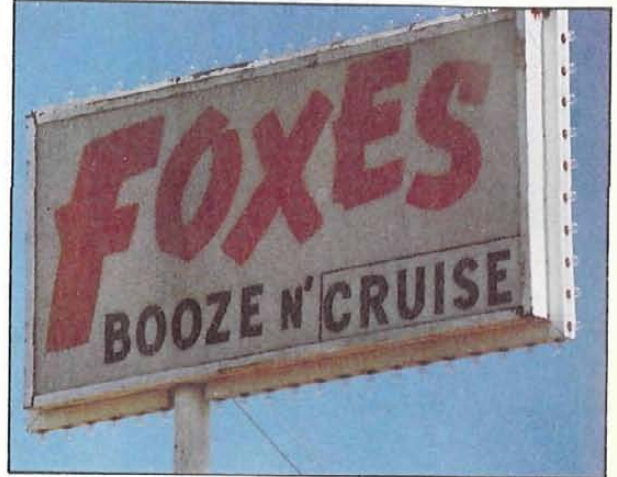
Nancy McSween



# Conjunction Function



Scott Center



D. LuAnn Brandt



Quinn Alford



Scott Hinn



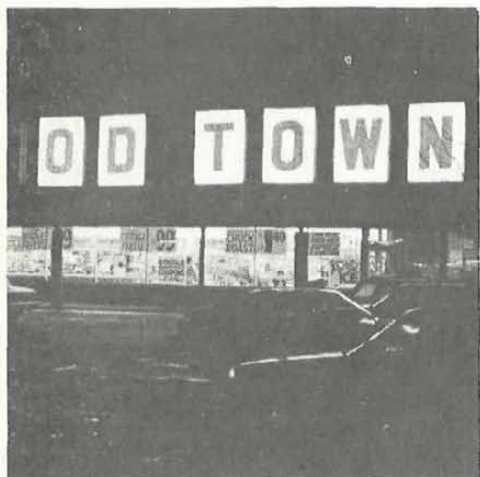
Michael J. Henington



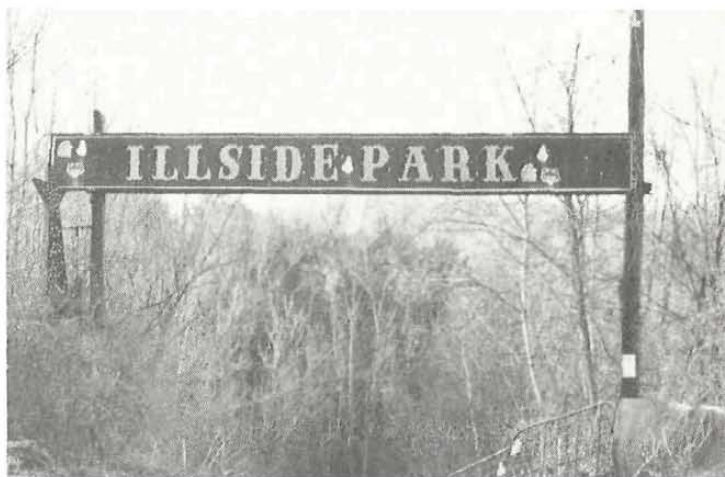
Scott Center



# Missing Letters



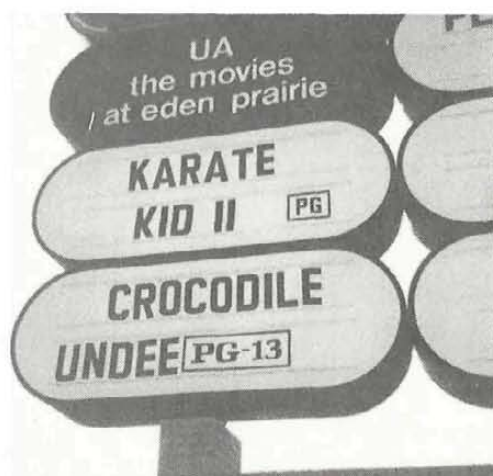
Jamie Moore



Dave & Sherry Giarno



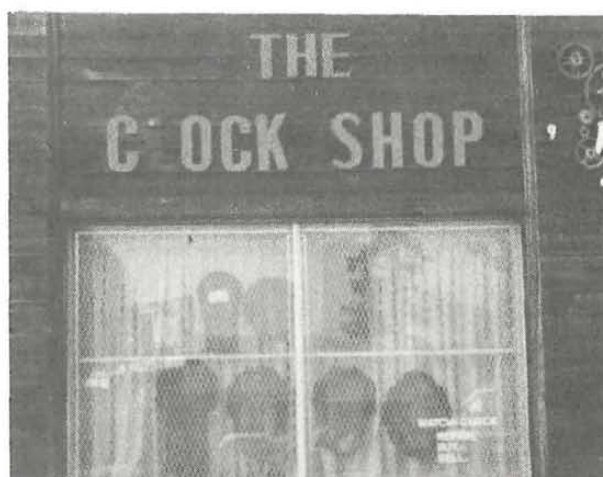
Russell Clothier



Jim Ross



Luke Softich



Steve Gossett





Federico G. Arthes



Stephen D. Miller



George Caudill



Robert Meier



Julie A. Buck



Andrew Fidelman

TRUE FACTS SECTION



# The Public Trust

**Joyce Dawson**, a ten-year veteran of the San Francisco Housing Authority, got a free lunch, a day off, and a pink carnation when she was named employee of the month. Then she was laid off in a cost-cutting move.

"I got the flowers and I got the notice," she said. "Just what does 'employee of the month' mean?" *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Mark Pauga)

**Millbrae, California**, set a speed limit of three miles per hour for motorized wheelchairs on city sidewalks. Speeders face up to six months in jail or a fine of up to five hundred dollars. *Pittsburgh Post* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

**From The Age of Melbourne, Australia:**

"Echuca Council sat until 1:30 A.M. yesterday debating a motion to rescind its decision to cease all council meetings by midnight. The motion was not carried." (contributed by Louis R. Stomm)

**From a newsletter of the New Jersey Business and Industry**

## Commissioner Davis To Head "Assault On Literacy Month"

*Pañokee (Florida) Sun*  
contributed by Donald Vaughan

Association:

"Product liability legislation is on the agenda again, after consideration of the bill was postponed twice this month—once for the Super Bowl and once because of snow." (contributed by Duck Divet)

**From the Associated Press wire:**  
"A British civil servant has lost a suit claiming his bosses libeled him in an annual staff assessment. The clerk from Leeds, England, charged that the bosses maliciously reported that he ran around the office like a chicken when he felt he was being worked too hard. The clerk apparently got low marks on his evaluation for



Wade Popelish

flapping his arms like a chicken and making clucking noises." (contributed by Michael L. Schoff)

**From the Minneapolis Star and Tribune:**

"For \$2.50 you can get twenty-five Certificates of Recognition signed by Governor Rudy Perpich with blank spaces for the name of the recipient and the reason for the recognition. The certificates are available at the State Register and Public Documents Division at 117 University Avenue, St. Paul. They read: 'This certificate is given in recognition to (blank) who has proven to be an outstanding citizen of (blank) and the State of Minnesota by freely giving the

bill for ten centimes, the equivalent of five cents, the newspaper *Blick* reported." (contributed by Rick Kelchak)

**From the UPI wire:**

"The government of Macao started a new instant lottery game Saturday. The only problem is, everybody wins. More than six hundred people turned up at lottery offices to claim first prize within hours after tickets went on sale. The tickets cost about sixty-five cents and the payoff is \$1,200. Officials immediately halted sale of the cards and blamed the bonanza on a printing error. No word yet on whether the government will pay off." (contributed by Timothy Patterson)

**From a report on the state assembly in Colorado's Rocky Mountain News:**

"Representative Ed Carpenter, R-Grand Junction, will move that dogs be required to wear helmets, goggles, and seat belts. He also wants pickup trucks to come equipped with portable toilets." (contributed by G. Gormley)

**U.S. News & World Report's** "government memo of the week," from the Fish and Wildlife Service:

"Hungry predators, given the opportunity, frequently will eat duck eggs (and, if possible, the duck). Eggs eaten by predators have an unacceptably low likelihood of hatching. Ducklings not hatched are not known to fledge. Ducks that do not fledge make no contribution to the fall flight." (contributed by Lewis Weidenfeld)

generous gift of time, talent, and energies as volunteer in behalf of the (blank). (signed) Rudy Perpich." (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

**According to the Associated Press:** "[In Seattle] Tuesday, a striping crew carefully painted a mile of double yellow lines along a roadway. Wednesday a paving crew came along and laid a coat of fresh blacktop over the new stripes." (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

**From the San Diego Tribune:**  
"Geneva (Switzerland)—The family of a Geneva man who died hours into the new year has received a 1986 tax



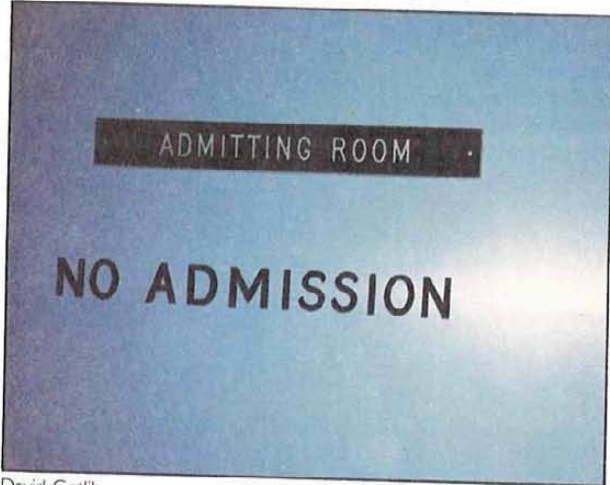
# Basic Contradictions



Kelly Parks



Michael Ritto



David Gotlib



Steve Donley & Thomas Gieghorn



Ian Darke



Willy Sadler



# Bird News

**Sheriff Paul Welch** and four deputies, all armed with shotguns, took to the streets of Winterset, Iowa, to rid the town of "thousands of pesky sparrows and starlings" whose droppings had become bothersome.

According to the *News/Sun-Sentinel* of Fort Lauderdale:

"In what looked like the finale in *Bonnie and Clyde*, each lawman pumped twenty-five rounds into the maple trees the birds called home. When the shooting was over, they collected a bushel and a half of dead birds." (contributed by Denise Melvin)

**Ducks Unlimited**, a Texas conservation group, has decided to scrap its fund-raising pigeon shoot after the El Paso Humane Society received complaints that the pigeons' tail feathers had been clipped to make them easier targets.

Ducks Unlimited raises money for wildlife reserves. *El Paso Herald-Post* (contributed by Marcus Miller)

A **double yellow-headed Amazon parrot** escaped from its owner in San Rafael, California, and flew into the maximum-security wing of California's San Quentin Prison, where it sat in the rafters and talked. Humane

Society workers captured the bird and returned it to its owner, who said the bird had never spoken before.

While in the prison, the bird had called to the prisoners below: "I can talk—can you fly?" *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Clive L. Carney)

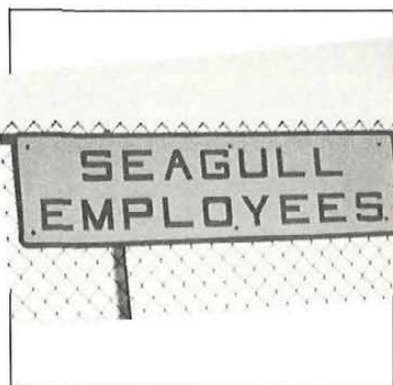
**Jose Iglesias** of Buenos Aires, Argentina, was assigned police protection after receiving a death threat. The note, which read "Buddy, I'm going to kill you at any moment. Behave yourself," was delivered by carrier pigeon. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Jim Zook)

**Robert Duck's** duck Sunny won the seventh annual Great American Duck Race in Deming, New Mexico. Another of Duck's ducks, Silk 'n Silver, took second place. Duck's ducks won a total of \$4,900 in prize money for their performances, according to *Stars and Stripes*.

"Duck has trained champions in five of the seven annual races; he entered thirty-two contestants in this year's event. He said this year's triumph was 'probably the sweetest of them all.'" (contributed by Christopher M. Landrum)



Karen Lee



W. Brandhoff



Steve Kotowski



contributed by Gary Kustis



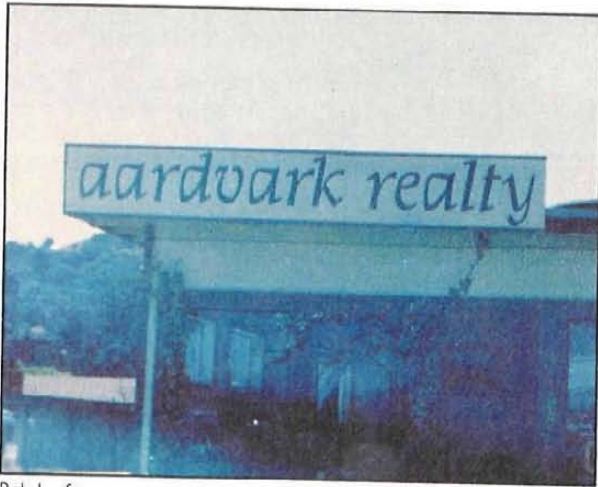
# Let's Face Realty



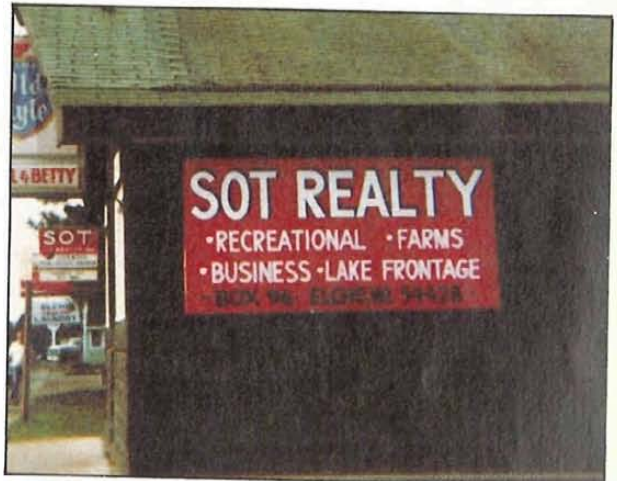
David Hill



J. Bowman



Bob Leafe



John Hayward



Bill Stuehler



Bruce Irving







# One phone call can give you a low-cost erection



of a Standard  
Steel Building.

The Standard Steel Building is a low-cost, low-maintenance structure that can be erected in a matter of days. It is built with heavy-duty steel framing and is available in a variety of sizes and configurations. The building is designed for long-term use and is suitable for a wide range of applications, including offices, warehouses, and retail stores. The building is also available in a variety of finishes and colors to match your needs.

### Factory direct savings

Size	Price
20' x 40'	\$ 3,358 \$ 873 \$ 2,485
40' x 60'	7,060 1,695 5,365
40' x 80'	10,942 2,147 7,795
60' x 100'	14,114 4,419 9,695
60' x 120'	21,028 6,033 14,995
80' x 100'	22,738 6,743 16,000
80' x 120'	33,499 9,464 24,035

**STANDARD STEEL**  
Call toll-free 1-800-442-4584



**PLAZA SHOW CENTER\*** 4104 E. Shields  
229-8856

**ALL NUDE LIVE**  
**PRIVATE BOOTHS w/ ONE WAY GLASS**  
Stage Shows 6-2 AM  
Private Booths 9 AM-2 AM

**WE NOW HAVE**  
**CHILDREN'S SHOWS**  
9 AM-6 PM 99 CENTS 43¢  
By Order of Fresno City Ordinance

BOOKS  
MAGS

Papillon & Papillon, Too  
**Picked this**  
**Storewide Sale**  
Especially For You

Monday, October 13th ONLY  
**(10-50% Off)**  
10 a.m.-8 p.m.

Monday Night is  
**"CHERNOBYL NIGHT"**  
"Come On Down For a Blast"

**PRIZE FOR BEST MUTANT COUPLE**  
**WIN A MICROWAVE**

— Lots of Fun — Lots of Friends  
Be There . . . **Stage North Saloon**

**NORTH HILL INN**  
7150 Gaetz Ave. Ph. 343-8800

"At least he was wearing clean underwear."

**theBriefencounter**  
An underwear store. Callous Square, Herkoin at Lake Street, Minneapolis.

Contributors: Ruth Armiso; Tom Fuchs; Jennifer Thompson; Ryan Carlson; Bill Sellstedt; Bryan Caddy; J. Henderson; Henry Cambre; Dick Ratcliff; Frank Gabriel.







# Some of Our Parts



Anthony M. Izzo



Mark D. Merrick



Casey Siwak



Mark G. Haviland



Janet Huddleston



Mark Jerome Johnson



# God and His Co-Workers

**According to *Stars and Stripes***, San Francisco police are looking for fifty-seven-year-old Ubiquitous P. God. They caught two men they think attacked him, taking his wallet and passport. They wanted him to swear out a complaint in the case, but God had moved out of his hotel, leaving no forwarding address. (contributed by Christopher Mark Landrum)

**Sonny Melbourne God of Little Rock, Arkansas**, failed to appear in North Orange County Municipal Court on drunk-in-public charges. Court Commissioner Richard E. Behn twice called out, "God? Is there a Mr. God here?" before issuing a warrant for God's arrest. *Orange County (California) Register* (contributed by Don Sampson, Jr.)

**Michele Schwartz** shot and killed her husband, the Reverend Charles Jones, director of the Door of Hope Mission in Chicago, during an argument over which of them had saved the most souls.

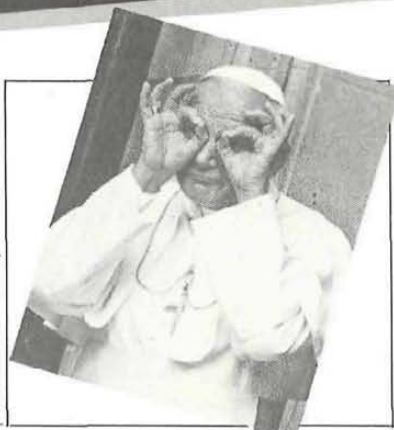
Schwartz told a jury that she had aimed her .38-caliber revolver at her husband's heart after he had been "stamping on my liver."

"Why bother shooting if you're not going to aim straight?" she testified.

Schwartz was acquitted. *Orange County (California) Register* (contributed by John Funk)

**Members of the First Church of the Nazarene in Ironton, Ohio**, held a record burning after evangelist Jim Brown told them the song "A Horse Is a Horse"—the theme of the *Mr. Ed* show—contained satanic messages when played backwards. *AP* (contributed by Martin Perry)

postcard submitted by Charles Peck



**After Mark Dowden** led a demonstration against the removal of a controversial sculpture from Kilgore College in Gregg County, Texas, he was attacked by a group of men. The *Longview News-Journal* reported the story:

"According to Dowden's statement made to sheriff's investigators, five men dressed in suits and carrying Bibles came to his house at 8:30 P.M. Monday for 'visitation.' Dowden said the men began discussing *Night Winds*, the controversial sculpture that was removed from the college campus approximately three weeks ago. Dowden told officers the men said the sculpture was 'the work of the devil' and said Dowden was 'in the grasp of the devil.'

"Dowden said he asked the men to leave his home, then he was struck on the head with a Bible by one of the men." (contributed by Buddy Hale)

**According to *Houston Post*** columnist Paul Harasim, that city was visited by one George Madrigal, who was there for a convention of the Texas branch of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Harasim noticed Madrigal in an "all-red suit whistling to the heavens near the Southwest Freeway." Madrigal explained that he was merely "whistling in tongues to save the souls of perverts and others who need it."

Wrote Harasim: "For the past twelve years, George, a Laredo native, has traveled around the country and around the world to be near functions of the FGBMFI. And he always manages to pray through

whistling near a newspaper and a tall building. 'It gives me a way to tell people about God.'

"Why the red suit?"

"Most people like the color of blood. If they didn't, they wouldn't order their steaks rare or medium rare." (contributed by Charles Poe)

**According to the *San Diego Tribune***, Usman Pirzada and his wife, Sameena, co-starred in a Pakistani television soap opera portraying a stormy marriage. In one episode, the script called on him to tell her he wants a divorce. According to Islamic law, "Once a man pronounces the word 'talaq' or says 'I divorce you' three times, the marriage is over."

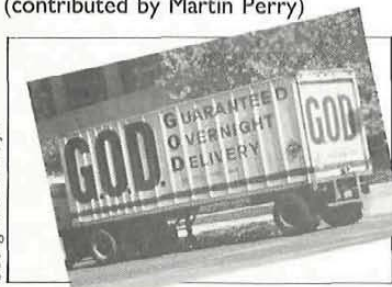
Now an Islamic court has ruled that the words "once spoken—even as a joke—cannot be forgotten" and that since Usman spoke the words to his wife, they are divorced in real life as well as on television.

The laws further state that Usman cannot remarry Sameena unless she first "takes another husband and obtains a divorce from him." Meanwhile, they cannot live together, since that constitutes adultery, a criminal offense in Pakistan.

"The Pirzadas," said the report, "are distressed with the verdict." (contributed by Don Gutierrez)

**Two brothers from St. Paul, Minnesota**, were arrested by authorities at Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport after X-ray equipment revealed they were carrying a revolver, an automatic pistol, and a lead pipe. Michael Gubash and Matthew Gubash told police "God had told them to go to the airport to look for an angel." *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (contributed by Kent R. Nichols)

George A. Smith, Jr.



John E. Brown



TRUE FACTS SECTION



# Let's Go to the Park



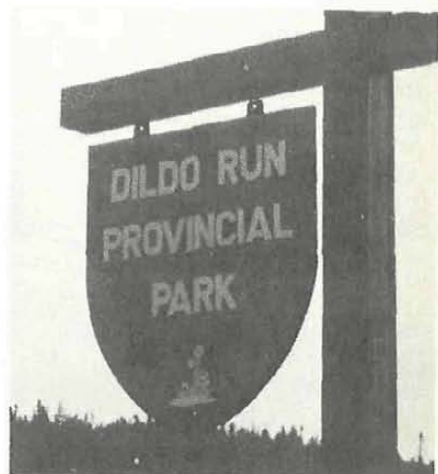
Michael Chapman & Marguerite Capello



Vanessa Weeks



Steve Passmore



Chris Henry



Alexander H. Faurot



T. Tiersch



# Election Time

**County judge candidate Hoss Garvey** was committed to a mental ward by his mother after he allegedly threw two bowling balls through a neighbor's window. At his competency hearing in El Paso, Texas, Garvey referred to the presiding judge, whose name was Herb, as "the Burger King judge."

The *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans reported that while Garvey acknowledged "his chances for the Democratic nomination for office were diminished, he optimistically set up temporary campaign headquarters in the psychiatric wing." (contributed by Joseph Wolfermann)

**An automatic telephone system** used by the Republican National Committee to get out the GOP vote malfunctioned and kept calling a hospital in Mesquite, Texas.

"Hello, this is Ronald Reagan," said the recording. "They're keeping me on a pretty busy schedule around here, so I hope you'll understand I can't call you in person. I know you're probably busy, too. I'm calling because I need your help." The calls came every few minutes for four hours.

"There were a lot of calls," said hospital administrator Bob Grimes, "and they were very aggravating. I'd like to know who did it." (Madison, Wisconsin) *Capital Times* (contributed by Jim Kuster)

**Elton Evans** became the constable of Tucker, Arkansas, by casting a write-in vote for himself. Evans won the post, which pays him fifty dollars annually for gas, by a one-vote margin. *USA Today* (contributed by Ed Sousa)

From the *San Diego Tribune*:  
 "Only one voter was eligible in a referendum in Franklin, Tennessee, on whether the city should annex a 300-acre estate, and he had to fly 4,500 miles to vote. Bunn Phillips, the only voter living on the estate, interrupted a trip to Britain to cast the crucial ballot. It all took just two minutes, but state law required the six election workers present to keep the polls open for ten hours. Complete but unofficial returns show the proposal passed, 1-0." (contributed by Liz Swain)

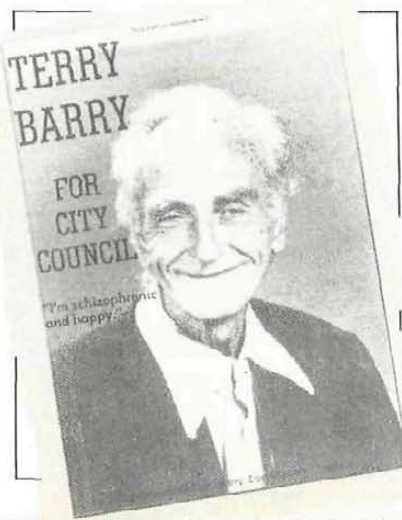


(New York) Daily News contributed by Dan Schwarcz



AP contributed by Lee-Ann Artiac

*Greensboro Daily News* contributed by Teraesa Whitley



contributed by Nelson Hester



# True Miscellany Part II

**Pearl** Lowery of Rochester, New York, set fire to her boyfriend, Floyd Welch, because he had earlier disturbed her sleep. Police said that Lowery poured rubbing alcohol around Welch as he napped on her canopy bed. She lit it with a cigarette, then helped Welch put out the flames.

"She didn't want to burn up her house," said a police investigator. "She just wanted him out of her bed." (Rome, New York) *Daily Sentinel* (contributed by John P. Kerin)

The Colombian ambassador at the United Nations delivered a protest to the secretary general and demanded an explanation after the U.N. issued a postage stamp honoring the South American republic.

The stamp featured Colombia's flag, the U.N. logo, and a text that read "Colombia is a predominantly agricultural country whose principal crops are coffee, cocaine, and marijuana." *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (contributed by Doug Weberg)

This item appeared in Florida's *Sarasota Herald-Tribune*:

"The Sarasota Fruit and Nut Society will meet tonight at 7:30.... Guest speaker will be Harold Acrivos from Indialantic, a Master Gardener with the Brevard County Extension Service who has done extensive work with avocados." (contributed by Paul Nichols)

**François** Guillemin, while working for a foundry in Hamilton Township, New Jersey, manufactured a twenty-four-inch-long cannon for the upcoming July 4 celebration. On the eve of the holiday Guillemin tested the gun, which was modeled after a sixteenth-century artillery piece.

"Guillemin allegedly stuffed a two-pound steel ball the size of a baseball down the gun and fired it." The ball arced about a half mile into the wood-frame house of ninety-year-old Harriet Stout. The ball broke through a wall into Stout's bathroom. "It went through the toilet tank cover and smashed a mirror and toothbrush

holder before coming to rest under the bathroom sink."

Stout has sued both Guillemin and the foundry. (Bridgewater, New Jersey) *Courier-News* (contributed by Frederick C. Cochran)

The following correction appeared in the *New York Times*:

"An art review in Weekend yesterday incorrectly described John Alexander, who has an exhibition at the Marlboro Gallery, 40 West 57th Street, through today. The artist is white." (contributed by Duck Divet)

The San Diego Unified School District discarded copies of confidential documents containing the names, Social Security numbers, and salaries of various employees. But the sensitive papers never made it to the shredder or the dump. Instead they turned up at a local gift shop called Bumper Snickers, where they were used to wrap purchases. The shop's owner said she thought it was "scratch paper," brought home from school by her daughter. (Northridge, California) *Daily Sundial* (contributed by Dave Pickard)

## ...And Bring a Good Book to Read

**Dr. J.F. Phelps, Chiropractor  
Palmer Graduate**

**Using the Toilet  
(Seated)**

Draw the foot of the long leg back by about the length of the foot. Alternatively, sit with the toes of both feet aligned symmetrically. When using the toilet there is a tendency towards extreme bending in the angles of hip joints and care must be taken with regard to the placing of the feet...use the paper from the side on which the leg is long.

**Phelps Building  
Which is at the  
Corner of Hwy 78 &  
McDaniels Bridge Rd.**

**979-3020**

"My mom got this out of the Gwinnet (Michigan) Daily News," wrote contributor Mark R. Coulston. "She doesn't understand it—and neither do I."



# True Miscellany Part III

The *San Francisco Chronicle* reprinted these excerpts from a synopsis of the opera *Carmen* distributed to English-speaking patrons of the Paris Opera:

"Carmen is a cigar-makeress from a tabago factory who loves with Don Jose of the mounting guard. Carmen takes a flower and lances it to Don Jose (Duet: 'Talk me of my mother'). There is a noise inside the tabago factory and the revolting cigar-makeress bursts into the stage. Carmen is arrested and Don Jose is ordered to mounting guard her but Carmen subduces him and he lets her escape."

Describing Act Two: "The Tavern. Carmen's aria ('The sistrums are tinkling'). Enter Escamillio, a ballsfighter. Enter two smuglers (Duet: 'We have in mind a business'). Don Jose just now arrives (Aria: 'Slop, here who comes!') but hear are the bugles singing his retreat. Called by Carmen shrieks the two smuglers interfere with her but Don Jose is bound to dessert, he will follow into them (Final chorus: 'Opening sky wandering life')."

And this from the finale: "A place in Seville. Procession of ballsfighters, the roaring of the balls heard in the arena. Enter Don Jose (Aria: 'I do not threaten, I besooch you') but Carmen repels him wants to join with Escamillio now chaired by the crowd. Don Jose stabs her (Aria: 'Oh rupture, rupture, you may arrest me, I did kill der') he sings 'Oh my beautiful Carmen, my subductive Carmen....'" (contributed by Jim Lunchick)

This item appeared in *Motor Trend*:

"According to press reports, a Budd Company assembly robot has committed suicide. The robot was programmed to apply a complex bead of fluid adhesive, but apparently the pressure of assembly work got the best of it. The report said the robot 'ignored the glue, picked up a fistful of highly active solvent, and shot itself in its electronics-packed chest.'" (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

From the "Police Blotter" of the *Bellingham* (Washington) *Herald*:

"Someone reported Sunday evening that a woman was screaming in the 2100 block of Cornwall Avenue. Police said it was a young boy who doesn't like taking baths."

From the same source:

"A report of a noisy domestic dispute brought police to an apartment in the 1500 block of Texas Street. It turned out to be three people watching a football game on television." (contributed by Jacki Dalton)

Charles June of Kankakee, Illinois, was visiting in Florida when thieves broke into his parked car and stole an urn containing the ashes of his

mother. After a local newspaper asked for the return of the woman's remains in a front-page story, the urn was left on the steps of the East Naples fire station in a box.

However, fire fighters called in the local bomb squad, which destroyed the urn with an explosive charge. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)

Prizewinning fisherman Danny Ray Davis committed suicide with a shotgun the day before he was scheduled to appear before a grand jury in Dallas, Texas. The jury was investigating charges of cheating at bass tournaments. *AP* (contributed by John Lamb)

## And Be Sure to Bring Your Checkbook

### SPECTACULAR EVENT

# Heaven

### Come and meet IN PERSON

### The Man who Spent 5½ Glorious Days in Heaven with JESUS, MARY and MOSES!

Don't miss this exciting first  
hand testimony of the reality of God  
and heaven.

#### Meetings

Feb. 9, 10, 11, 12 & 13 — 7:00 p.m. Nightly  
McPherson Convention Centre  
7325 McPherson Avenue, Burnaby, B.C.  
South of Kingsway near Royal Oak.

For further information—call 859-2144 or 856-2190 (Abbotsford)

**FREE ADMISSION**

Sponsored by REVIVAL CANADA



Dr. PERCY COLLETT

Pat Bell sent this ad clipped from the Province of Vancouver, British Columbia. "I found out later," wrote Bell, "that heaven is sort of like Club Med and God's message to man can be had for only sixty dollars per cassette. So have faith; you really can buy your way in."

TRUE FACTS SECTION



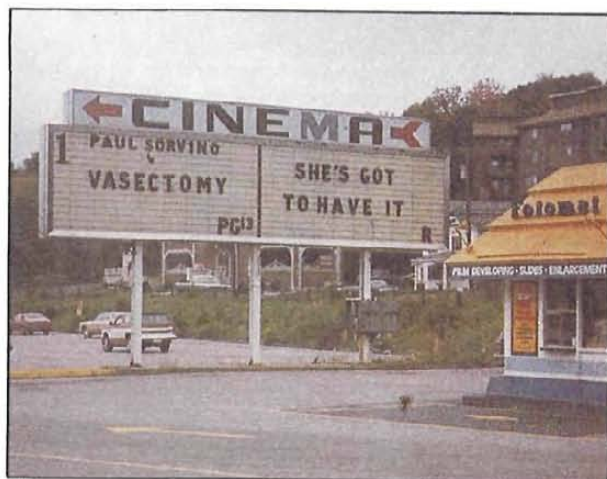
# What's at the Movies?



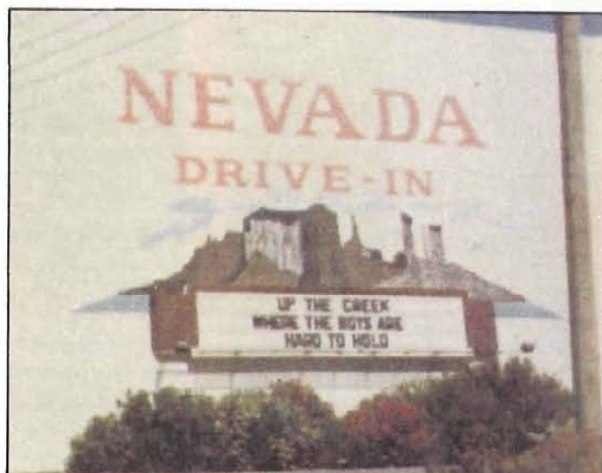
Charles Kadan



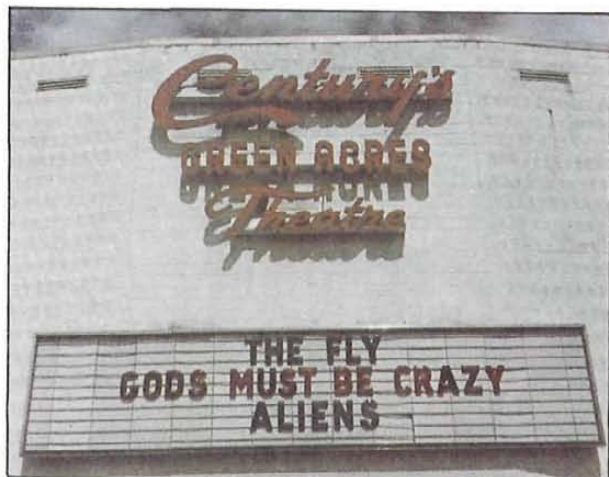
Joseph Fagg



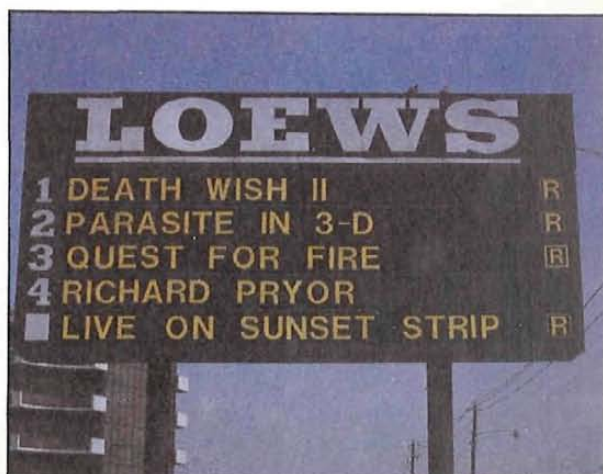
Bill Romey



Jerry Franklin



14K. Hans/Mitch



H. Stepnowski



# Lines from the Slushpile

*What follows is the latest collection of excerpts culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous:*

**The** garage was littered with greasy wenches and screwdrivers.

**Dan** wasn't much, Clara admitted, but at least he was an up-and-coming lawyer or businessman.

**Carlotta's** eyes dropped to the handkerchief in her hands.

**My jaw** fell and I nearly did the same.

**"You** know me," Sammy said. "I never like to lay a guilt trip on anyone."

**Caruso**, my grandmother told me, was delicious in his roll as Punchinello.

**There** was an "evil hint in the air," as a professional writer might put it.

**Murphy** opened one eyelid and saw in a wink what was happening.

**She** patted his five-year-old bottom to start him on his way.

**It would** have been a beautiful day in Sawyer, Oklahoma, that day in 1958 except that Betsy O'Connor was having another one of her fits again.

**"Looks** like a new beginning for us, Sylvia," Al choked.

**Clues** don't kill people, the inspector thought. People kill people.

**Dale** was not one to mince words and came directly to the point. "Hi," he said.

**College** graduations mean so much to so many that the ceremony seems lost in the heat of future desires.

**"Would** you care for a glass of wine?" the butler offered. "It's extremely rare."

**Immediately** after the helicopter was clear, the clouds continued their romp across the early-evening sky in eager anticipation of the coming of the storm that lingered unmoving just above them.

**Trembling**, she thought, This is how a mouse feels when a fox is at the door.

**George** Cohan soundlessly placed his lips to hers and excused himself to go and fix them another drink.

**In his** excitement, Danny rode home three inches above the subway seat. He had a job!

**His** pen poised, John hesitated over the white breast of the page.

**She** screamed in the soprano range and her fellow diners came running.

**The** detective knew exactly who had done it. The Scout leader. Only a Boy Scout could tie knots like the one on the rope from which the body had been hanging.

**"Go-good** night," Lance forced. His feet were not in sync with his arms and he fell over a chair, popping his blazer buttons all over the floor.

**The** man's words seeped through the boy's consciousness like water through a sheet of paper.

**Jenny** looked like a china doll, her black shiny hair fitting the contour of her head like a cap. Gray-haired Louise was six months younger and looked twenty years older. Of course, tragedy did these things to people. Jenny's own husband had died two years ago of a heart attack but she hadn't gone all to pieces. Of course, Louise's husband and son had been victims in a murder case, which was rather different.

**Stinging** needles tattooed across my arms and chest and for an eternal instant the world was washed white. I knew it was fear.

**"But** I've been alone all day," Michele said. "I thought tonight we might—you know." She nibbled on his earlobe.

**Daniel** was glad he was a professor of economics.

**Gran** ceased her annihilating attacks when she realized she was falling on deaf ears.

**"Mr. Wallace,"** I asked, "just who is this labor leader who looks like Jimmy Cagney once did?"

**The** guests concealed themselves in one room in case there might be another murder. Their own!

**"You** didn't have to be an in-law to hate her guts," Chester said, "no pun intended."

**Sally** listened to the number thirteens as they clomped away.



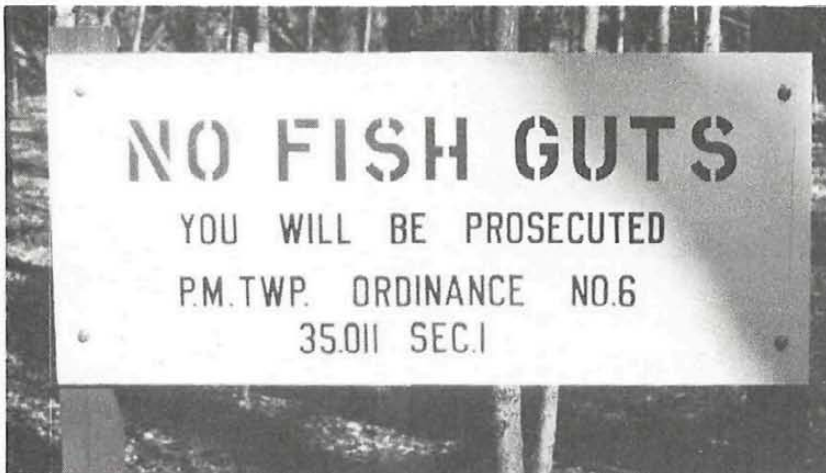
# Something Fishy



Bill Sellstedt



Charles M. Quinn



Stephen D. Miller



Tom Dobrick



Mark Mellow



Mac & Mike



# More Lines from the Slushpile

*What follows are more excerpts culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to the same prominent editor of fiction who still wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous:*

**"What** a lousy time to blow up a house," Alfred muttered.

**He became** lost in his thoughtlessness.

**He grinned** his infectious grin that would sweep any woman into his bedroom if he wanted it that way.

**"Minna Weiss,"** all the townspeople said, "had the kindest face in the valley."

**For** as long as he could remember, Allen had felt like a giant wart on God's underbelly—a disgusting sight but hard to knock off.

**"Hi, boss,"** Violet said. "What kind of mood are you in?"

**"Rotten,"** he said. "My meeting got canceled and I have a bad hangover. My teeth feel like they're wearing little sweaters."

**Chunk,** chunk, chunk. George was still digging in the cellar. What was he up to anyway?

**They** sank together into the deep, flowering sofa.

**The** coroner's report listed the man's death as a "suicide by hanging from a tree."

**Tex** decided to treat his pallet to the culinary delights of the truck stop a few miles outside Bear Creek.

**The** two families were as different as wet and dry. When life dealt the Rosenthals a blow, they did not howl properly but whimpered briefly and were still.

**Most** people would have said Charlie Stafford was a big man—six feet, eight inches, and three hundred pounds of steely muscle—but Detective Conrad looked at his white body on the cold table of the morgue and couldn't help but think something had drained out of it.

**"Hello,"** a voice yawned.

**The** guests were discussing what was on the agenda today—horseback riding, tennis, and even swimming—when there was a loud, frightening scream that seemed to come from upstairs but it was hard to tell. They all started upstairs except, of course, Fred.

**Mrs.** Pendleton's big body was like a big tank armed with hostility.

**My ambition** is simple. I wish to make my home safe from peeping Toms.

**Denise's** husband was a famous portraitist and for her birthday he had a proposal: "Tell you what, sweetheart: When I finish this commission I'll do a six-foot painting of you in your birthday suit and you can stay just as you are instead of growing old and ugly."

**Blowing** his nose, Barney was home with a cold and glued to the tube.

**"Yes, Virginia,"** the sheriff told his wife, "there definitely is a Steve the Strangler."

**Shelley** had a knockout figure that touched the ground from a height of five feet and eight inches. She was the natural compliment to Brad's six foot plus, nonfat frame.

**Marie** had been a nurse in a city hospital before she moved here and she was glad to be living in the woods with the wild animals. The proper sense of freedom could only be felt in a place like this—no violence, no hate, just love.

**Her** form flowed naturally and smoothly from the top of her stately head to the tips of her running shoes.

**He** could feel the pressures of indigestion building up a storm, tormenting the afternoon with his need to break wind.

**Then** suddenly, they came face to face with the murderer, a woman's blood covering his facial features.

**"Baloney** in spades," he countered. They were the last words he would ever hear.

**Both** Diane's empire and her romantic episodes catapulted to astronomical heights.

**Jake** Seymour inwardly admired his own ability to converse so amiably with Sharon McNulty while at the same time toying with his drink.

**The** line consisted of five people. The first was Arthur and Denise Culver of New York City. They were not as financially upstanding as their distant cousin and she made that clear every time they came to visit. Last and definitely least was the hostess's sister. She had been in a mental institution throughout her years and was now living with her sister.



# Little Photo Series



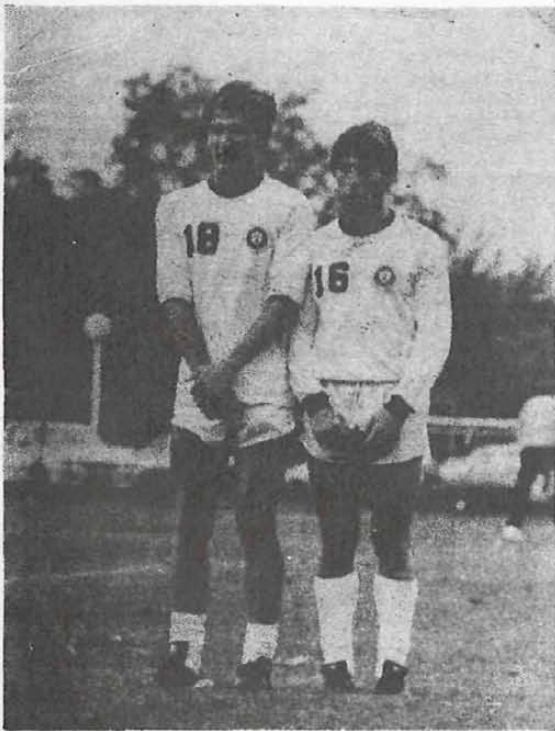
**BRUCE, A FULL-BLOODED Pekinese dog, is looking good as Vicki Griffin grooms the pup at Pet Paradise. Both animals are for sale.**

(Jeffersonville, Indiana) *Evening News*  
contributed by Angela Carpenter



**Albert Francis was the knobby knee winner and Alma Parrigan won the hog calling contest.**

*Edmonton (Kentucky) Herald News*  
contributed by Peter Acree



*JILL REHAK/Leader*

**Despite the poor weather conditions, the Devils held their own against Houghton**

(Fredonia, New York) *Leader*  
contributed by Brian Telander



*Photo from KSOR*

**The Folger Consort will be hard at 10 a.m. Christmas Day.**

(Medford, Oregon) *Mail Tribune*  
contributed by R. J. Holmes



# A Way with Words

## Marx Brothers from Outer Space

The following are "true names of extraterrestrials Earth people say they've contacted," compiled by Martin S. Kottmeyer from a wealth of UFO-type literature, and submitted with an exhausting bibliography:

Luno	Sut-Ko
Bing Fo	Adelpho
Go' Bo	Venutio
Ox-Ho	Haurrio
Zago	Sidirurgico
Zio	Lideo
Ausso	Captain Video
Tombo	Andantio
Ardo	Rubinako
Demo	Kanto
Xeno	Noro
Dr. Zeno	Thoso
Mr. Zno	Hiss-Joso
Bo	Neo
Zo	Leo
Ro	Sol do Naro
Muello	Filo
Wolco	Ohneshto
	Aupho

## Dear Action Line...

The following requests and comments were sent to the "Action Line" column of California's San Jose Mercury News, which printed them, apparently, to show the world what they had to deal with. (contributed by Hanna Foggie)

**Would** you please tell me who to contact regarding the force field in east San Jose?

**I may** have met a famous person at a David Bowie concert. Could you identify him? It was September 17 at the Oakland Coliseum. He was wearing a red jacket with a round black patch on one lower pocket.

**What** is Sylvester Stallone's phone number? I need to write a book about him.

**I got** a pen from New York. Where can I get a refill?

**Did** Egypt have anything to do with aliens and what did they do with them?

**My husband** took his picture at the Department of Motor Vehicles and now DMV wants him to come back and take another one. I wonder if you can call them up and tell them he does not have time because he is at work.

**Every** year on May 30, something is blooming and it makes a lot of sneezes. Friends and I have noticed May 30 makes us sneeze. What grows only on May 30?

**Last** year there was a guy selling handmade furniture out of a truck on a vacant lot on Winchester Boulevard. It was a large truck. Can you locate this guy selling furniture?

**My paperboy** came to collect last night. I gave him a fifty-cent tip. I always do. Tonight he did not bring the paper because there is a conspiracy on this block involving the people across the street. They keep parking in my driveway and in front of my house, so I park my van there. Now everyone in the neighborhood is throwing eggs at my house. Your paper should write stories about those kind of people.

**Last** month I took my daughter fishing at Pacifica Pier. An officer drove out and gave me a citation for overhead casting. I felt this grossly unfair. The posted sign simply stated "No overhead casting." Nowhere did it state that violators would be fined. Signs ought to be more explicit, such as "Under no circumstances is overhead casting allowed, violators will be fined."

**Do you** really want to hurt me? I have many times experienced one pain and then another. I want an explanation.

## Take a Letter

Christine Lehman and co-workers in the word processing department of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company in Santa Ana, California, collected the following lines from memos, interviews, and survey reports:

**My doctor** X-rayed me and said there were no bones broken in Fresno.

**The** only sprinkler system is a Doberman watchdog.

**We are** forwarding a copy of your attorney.

**I thought** there was no way he was going to be doing what it looked like he was doing but he did.

**The** insured stuffs items such as trees and people. Some of the items, such as grandmothers, have to be wired together so that they stay in the proper position.

**The** insured is deceased and her daughter has been living with her for thirty years.

**Please** direct any questions to the enclosed self-addressed postcard.

**The** telephone number told us she is no longer employed.

**The** insured hauls no hazardous material other than Star-Kist tuna.

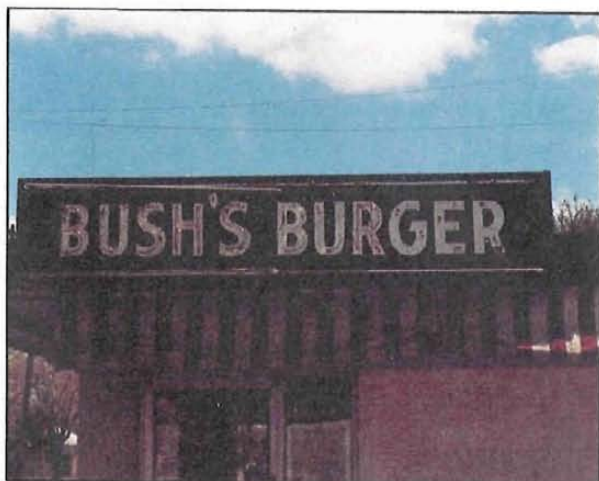
**This** truck overturned, sustaining a left arm, hand, neck, and lower back injury.



# Burger Time



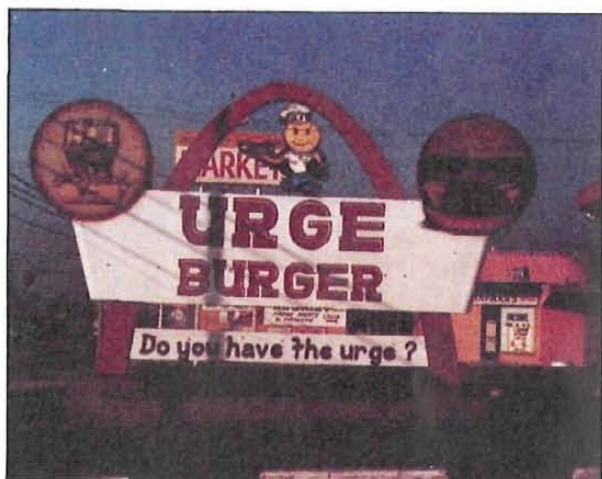
James P. Gauvreaun



Randy Cochran



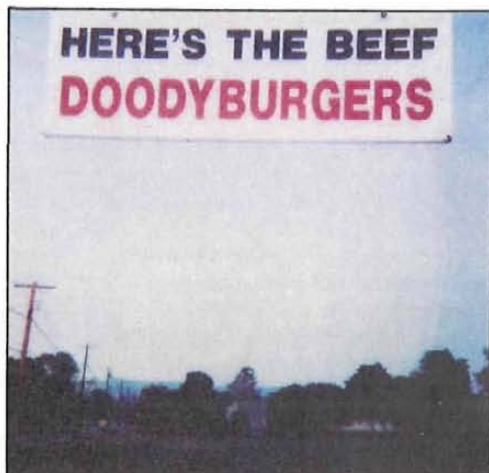
Woody Walker



Jeffrey L. Koehn



Steve Lytle



Hal Nifty



# Crime Report

**Terry Wilson** was charged with robbery after passing an Orlando, Florida, bank teller a stickup note written on the back of his own probation-parole card. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Steven Hyman)

**David J. Manns** held up the First Interstate Bank in Tucson, Arizona, with a note written on the back of his own pay stub. *Arizona Daily Star* (contributed by Bob Cromwell)

**Gerald Keith Rodgers** was convicted of robbing the Citizens Bank of Byhalia, Mississippi, of \$4,550. The note Rodgers passed to teller Brenda Markle was written on the back of one of his mother's checks. (San Bernardino, California) *Sun* (contributed by Lee Mayfield)

**Sixteen-year-old Marvin T. Anderson** of Rochester, New York, was arrested after his report card was found at the site of a burglary. "His marks weren't too good either," said a police spokesman. *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* (contributed by Lee Ganon)

**According** to the FBI, Marcy D. Sanders of Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, called police and claimed he had placed bombs throughout the Charleston and Columbia airport terminals; he demanded that two million dollars be placed in a bank account. Then he gave police the name of his bank and his own account number. *AP* (contributed by Ralph E. Grier III)

**This** item appeared in the "Chicagoland" section of the *Chicago Tribune*:

"A twenty-six-year-old Uptown man was charged with robbery Monday after he used a meat-tenderizer hammer as a weapon and wore swimming goggles as a disguise to rob the Mangia Pizza Parlor of fifty dollars...pointing the hammer handle as if it were a gun barrel." (contributed by Curt Petersen)

**Bobby A. Shivers** of Atlanta allegedly robbed a bank in Fulton County, Georgia. Police said that Shivers entered the bank and handed the teller a note demanding a bag of money. However, Shivers was arrested after he left the bank, walked across the street to a Starvin' Marvin convenience store, and bought a beer. *Atlanta Constitution* (contributed by Timothy J. Mullis)



**Howard Glenn Harvey** was arrested for auto theft in Eureka, California, after police found him in a stolen car stopped at a local traffic light, slumped over the wheel asleep. *Trentonian* (contributed by Lewis Weidenfeld)

**Police** in San Mateo, California, arrested Glenn N. Frank for the theft of a four-hundred-pound safe from Jan's Valley Inn, less than a block from his home. Police followed the "gouge marks he left in the concrete as he dragged the safe home." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Jim Gierszewski)

**John Joseph Perez** was shot and wounded by a Lakewood, California, sheriff's deputy after wielding a hairbrush covered by a sock. *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

**From** Utah's *Salt Lake City Tribune*:

"When police arrested a man suspected of breaking a 7-Eleven window, he denied it. But when he was told a clerk had seen him, he remarked, 'No one saw me. I waited until there were no customers in the store,' according to a police report." (contributed by Bruce Malcolm)

**According** to the *Sun* of San Bernardino, California, a young man approached the window of a drive-in and ordered three cheeseburgers.

"When employee Shirley Long asked the man if he wanted anything else, he said he had forgotten his note and couldn't remember what else to order, police said."

The man left, but returned moments later with a holdup note. He showed Long a handgun, she handed over forty-five dollars in cash, and the man "ran away without the cheeseburgers." (contributed by Martin B. Ramos, Jr.)

**Three** would-be robbers wearing tracksuits and nylon masks arrived at their target, the Fort Thomas-Bellevue Bank in Kentucky, nearly an hour after it had closed for the day. According to employees who were still in the building at the time, the three "bounded out of their car and literally ran into the front doors of the building. Then they looked at each other like, 'What do we do now?,' ran back to their car, and drove off." (Wellington, New Zealand) *Evening Post* (contributed by Peter Hassall)

**After** robbing assistant restaurant manager Janice Head at knifepoint, taking her pocketbook, the assailant called to ask her out. Nashville, Tennessee, police arrested the thief when he showed up for his date with her. *Delaware County* (Pennsylvania) *Times* (contributed by Nick Verticelli)

**In** Shalimar, Florida, Charles Edward Hayden, in custody for stealing a \$2.80 bottle of whiskey, attempted to escape. Hayden walked off with the ten-pound chair he was handcuffed to and escaped into a nearby bayou in a canoe.

However, Hayden forgot to bring an oar, so he and the chair "drifted helplessly back into the arms of Okaloosa County sheriff's deputies waiting on the bank of Garnier Bayou." *Palm Beach Post* (contributed by Sherry M. Mooney)



# You Want to Insure Your What?



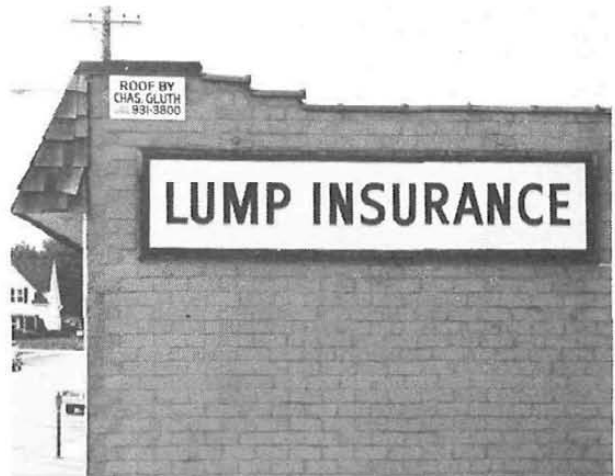
Trent Sapara



Amy Stadola



M. J. Scheer



William Stage



Jerry Meyer



Dan Moler



# Where's Women's Lib When You Need It?

Canadian industrialist Harold Ballard, owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team, is renewing efforts to buy Toronto's McGill Club. Ballard tried once before to buy the "exclusive downtown women's club," but was rebuffed when he threatened to turn it into a "bunny club." His chances of buying the club apparently improved after a ceiling there collapsed into the swimming pool.

"When I tried to buy it before," said Ballard, "the women got all hostile, took up collections, and said I would never get it. Well, I'm more determined than ever to buy it this time and make it a bunny club."

"Or, I might buy it and let it continue as a women's club. I'll fix it up properly for them so there will be no danger of heavy broads falling through the ceiling. Or I'll put a net on the swimming pool for them if they let me keep all I can catch on the bounce." *Toronto Star* (contributed by Gary Pearson)

**Lawyers** in a sex-discrimination suit against Ortho Pharmaceutical, Inc., of Raritan, New Jersey, cited a 1980 management letter to divisional managers entitled "Recruiting and Selection Standards."

The letter contained this statement on understanding women: "No religion has a female leader or role model except for saints; they all suffered greatly and died prematurely. It's the kind of thing that could give you an inferiority complex."

The letter also contained this observation on the ideal female worker: "She's not 'pretty,' she's not sexy, she should be neat, clean, and without frills. She should have the look of someone who might clean her bathroom or kitchen on her hands and knees."

And finally, this summary: "Women are a disadvantaged group in our society; it is in the corporate best interest to support and help them with as little attention drawn to this special assistance as possible."

Ortho is a leading manufacturer of birth control devices. *Dallas Morning News* (contributed by Ken Bergly)

Jay Goldstein



Joel Gregory Kirchner, twenty-two, was charged with attempted sexual assault for attacking a woman after cutting off her car with his on a lonely county road in Minnesota. Kirchner told investigators he had followed the victim, unknown to him, onto Stearns County Road 9 because he "wanted to have a meaningful relationship with her." *St. Cloud (Minnesota) Daily Times* (contributed by Sandra Plombon)

California prison authorities accused convicted rapist Jeffrey Gambord of abusing his mail privileges. Gambord allegedly wrote to merchants whose names he had gotten from the telephone book.

One such letter to a stereo shop began: "I am a rapist at Folsom Prison and I'm wondering if any of your ladies there like rapists?" It came in an envelope marked "Rapists Do It Better." *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by Loren L. Breck)

## New Mexico Women Dribbling All Over U.S.

ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL Saturday, December 20, 1986 C13

Albuquerque Journal  
contributed by Vanessa Bourandas

**This item moved over the AP wire:**

"Scientists looking for a solution to women's fertility problems have found one in an unusual place. Experiments in Philadelphia show that menstrual cycles can be affected by rubbing secretions from another person's armpit on their lips." (contributed by Rollie Hanson)

**Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas Judge Bernard Avellino** was removed from all sex-crime cases after allegedly calling a rape victim "coyote ugly." Avellino said the victim "was the ugliest girl I have ever seen in my life."

Apparently this wasn't the first such episode for Avellino, who reportedly told a 1984 rape defendant: "This is an unattractive girl and you are a good-looking fellow. You did something to her that was stupid." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Ellen Garrett & Dan Watson)



Michael E. Smith

Karen B. Stronk

TRUE FACTS SECTION

74





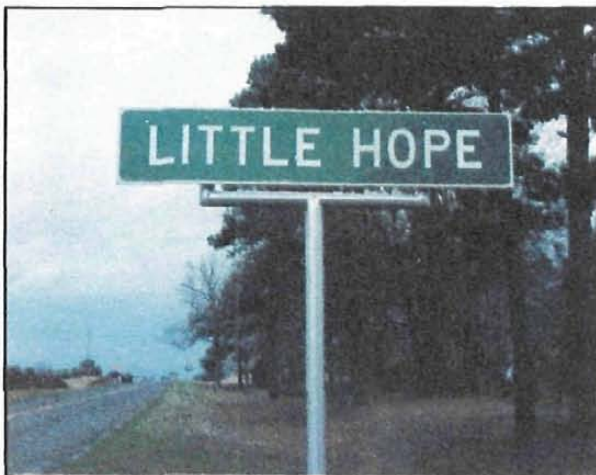
# Our Little Town



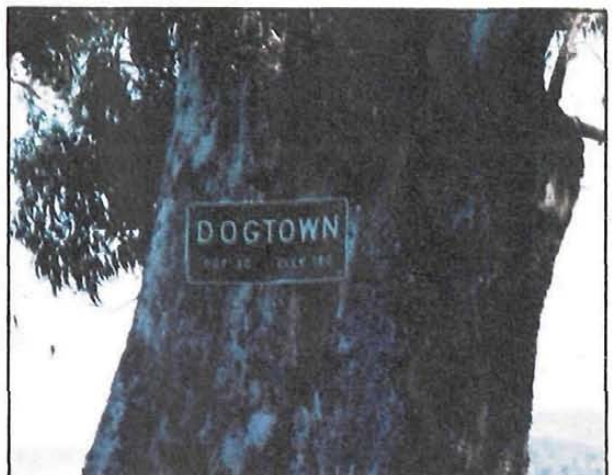
Grant Reynolds



Kendall Hartwig



Jay P. Kyle



Giannunzio



J. B. Behrns



Brent Young



# Business As Usual

The Malaysian Rubber Research and Development Board has signed an agreement with the Yokohama Rubber Company of Japan to use rubber manufacturing wastes to make various commodities.

The Malaysian government was pleased with the possible new market for rubber waste because, according to one official, "we have thrown the waste into the river and generated a bad smell."

Signers of the agreement toasted each other with one of the new commodities, a rubber-waste wine which reportedly tastes like Japanese rice wine. (Toronto) *Globe and Mail* (contributed by Randal McIlroy)

In Detroit, where the night before Halloween is called Devil's Night and marked by outbursts of arson, four fire fighters were charged with selling Devil's Night T-shirts outside a burning warehouse. *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Matthews)

Social worker Donalyn Gross of Springfield, Massachusetts, is marketing a line of greeting cards for the terminally ill. Among the messages to send or receive are these:

"I'm not contagious/I'm dying."

"So you're dying/Can't you be more original?"

"I told you I was sick/Now do you believe me?"

"I'm dying/And how was your day?"

Gross says she developed her products because dying people don't like getting cards that say "Get well soon." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Craig Black)

Dennis Frye, a former contractor in Monterey, California, was accused of installing phony fire sprinklers after a system he had installed in a school chapel was discovered to be no more than sprinkler heads glued to the ceiling. *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)



Carl Labbe



Randolph Randolph



Larry Koepsell



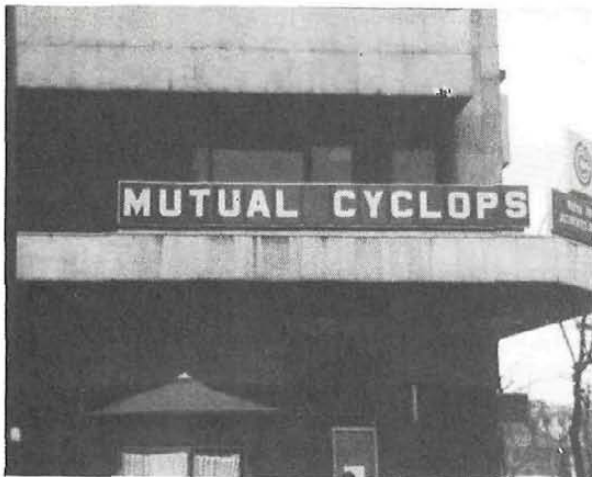
Randall Bruce

*Car and Driver* magazine ran a full-page ad for AutoGard, a spray which claimed to make cars "invisible to radar," at \$17.95 a can. A later report in the magazine, however, noted that the product did not exist. After numerous complaints, investigators found that AutoGard's promoter, one R. Vickery of Santa Barbara, California, was only trying "to collect enough money to hire a scientist to develop the product." (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

Bill Bartlett, an executive with Capitol Records in Hollywood, California, is suing his boss, Walter Lee, claiming Lee forced him to take a 43 percent pay cut, poked him with a cattle prod, and said, "You're dog meat. Go back to your stall." *Variety* (contributed by John Carlson)



# Who Named the Business?



Dave Rheingold



Eva Kozlowski



Beverly Dillard



Wayne Leonard



Tony Fabrizio, Jr.



Mike Poore



# III Winds

**A thirteen-year-old** West Philadelphia boy shot and killed a friend after a card game. He told police the friend had annoyed him by "passing gas and blaming it on him." *Philadelphia Daily News* (contributed by Nick Verticelli)

## From the *Jakarta Post*:

"Mr. Umana Suhaha, a senior official in the Javanese Special Branch, has been suspended from duty, and may well be placed under house arrest, for farting while Mr. Endang Sudjajat, a politician, was making an important speech.

According to an observer, "Mr. Sudjajat had reached the climax of his analysis of government incompetence and the audience was following his thought in complete silence. At this point, Captain Suhaha broke wind very loudly and continued for more than ten seconds. The speech was spoiled." (contributed by Dan Stephenson)

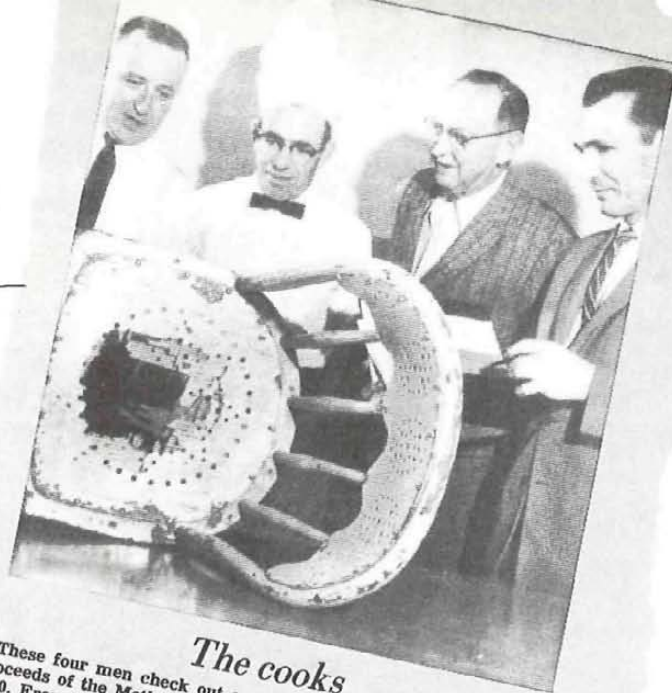
**The Sun** of London, England, reported that the Monitronix computer factory in Frome, Somerset, is inhabited by a farting ghost.

"The factory stands on the site of a nineteenth-century Salvation Army chapel. One theory is that the flatulent phantom is a girl who suffered an uncontrollable outburst during hymn singing. Now, more than a hundred years later, the shamefaced ghost is still reliving her awful moment.

"Said one worker: 'On several occasions, there has been a faint girlish voice singing hymns, followed by a loud raspberry sound and then a deathly hush.'

"Local author Evelyn McDonald, who has researched the spirit rumblings, said: 'Some believe it is the girl who had the unfortunate experience. Obviously it would have been a very embarrassing occurrence.'

"Company chairman John Walker said: 'There is certainly something strange here.'" (contributed by Stephen H. Goodwin)



## The cooks

These four men check out a chair that was replaced from the proceeds of the Methodist Men's Club annual dinner in February 1960. From left are Jim Davis, assistant chef; Ted Steans, dinner chairman; Basil Reddick, of publicity for the event. This photo is from the files of former Herald photographer Jack Carver.

The following letter appeared in a newspaper column called "People's Pharmacy":

"Q. My husband is being very good this holiday season about watching his waistline, so at parties he has concentrated on the raw vegetables, especially cauliflower and broccoli, rather than more fattening treats.

"Trouble is, these foods give him gas. If we go anywhere the next day, it's embarrassing. The first time he broke wind in public, I wanted to hide under the table.

"At one dinner party, the hostess served a French bean casserole. The next evening, I called the friends who were planning to drop over and told them I wasn't feeling well. They wouldn't have either if they had to smell the aromas.

"Is there anything my husband can take to control his flatulence? Otherwise, we may end up as social outcasts."

In his reply, pharmacologist Joe Graedon suggested that the husband "keep a diary of what he eats and compare it to how much gas he passes." (contributed by Bill Mueller)

**Fifteen-year-old** John Bell was expelled from the Erkenwald school

in Dagenham, England, for farting. According to the *Sun*, "English teacher Colin Hopkins was reading a book to his hushed class when John let rip."

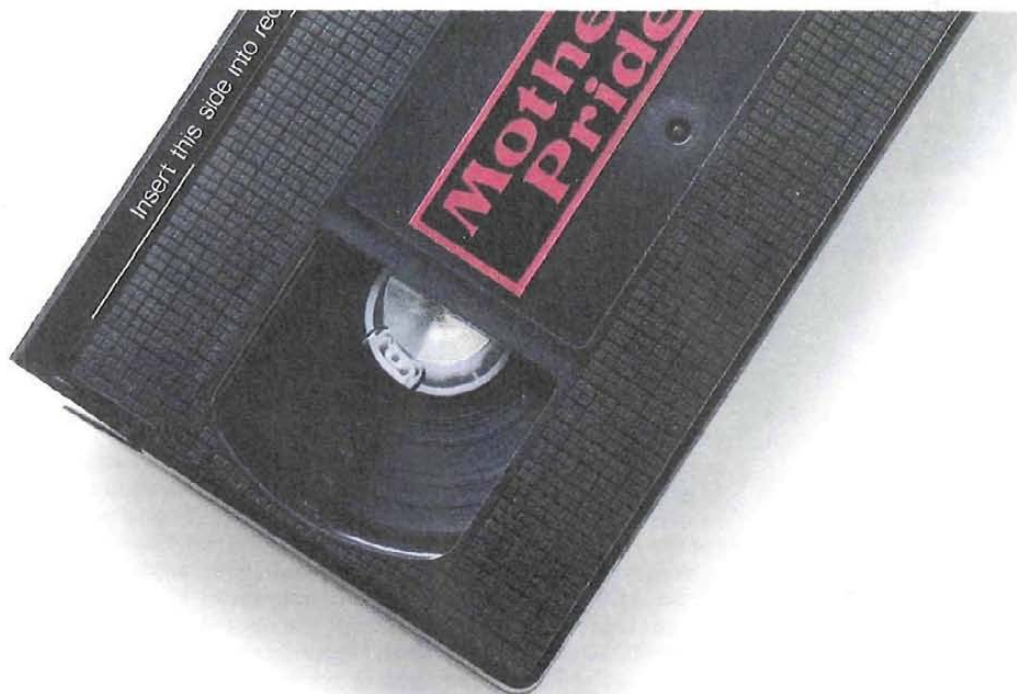
"No one heard it," said Bell, "but my friend Terry Hurren brought it to the teacher's attention by waving his book around." (contributed by Stephen H. and Gillian F.V. Goodwin)

**In a lawsuit** filed in Gresham, Oregon, supermarket clerk Tom Morgan demanded \$100,000 in damages, claiming that co-worker Randy Maresh had farted at him.

Morgan alleged "that defendant would continually and repeatedly seek out the plaintiff on the premises of Albertson's [supermarket] while plaintiff was engaged in his employee duties. That defendant, after locating plaintiff, would position himself in the proximity of plaintiff so as to direct his 'gas' toward plaintiff, humiliating plaintiff and inflicting severe mental stress upon plaintiff."

In a written response, Maresh's lawyer claimed his client's alleged farts would be "expressive behavior" and thus protected by the First Amendment. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Herm Albright)





**FULL LENGTH 90 MIN.  
ADULT VIDEO!  
ONLY \$995!**

**WHAT'S THE CATCH?  
THERE IS NONE!**

We're confident that once you see the quality of our merchandise, the exceptional values, the unique "hard to get" adult merchandise not available anywhere else, all backed by a 100% money back guarantee, you'll want to continue your relationship with the industry leader, DIVERSE INDUSTRIES INC.!



**SOME WOMEN WILL DO ANYTHING!**

What does a girl do when she catches her mother with the gardener? Why she takes on the pool man and his buddy!! And that's just the start! This scorching video features superstars Colleen Brenan and Kim Carson along with a superb supporting cast! So, if you like beautiful, luscious girls and 90 minutes of hot, non-stop action, you'll LOVE Mother's Pride!



Please Send Me  
#FV-1087

**MOTHER'S PRIDE:**  
 VHS  BETA  
**ONLY \$995!**



**OFFER  
LIMITED  
ORDER NOW!  
WHILE  
SUPPLY  
LASTS!**

VISA	ACCOUNT NUMBER	INTERBANK NO.
MasterCard	Exp. Date: MM/YY	17th National Ave. (Van Nuys, Calif.)

- TOTAL PURCHASES..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- Rush Priority Postage, handling..... \$ 3.00
- TOTAL ENCLOSED (Or Charged)..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

DO NOT ALTER THIS AFFIDAVIT! I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements in the mail. I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. I am not a postal inspector.

MUST BE MINIMUM OF 18 YEARS OLD

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Print Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 14622 Lenark St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91402**

© DIVERSE INDUSTRIES INC. Dept. NLI



# Higher Learning

Glenn Fromer



In Oulu, Finland, four male students from the National Theater School rushed onto a stage, tore off their clothes, threw eggs and dung at the audience, and sprayed them with a fire extinguisher. "They then leaped into the audience and lashed out with impromptu whips, driving most of the theatergoers into the street."

After their arrest, the students told police they were conducting an experiment called "Theater of God." (Toronto) *Globe and Mail* (contributed by Brian Rietkerk)

Assistant psychology professor Mark Leary and three students at Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, published a study on "interpersonal boredom" in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*.

In one part of the study undergraduates named 210 boring things others do, such as making small talk, complaining, and indulging in slang expressions like "hey wow" or "far out."

Another part of the study concerned five-minute conversations between fifty-two pairs of strangers. Transcripts of the conversations were reviewed by undergraduates, who rated a randomly chosen person in each conversation for "boringness." That person's conversation was then separately studied for grammatical form and communicative intent, and the results compared to his "boringness index."

Leary said his study could lead to help for "chronically and excessively boring persons." (Torrance, California) *Daily Breeze* (contributed by Steve Alexander)

**Eighteen-year-old Kirk Riles** was acquitted of charges that he offered sex to an undercover cop in Halifax, Nova Scotia, after telling the judge the episode was merely an acting exercise.

Kelly Henderek, Riles's instructor at the Dalhousie University Theatre, testified that students in his class were asked "to become a character other than themselves, observe a real-life character, perform that character in public, and report back to class."

Riles, who chose to play the role of a male prostitute, said he had "observed" male prostitutes in action before performing his character in public by sticking his head in the window of the cop's car and announcing, "I can give you a blowjob

for forty dollars." (Halifax) *Daily News* (contributed by Peter G. MacDonald)

For its hamster theme party, the Sigma Pi fraternity chapter at the University of Wisconsin "turned its house into a giant hamster cage, complete with 1,200 pounds of shredded newsprint and giant cardboard tunnels... which connected rooms and represented large versions of plastic tubes used to make playgrounds for the pet rodent." However, the party was thwarted by the Madison Fire Department, which considered all that paper a fire hazard.

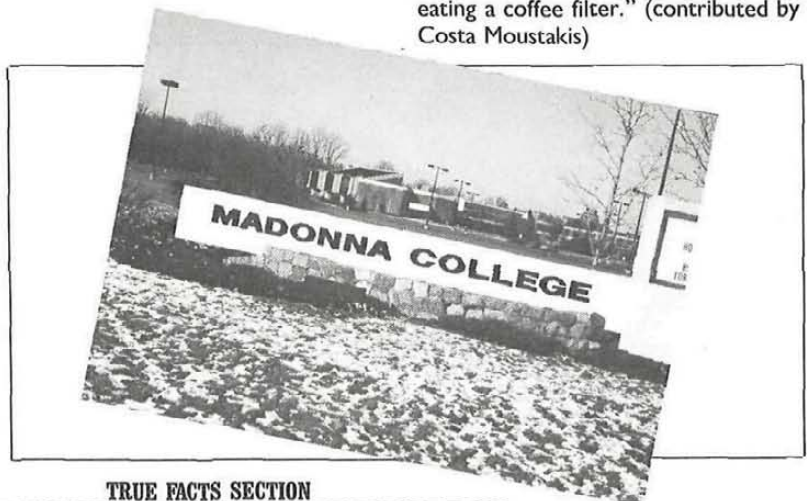
"We rented fifteen fire extinguishers and put up no smoking signs, but they didn't think that was sufficient," said fraternity president Glenn Hameister.

"One cigarette or match and it would have gone poof," said fire fighter Rick Anderson. *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

Alan N. Shapiro, a lecturer at Baruch College, City University of New York, was arrested in Dover Township, New Jersey, where police found him naked in a local convenience store.

"As far as we can tell, he went inside the store and on the way began losing it," said a police spokesman.

According to the Newark, New Jersey, *Star-Ledger*, police found Shapiro "covered with food and eating a coffee filter." (contributed by Costa Moustakis)



Tim Perotti



# True Miscellany Part IV

**Kelvin Shih**, a former General Motors engineer, claimed the company spent \$450,000 on a project called GHOST (Golf Head Optical Speed Trap), a laser system for analyzing the speed and angle of a golf swing.

"Twenty-five people worked on it for a year," said Shih, who charged that the system was developed to improve the game of GM vice president Frank Winchell. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)

**In St. Petersburg, Florida**, over 1,500 dirty diapers were stolen from the customers of Di-Dee Service of Tampa.

According to police, "Nine customers were called in advance by a man who asked survey-type questions about diapers." A few days later, the same people "got calls from a man who said he was a new Di-Dee driver. He said he would be making his rounds early Thursday and asked that the dirty diapers be put outside that night. In some cases, he even asked for directions." That night the thief made his rounds, picking up the soiled diapers.

Di-Dee owner Paul Fogel said it was the first time in twenty-one years anyone had stolen dirty diapers from him.

St. Petersburg police spokesman George Pinckney said, "We have no suspects." *Florida Today* (contributed by Gary Russell)

**Canada's** Department of National Defense stopped production of fire-retardant navy uniforms after discovering the new outfits gave off an "obnoxious smell." *Detroit News* (contributed by Herm Albright)

The following correction appeared in the sports pages of the *Miami Herald*:

"Last Sunday, the *Herald* erroneously reported that original Dolphin Johnny Holmes had been an insurance salesman in Raleigh, North Carolina, that he had won the New York lottery in 1982 and lost the money in a land swindle, that he had been charged with vehicular homicide

but acquitted because his mother said she drove the car, and that he stated that the funniest thing he ever saw was Flipper spouting water on George Wilson. Each of these items was erroneous material published inadvertently. He was not an insurance salesman in Raleigh, did not win the lottery, neither he nor his mother was charged or involved in any way with a vehicular homicide, and he made no comment about Flipper or George Wilson. The *Herald* regrets the errors." (contributed by Walter Erickson)

**Ever** since a McDonald's restaurant opened along the Würzburg – Nürnberg autobahn in Geiselwind, West Germany, military helicopter pilots have been landing there for snacks while on duty. The franchise owner told German reporters that there have been a number of such landings, "including one formation of four helicopters."

American authorities promised to "come down hard" on any pilots caught landing for hamburgers. *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Suzanne Titkemeyer)

**In Ottawa, Canada**, the makers of Baby Duck wine tried to block the marketing of another wine called Newfie Duck. But Justice Marcel Joyal ordered Baby Duck to share the shelves with Newfie Duck, as it already does with Canada Duck, Brights Duck, Malt Duck, Frosty Duck, and Kool Duck. (Toronto) *Globe and Mail*

This appeared in the *Des Moines Register*:

"The town of Bolan, population five, in northern Iowa held a centennial celebration in August. About 3,000 attended. The big production number was the 'Stand Still Parade.' Bolan's only street was so short that there was no route for a parade to take. So they parked the parade and the spectators paraded around the units." (contributed by Jim Hirschberg)

**In announcing** the engagement of Kathy Pettinicchi to Kevin Stamp, Connecticut's *New Haven Register* noted that "Mr. Stamp is employed by the U. S. Postal Service." (contributed by B. Patrie)

## Garage Sale



This photo of the real thing was submitted by Howard Wilkes.



# Revisionist Journalism

**CORRECTION:** Due to a reporting error, The Globe reported incorrectly Tuesday that a 6-year-old Pembroke girl was killed by a car while delivering Girl Scout calendars. Heather Woods was delivering Camp Fire Candles.

## Correction

An item appeared with an incorrect date in Thursday's Community Bulletin Board. The annual general meeting of the Friends of Schizophrenics Society will be held Wednesday, April 18, 7:30 p.m. at Sydenham Street United Church.

## Correction

The mock penile implant procedure pictured on Monday's Close-Up page was photographed at Mercy Hospital, not, as the cutline read, at Baystate Medical Center.

A Nov. 9 Southam News story about Nova Scotia's black minority was accompanied by an inaccurate photograph caption. The photo, said to depict rundown homes outside Dartmouth, was actually of a pig farm. The Citizen apologises for the error.

Correction: Last issue's item reading United services were held at the Methodist Church, Mercy, last Saturday afternoon should have read United services were held at the Methodist Church, Mercy, last Saturday afternoon.

© 1998 USA TODAY, Inc. All Rights Reserved

7-29

## Our mistake

Liberal MP Sheila Copps did not direct cries of "scumbag" at the Government benches in the House of Commons as reported yesterday. As recorded by Hansard, her comments were, "Who is a scumbag?" followed by, "The honorable member just called us a scum-

## Correction

A headline over a story on retail prices on page 9, March 25, incorrectly said February retail sales were up. It should have said retail prices were up.

## CORRECTIONS

A caption on the first page of SportsMonday yesterday with a picture of John McEnroe lying on his back during the final match of the U.S. Open inaccurately explained the action. McEnroe was holding up his hands as he started to protest an official's call.

## Correction

John Czarnogursky, an examiner for the state Division of Motor Vehicles, was improperly identified in a story last month as Stanley Zagula, another motor vehicle examiner. The error resulted after Czarnogursky falsely identified himself as Zagula.

**Contributors:** Duck Divet; David Burd; Michael J. DiCola; Anita Jimenez; B. W. Gray; Eric Gibson; J. Hebert; David Richardson.

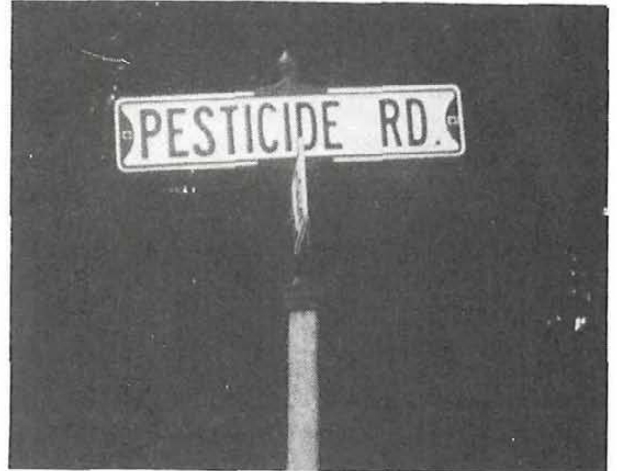
**Publications:** (Passaic, New Jersey) *Herald News*; (Kingston (Ontario) *Whig Standard*; (Springfield (Massachusetts) *Daily News*; (Boston) *Globe*; (Toronto) *Globe and Mail*; (San Francisco) *Chronicle*; (New York) *Times*; (Women's Wear) *Daily*; (Ottawa) *Citizen*.



# On the Road



Monte Gisborne



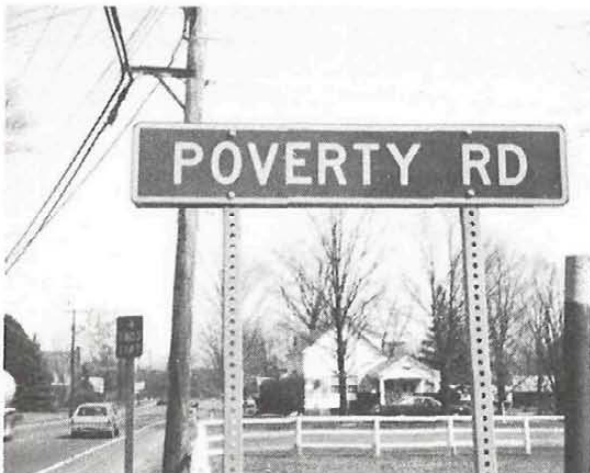
David Neuberger



Greg Neuwissen



anonymous



S. N. Garback



Valerie Lear



# Report from the Editor

continued from page 27

**Christopher Smith** of Montreal submitted a yellowed newspaper clipping about a Winnipeg man who inexplicably punched and kicked a fourteen-year-old boy in a shopping mall, smashed a nearby telephone, and forced the boy to eat pieces of it. In his letter he wrote:

"In 1982, I thought this was funny. I'm older now, and it's not quite so funny, but if you do, hey! That's what counts."

**Craig Rice** of Calgary, Canada, wrote:

"I think I might really be an American, because I don't remember anything before 1969 and I'm almost positive I know where Nicaragua is. Please don't tell anybody, though."

**Shannon O'Rear**, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, likes our magazine.

"It's even better than the other mags I read," he wrote, "like *Soldier of Fortune*, *BMX Plus*, *Super BMX*, *Freestylin'*, *BMX Action*, *Thrasher*, *Transworld Skateboarding*, *RUN*, *Info*, *Ahoy!*, *Compute!*, and *Commodore Magazine*."

**Edward Rigney** of Maroubra, Australia, sent a cylinder of "Darkie" brand peppermints with this letter addressed to U. S. Customs:

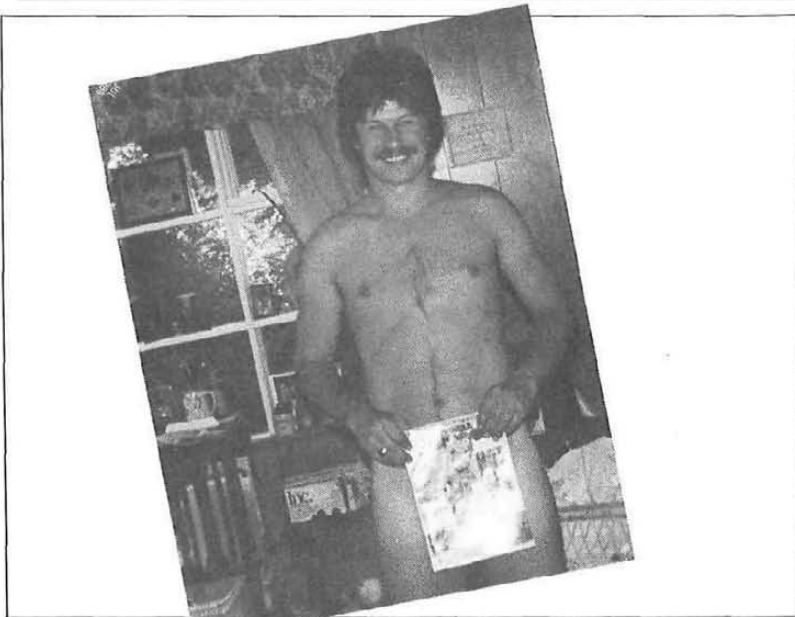
"If the contents of the enclosed packet constitutes foodstuffs contraband, please destroy the peppermints and just forward the wrapper. I hope to win twenty bucks and a T-shirt with it."

## More Stuff from the Mail

**Hank Zucker** of St. Louis circled the phone book entry "TWAT, Lo Hung," tore off the section of the page it was on, and sent it in. Actually, I was more amused by the two entries before Mr. Twat: "TWADDLE, Andrew C. & Sarah" and "TWARDOWSKI, Zbylut."

However, I hate phone books with things torn out, so I won't encourage page-tearers by rewarding them with T-shirts.

## Editor's Problems, Part II



**We tell advertisers our readers are upscale and intelligent, then the readers send in pictures like**

**this. We'll probably lose four or five ad pages because of this guy.**

**C. Emerick** of Petaluma, California, sent in four handwritten items (on teddy bear stationery) which I think of as "The Jerk Report."

**Item one:** "My fiancé is in the Navy. He has this guy in his school that's a real jerk, and to show him that he'd better straighten out, they strapped him into his bed with electrical tape, including across his mouth!"

**Item two:** "I used to be a hostess at Denny's and there was a waitress that was a real jerk. Anyway, I managed to get her fired and when a certain customer found out, he wrote her a note and enclosed a condom. The note said: 'Goodbye, bitch. A very dissatisfied customer.' I laughed."

**Item three:** "I work at a Pay Less in San Rafael and I have this floor manager that's a real jerk! Anyway, I got through a normal day and the next I found that over a hundred dollars was missing. I almost got fired. Well, I found out that he forgot to take two voids out of my register. From that day on, I swore I'd never

trust him!"

**Item four:** "I went to work as usual and left my p.j.'s on my bed. After a hard day, I came home and they were warm, as if someone had worn them. But I asked if anyone had sat on them and my family said no. I don't know why this occurred, but I think this is spooky as hell!"

**Novelty envelopes with printed messages** like "Herpes Test Results, Personal and Confidential" and "Fidelity Sperm Bank: Thanks for your deposit" were very popular this year. They made me pay more attention to envelopes, with these results:

Envelopes addressed to True Facts are of three basic types: small ones (the kind most people use for personal correspondence), business size (what the stationers call the #10), and whatever does not fit into one of the first two categories. I used to open these odd-sized envelopes first, thinking them more likely to contain something interesting. I was wrong.



A survey of the True Facts mail revealed that 54 percent of True Facts actually used came in small, personal envelopes, 36 percent in business envelopes, and a mere 10 percent from those odd-sized jobs.

Incidentally, the same survey showed that 8 percent of True Facts submissions come from Canada, 4.2 percent from New York City, 2.2 percent from Pittsburgh, and 2.6 percent from Decatur, a county seat in Illinois, population 90,397.

## Dosage Déjà Vu

Longtime contributor David Burd submitted "Directions for Adults," that little piece of paper from a Bayer aspirin bottle. Bayer spells out the following dosages for the noted afflictions:

**HEADACHES:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**COLDS—FLU:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**NEURALGIA—NEURITIC PAIN:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**BURSITIS—LUMBAGO—SCIATICA:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**TOOTHACHE—EXTRACTIONS:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**MENSTRUAL PAIN:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**SORE THROAT DUE TO A COLD AND FOR RELIEF OF MINOR THROAT IRRITATIONS:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

**TATIONS:** "1 to 2 tablets with a glass of water every 4 hours, as necessary, up to 12 tablets a day."

## Editor's Problems, Part III

An ad in American Clean Car featured these photos of a pretty woman on the back of a Porsche going through a car wash. It appeared seven years ago, and

ever since I've wondered if there were winos with shammies waiting outside to wipe her down. There's nothing worse than not knowing.



## Manage Your Automobile Asset Wash and Wax It Regularly



A gentle and safe wash.



polish to restore the shine



and wax to protect the finish.

### CONVERSATION WITH A CAR WASH CUSTOMER

A lady who had stopped using the car wash recently returned.

Attendant: "Hi, I haven't seen you for a while."  
"Nice to see you again."  
He remembered her because she was pleasant.

Customer: "I stopped using the car wash because I saw markings on my car and thought the marks were from the car wash. The markings continued to appear after I stopped coming to the car wash so I began to look for the cause."

Attendant: "Did you find the cause of the markings?"

Customer: "I found several causes: Number one was other people opening their doors against the side of my car. In addition, people place bags on cars while unlocking the door to their car. Dirt on the car acts as sandpaper when they pull the bag across the finish. Children playing around cars often-times scratch or mar the paint. Kids on tricycles collide with the body panels or ram them with handlebars, leaving the paint scratched or scuffed. They even use the car surface as a playground for small toys."



# Report from the Editor

## Other Reading

The Reader's Digest, publishers of such books as the Fix It Yourself Manual and the even more ambitious Complete Do It Yourself Manual, have come out with the ultimate do-it-yourself book. It's called How to Do Just About Anything. They're not kidding. The book's contents pages include these subjects, among many others: avocado growing, breast feeding, chandeliers, diaper rash, elevator safety, jerky (beef), obscene phone calls, and quaits.

Subsidy publisher Vantage Press advertises its books regularly in the New York Times. Here are a few recent titles:

**Eureka: Over Sixty and 100% Alive and Well** by Helen Barillaire—"The ultimate diet and exercise handbook for senior citizens."

**Look—I'm Flat Again** by Violeta Centeno-Beltran, M.D.—"A remarkable doctor describes her

experiences with unwed mothers."

**Going Potty** by Kay Matthews—"A child's guide to toilet training, charmingly told and illustrated."

**Roo!** by Beverly A. Lewis—"A killer kangaroo wreaks havoc on an Australian community."

**Bovine Excrement** by Ron Campbell—"A rollicking collection of tall tales."

**"To Be" or "Not to Be"?** A Spurious Concept Refuted by Alan Kent—"A controversial treatise that finds the entire concept of existence to be meaningless."

**The Jack Morton (Who's He?) Story** by Jack Morton—"A producer's sparkling memoirs, populated with the likes of Hope, Benny, and Burns."

A check of newsstands turned up these magazine cover blurbs:

**Cosmopolitan**—"How to Dump a Man with Finesse"

**Rock Video**—"Warning: Rock Video Will Kill You!—Lunatic Doctors Expose Music Menace"

**McCall's**—"Breast Cancer: The Good News"

**Lady's Circle**—"What's Behind the American Chicken Revolution?"

**Harvey**—"I'm the White Meat in an Interracial Sex Sandwich"

**First Hand**—"Disco Saved My Marriage"

**Stallion**—"Finding Sex in Finland"  
**Daring Romances**—"I Had to Sell My Baby to Buy Our Dream House"

**Wrestling All Stars**—"Wahoo McDaniel: Was he dumb to turn dirty?"

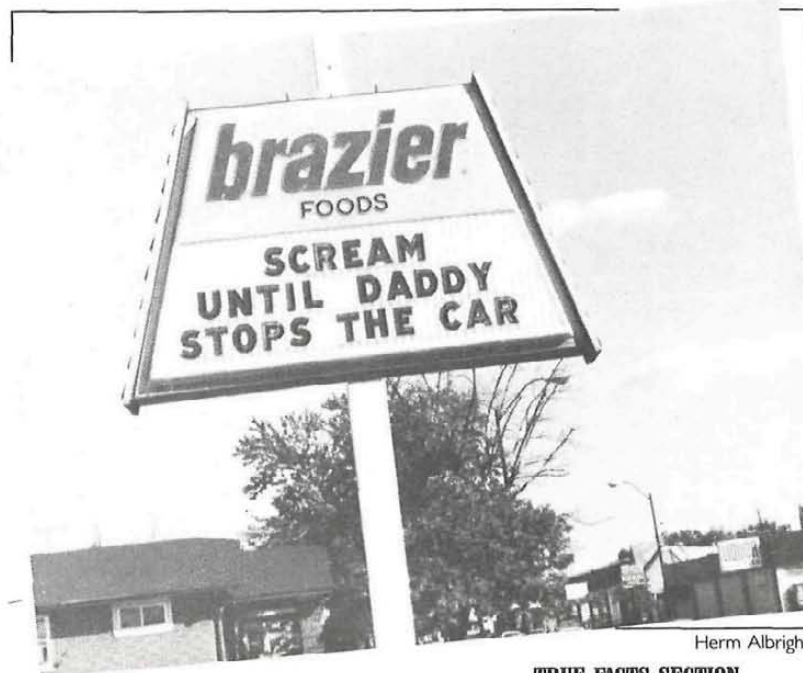
**Woman's Day**—"Update on New Flowers & Veggies"

## Trashbound

Time to clean out the True Facts photo files. Here are some of the pictures I liked enough to keep for a while, but finally couldn't use. Some were too blurry, some too small to reproduce, and others I simply lost my enthusiasm for:

- The roadside sandbank sculpture of an arrow pointing to "Walley World"
- A hearse pulling a U-Haul trailer ("Who says you can't take it with you?" wrote contributor Edward L. Cavitt.)
- The Chinese restaurant sign that read "Food to Go in Rear"
- Explosive Technology Rd.
- Somebody's dad mugging for the camera next to a sign at the Sick Optik trade show display
- A desktop plaque which read "Please do not sit on plants."
- Signs for many businesses, including: Barkoff & Katz, the Columbus Sucker Rod Co., Crosby's Sills & Sash, Robot Spa, Clutter Sanitation, Head Liquidators, Big Pecker's T-shirts, Wachovia Bank & Trust, Peoria Arab Pest Control Co., Panhandle State Bank, Elf Lubricants, Feakle Farm, Hypermart, Katie's Cloning Castle, and Big Buns Cafe
- A sheep wearing a painter's hat
- A sign reading "Free Blood Pressure"
- Lots of vandalized signs like the one which read "Davenport H. S., Welcome to Gorilla Cunt"

## Hey, Kiddies! Want Some Ice Cream?





- Purposely tasteless signs like this: "White toilets only \$79.95! No shit!"
- Standards like the radiator shop ("Best Place in Town to Take a Leak"), the muffler shop ("No Muff Too Tuff"), the dry cleaner ("Drop Your Pants Here"), the brushless car wash ("We're on the Rag"), the car dealership ("Shy and Timid Salesman On Duty; Come In and Take Advantage of Him"), and the vacuum cleaner dealer ("More Suck for Your Buck").
- The town-square manger scene erected in front of a cannon so that the memorial-soldier statue has the drop on baby Jesus
- Two cows living in an old swimming pool

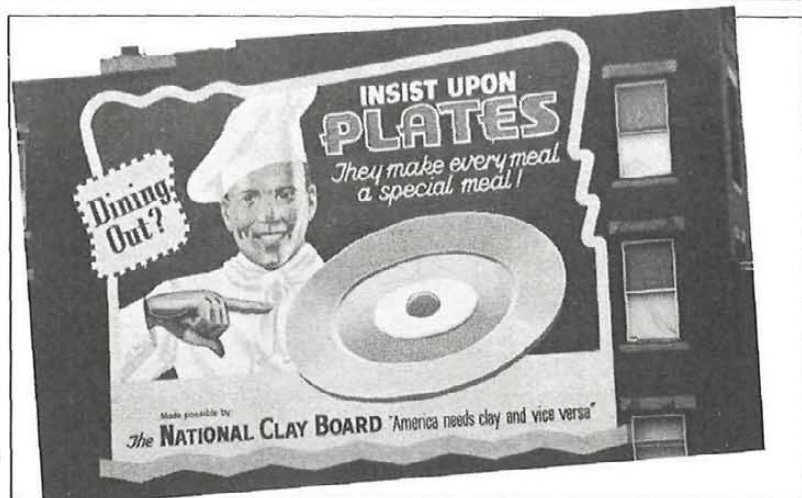
## The Great T-shirt Debate

True Facts now pays for written contributions with T-shirts instead of cash. This has caused some comment. For example, Mark Baldwin of Los Angeles wrote: "This T-shirt bit troubles me. Too cheap to pay ten dollars per article? Boy, if you used twenty articles you could be out two hundred smackers per issue! Multiply that by six issues a year and you're talking the price of an IBM typewriter!"

On the other hand, there are people like Steven Newman of Liverpool, England, who returned a ten-dollar check we sent him for a True Fact. In his letter he explained that he had just read about the new T-shirt policy. "I know that they are supposed to be given for contributions," he wrote, "but I would gladly give up my ten dollars for the chance to be one of the few people in England to have one."

Meanwhile, some people, like N.R.G. of Lyndhurst, New Jersey, remain confused at best. N.R.G. wrote: "Like, I thought that you could use this like, True Fact that I like, found, you know? Dig like, I'm not into that like, capitalist/fascist/materialist trip you know, so like, you can keep the WHOLE TEN

## We'll Just Lap It Up off the Table, Thank You



This ad on a building in Brooklyn, New York, was photographed by Thomas M. Callahan.

## The Quiet Deity



DOLLARS, man, OK? If you can use this, maybe you could donate it to the Spirit Foundation, or use it to help starving people in Asia, OK? Peace, brother."

To clear up possible confusion, the deal is this: For a True Fact you get a T-shirt. For a photo you get a T-shirt

and ten dollars—if you took the photo yourself. If you just tore the picture out of a newspaper, you only get the shirt. Okay?

Send those submissions, facts, photos, or whatever, to True Facts, c/o National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



# True Miscellany Part V

According to the *Courier-Post* of Camden, New Jersey, fifteen families were still waiting in line to see Santa Claus at the Deptford Mall when an assisting elf announced that Santa would be leaving at 5:45 P.M. But Santa left four minutes early at 5:41 P.M., leaving a group of crying children.

"It was an ugly scene," said parent Joe Coco of Philadelphia, who complained about Santa's early departure to the elf. The elf made an obscene gesture in response.

Another parent, Michael Del Campo of Lindenwold, New Jersey, followed Santa Claus to the management office to find out why he was leaving early. "A few minutes later, township police responded to a call that Del Campo was chasing two mall security guards with a pipe used to support a rope barrier."

Other angry parents charged that they were verbally harassed by other elves when they went to the mall office to complain. (contributed by E. Teitelman)

An exhibit at the Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles, California, includes a simulated earthquake in a "make-believe living room capable of holding twenty edgy people." After the make-believe quake, a newscaster appears on a video monitor and solemnly announces, "The quake has been measured at 8.3 on the Richter scale. It seems that this indeed was the Big One that's been predicted for so long."

After some visitors claimed the simulated quake was not that strong, museum officials explained that a real 8.3 would injure the spectators. But billing the exhibit as a lesser quake would not attract potential museumgoers.

"To be perfectly honest," said one quake expert, "I don't think anyone would come for a 3.5." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

Sharon Alford on her son, Steve Alford, a basketball free-throw champ, as quoted in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*:

"Steve never played cowboys and Indians or army, like the other kids. It was real hard to figure out what to get him for Christmas. All he ever wanted was balls." (contributed by Darryl M. Moll)

From Ontario's *Sarnia Observer*:  
"Darwin—Voracious toads the size of dinner plates are hitchhiking across northern Australia gobbling up wildlife, and officials are appealing to motorists not to give them lifts." (contributed by Floyd McCormick)

The New Jersey Casino Control Commission, which regulates games of chance in Atlantic City, has voted to lift its ban on the sale of "prophylactics or contraceptives on casino property." *Las Vegas Review Journal* (contributed by Richard White)

Archaeologists working in the foundation of Dudley Castle near Birmingham, England, discovered five condoms believed to be from the 1640s, when the forces of Oliver Cromwell fought soldiers loyal to King Charles I.

"It really is a revolutionary discovery," said archaeologist Stephanie Ratkai, adding that the prophylactics, made of fish and animal intestines, were probably brought to England by officers returning from France. *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

The *New Zealand Herald* reported that "the *British Woman's Weekly* magazine has had to modify its scheme to attach three condoms to the front cover of every magazine later this month."

Reasons given for the change of plans were "the reaction of elderly readers and of delivery boys."

"There was also the problem of stapling them to the cover," said editor Clare Rayner. (contributed by John Glengarry)

## Shooting Up

Remington  
REMINGTON  
"SPORTSMAN" 12 PUMP  
Pump Action Shotgun  
12 Ga. 28" Modified,  
30" Full Vent Rib  
184<sup>95</sup>  
ALL SALE!

This item from a Thruway Stores ad appeared in the *Sunday Record* of Orange County, New York. (contributed by Richard C. Miller)

TRUE FACTS SECTION



# CATCH THE FEVER

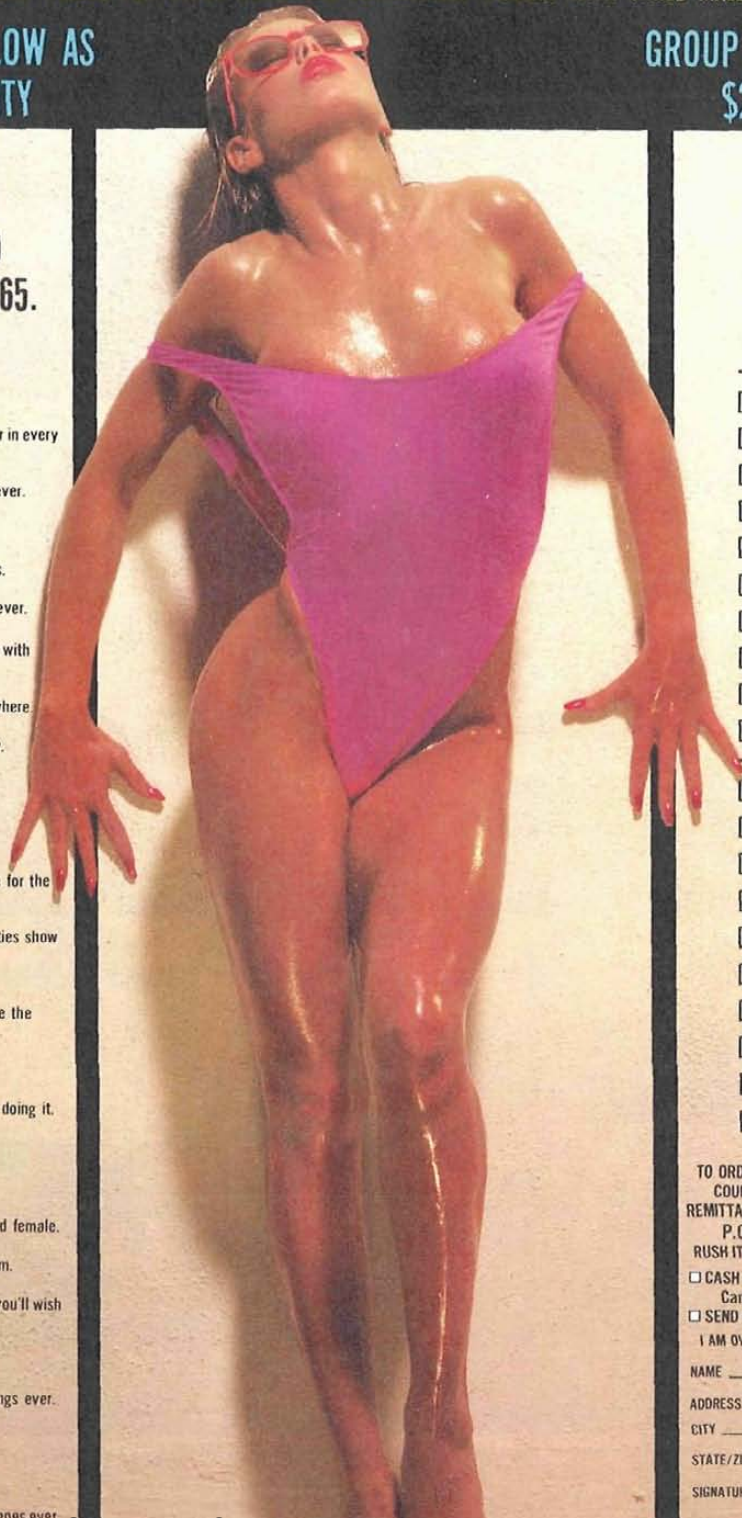
30 MINUTE SPECIALTY VIDEOS FEATURING FEMALE AND MALE VIDEO STARS  
 30 MINUTE VIDEOS FEATURING SENSUOUS CENTERFOLD MODELS WITH VIRILE MALE STARS

PICK FROM ONE GROUP ONLY

**GROUP A OR B AS LOW AS  
 \$5.00 EA. IN QUANTITY**

PICK FROM ONE GROUP ONLY

**GROUP C OR D AS LOW AS  
 \$2.00 EA IN QUANTITY**



**ANY ONE \$15.00  
 ANY FIVE \$35.00  
 ANY EIGHT \$48.00  
 ANY <sup>GROUP</sup> OF THIRTEEN \$65.  
 (JUST \$5.00 EACH!)**

**GROUP A**

- CHEEKY CHICKS**  
These girls like it one way
- TRIPLE TREAT**  
Two girls and one guy sample each other in every conceivable way.
- TERRIFIC TA-TA'S**  
Four slim girls with the biggest busts ever.
- TWICE AS NICE**  
Two guys & a girl - 1 black 1 white.
- PEAK-A-BOO**  
If you like to watch-take a look at this.
- THE SEDUCTION OF STACY**  
S. Donovan in her best action scenes ever.
- DEEP INSIDE ELLE RIO**  
This Brazilian beauty pleases herself with three virile men.
- THE EROTIC WORLD OF CHRISTY CANYON**  
A must for Christy Canyon fans everywhere.
- NASTY NINA**  
Nina Hartley shows why she's so nasty.
- THE BEST OF BLONDI BEE**  
Blond, blue eyed & big busted.  
A must have item.
- ENDLESS ORGIES**  
Dozens of orgies fill this tape
- BEHIND BLUE EYED BLONDS**  
These blue eyed beauties have a taste for the insatiable.
- BLONDS ARE BETTER**  
Amber Lynn & a variety of blond beauties show why their the best.

**GROUP B**

- NEW COMERS**  
Tired of the same old faces? These are the newest and the freshest.
- EXECUTIVE ACTION**  
A secretaries work is never done.
- HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU**  
Kari Foxx looks directly at you- while doing it.
- DARK AND SWEET**  
Black guy and sweet blond girls
- GIRLS WHO LOVE IT FROM BEHIND**  
The title says it all!
- SUPERSTARS OF FILM**  
10 of the sexiest superstars - male and female.
- NO HOLES BARRED**  
3 girls in search of the ultimate orgasm.
- 4 WAY FUN**  
2 guys-2 girls and lots of Fun-Fun-Fun you'll wish you were there.
- CLIMAX REVIEW VOL. 1**  
Featuring over 30 climax endings
- CLIMAX REVIEW II**  
Over 60 stars and 30 of the Best Endings ever.
- THE PLUMBERS & THE HOUSEWIFE**  
3 plumbers and one horny housewife
- JACUZZI JETS**  
Bikini clad girls in hot searing action
- GIRLS WHO LOVE GIRLS**  
A video anthology of the best girl girl scenes ever.

**ANY ONE \$10.00  
 ANY FIVE \$15.00  
 ANY GROUP OF  
 TEN \$20.00  
 (JUST \$2.00 EACH!)**

**GROUP C**

- ELLE RIO**
- TANYA FOX**
- NIKKI CHARM**
- BREEZY LANE**
- CARA LOTT**
- LACY LUV**
- PURPLE PASSION**
- NINA HARTLEY**
- STACEY DONOVAN**
- CHRISTY CANYON**

**GROUP D**

- KELI RICHARDS**
- GINA VALENTINO**
- TAMARA LONGLEY**
- LISA DELEUW**
- BECKY SAVAGE**
- TIFFANY CLARK**
- PENNY MORGAN**
- BARBARA DARE**
- EBONY AYES**
- BLONDI BEE**

(as pictured above)

TO ORDER PLEASE CHECK ITEMS DESIRED, FILL OUT  
 COUPON BELOW AND SEND ENTIRE PAGE WITH  
 REMITTANCE TO: CURTIS HOME VIDEO DEPT. # Y 18  
 P.O. BOX M-827 GARY, IN. 46401-0827  
 RUSH ITEMS INDICATED, I ENCLOSE \$\_\_\_\_ PLUS \$3. P&H  
 CASH  MONEY ORDER  CHECK As Payment in Full  
 Canadians Remit in U.S. Funds No C.O.D.'S  
 SEND C.O.D. I ENCLOSE A \$5. DEPOSIT PLUS \$3. P&H  
 I AM OVER 19 YRS OF AGE, AND REQUEST THIS MATERIAL.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS/APT \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
 STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 SPECIFY  VHS  BETA



# Meet Your Meat



Jeff Coykendall



Rudy Smith



Ray Knight



Al Forsyth



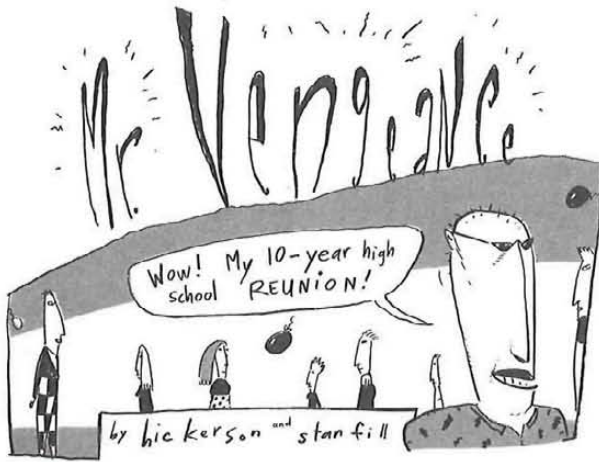
J. E. Nelson-Molin



Roland Leiser

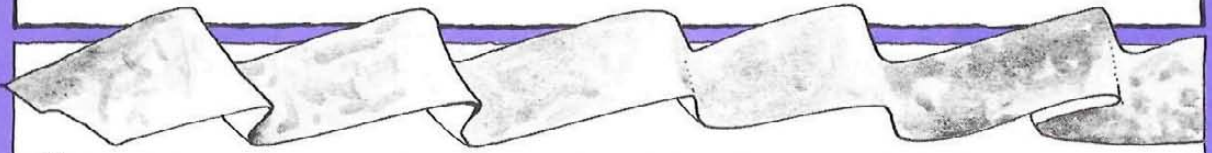


# FUNNY PAGES



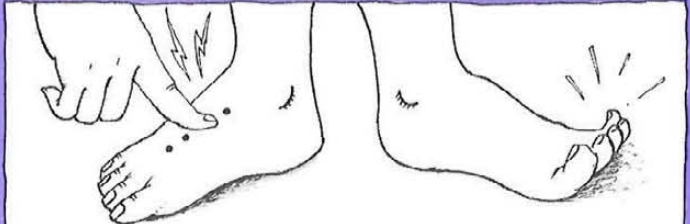
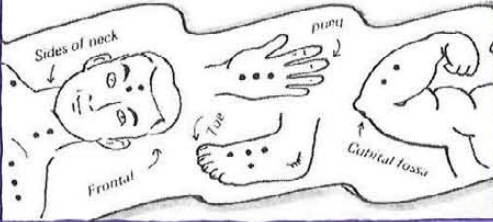


# How To MAKE A PAIR OF PANTS IN 20 MINUTES



THIS IS YOUR FABRIC: THIRTY-SEVEN YARDS OF SILK BROCADE FROM CHINA.

NATURALLY, EACH YARD REPRESENTS A PART OF THE BODY, WHICH IS RELATED TO ANOTHER PART OF THE BODY.



THEREFORE, FINGER PRESSURE ON ANY ONE OF THESE PARTS WILL STIMULATE A REACTION ELSEWHERE, OFTEN FAVORABLY—SO, LET'S GET GOING ON THESE PANTS!

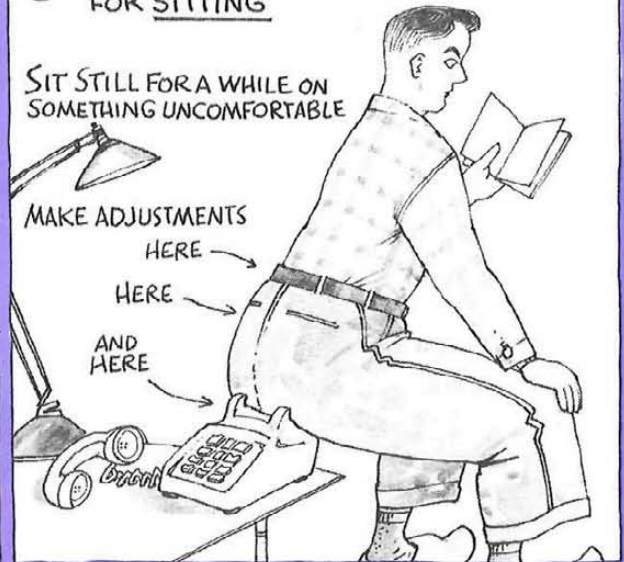
## 1 PANTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING

MEASURE YOUR STRIDE, AND THE TIME IT TAKES FROM ONE PART OF TOWN TO ANOTHER.



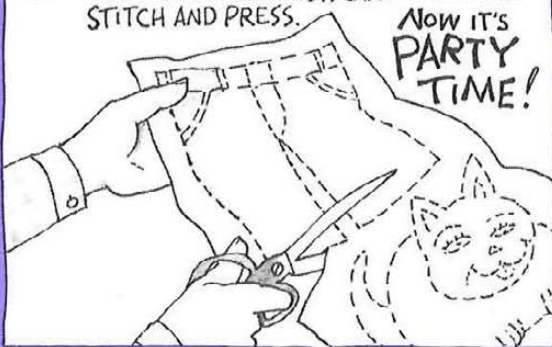
## 5 PANTS ARE ALSO MADE FOR SITTING

SIT STILL FOR A WHILE ON SOMETHING UNCOMFORTABLE



## 6 CUT OUT ALL PATTERN PIECES THAT LOOK LIKE PANTS. DISCARD THE REST. STITCH AND PRESS.

Now it's PARTY TIME!





**SAM deGROOT**  
 ONE OF ONLY FORTY-SIX  
 PRIVATE DETECTIVES  
 ON THE FREE WORLD  
 IN AN IRON LUNG  
 THE STORY...

SAM IS BEING HELD  
 PRISONER BY EVERETT,  
 WHO ADMITS TO SAM  
 THAT HE IS A CANNIBAL.  
 EVERETT FORCE-FEEDS  
 SAM LARGE AMOUNTS  
 OF FOOD TO FATTEN HIM  
 UP TO BE EATEN.

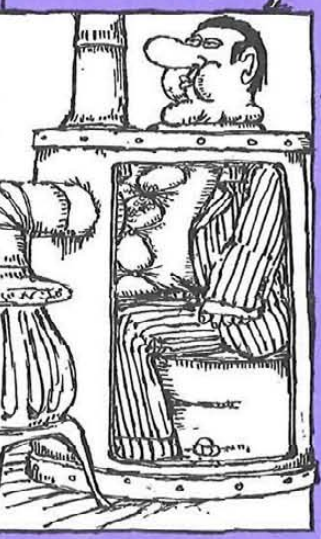
YOU'RE DOING NICELY, SAM, YOU MUST  
 HAVE GAINED 25 POUNDS THIS WEEK!



HELLO, IS THIS THE PONCE BODEGA?  
 MR. BATTISTA, THIS IS EVERETT. I'D  
 LIKE TO ORDER SOME SPICES TO MAKE  
 ABOUT 20 POUNDS OF SAUSAGE.

HELLO, MR. EVERETT!  
 EES THAT PORK OR  
 BEEF, MR. EVERETT?

LET ME  
 CHECK, MR.  
 BATTISTA...



IT LOOKS LIKE PORK,  
 MR. BATTISTA, BUT I'LL  
 HAVE TO SAY BEEF..

...I'M ALSO GOING TO  
 MAKE SOME HOT DOGS,  
 SO I'LL NEED A LARGE  
 BOX OF POWDERED SKIM  
 MILK, MR. BATTISTA.



OKAY, MR. EVERETT,  
 I GOT ALL THE  
 STUFF YOU NEED.

OKAY, MR.  
 EVERETT!



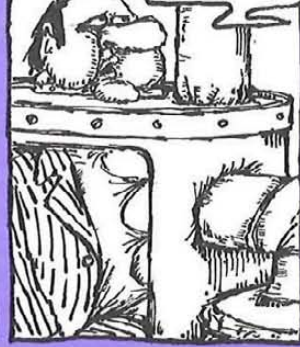
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA  
 MAKE THE HOT DOGS  
 OUTTA, EVERETT?

OH, YOU WOULDN'T WANT  
 TO KNOW THAT, SAM. IF  
 I TOLD YOU WHAT I PUT  
 IN THEM, YOU'D NEVER  
 EAT ANOTHER HOT DOG!



I KNOW...MY  
 PRIVATE PARTS,  
 RIGHT?.....

NO, SAM, ABSOLUTELY  
 NOT! I DON'T PUT  
 PRIVATE PARTS IN  
 HOT DOGS!



...THEN WHAT WILL  
 YOU DO WITH MY  
 PRIVATE PARTS?



SORRY, SAM, IF YOU OR ANY  
 READER WANT THE ANSWER TO  
 THAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO SEND  
 \$5.00 PLUS \$1.85 FOR POSTAGE  
 AND HANDLING FOR THE BOOKLET  
 WHAT EVERETT WILL DO WITH  
 SAM'S PRIVATE PARTS TO  
 THE NATIONAL LAMPOON  
 635 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK 10022



YOU'LL BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY WITH OUR NEW FUN, JOKE & MAGIC ITEMS!

The PARTY STOP
OVER 75 PAGES to let you know about the great smoke packs from ADIRA CADAVIDA!
Special price \$9.95
NEW! Buy 3 - over 250 items!
\$23.95 - Buy 3, Get 1 FREE!

SMELL-O-BAD
Smell-o-bad! Everyone will wonder who did it!
Buy 3, Get 1 FREE!

SMOKE CLOUDS
Lays them out great!
LAYS THEM OUT GREAT!
\$16.95
\$10.95
\$11.95
\$12.95

TRICK CANDY
Hot pepper, garlic or blue mouth
homemade Tricky!
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK LIGHT BULB
Lights up to your head or eye
\$7.95
\$8.95
\$9.95
\$10.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

TRICK MATCHES
THICK COLORED BOMBERS
\$1.95
\$2.95
\$3.95
\$4.95

NEEDLE THRU ARM ILLUSION
Performed by Harry Anderson!
Unbelievable huge needle penetration arm bloodless!
\$19.95

ZOMBIE FLOATING BALL
Flows high into the air!
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED - GET THIS AS YOUR FIRST MAGIC TRICK!
\$12.95

LADY CIGARETTES ILLUSION
Miniature version of famous TV illusion - first 20-20!
\$12.95

SUPER PENETRATION
Pencil penetrates through glass!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

SHOCK PEN
When it's a long plastic, behind, snake actually grows out of it!
\$12.95

LINK UN-LINK RINGS
Heavy metal rings linked into a long chain suddenly separate and become single rings!
\$12.95

EXPLODING GIFT BOX
Beautifully wrapped gift box. Watch victim's reaction when opened.
\$12.95

DRINKING HELMET
Great FUN GIFT - Hands-free drinking at ball games, golf parties, anywhere!
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

SHAKE CANDY DROPS
Not one but TWO LARGE SNAKES spring out when unsuspecting victim opens this ordinary looking pack of candy.
\$12.95

Flames from fingertips
Sensational!
Point your finger at lighted candle or match.
\$12.95

BAG OF JOKE
What you pay!
\$12.95

SNOWSTORM TABLETS
ONE TINY PILL CREATES AN INDOOR SNOWSTORM!
\$12.95

MARKED CARDS
SECRET MARKINGS TELL YOU THE CARDS!
\$12.95

FLASHING EYES
Bright spots and streaks of light from your eyes!
\$12.95

CIGARETTES FROM THE AIR
Includes FREE Bomb Trick!
\$12.95

STINK BOMBS
Place 'em in a friend's path and see everyone run as he's stuck with the stink!
\$12.95

POLICE HANDCUFFS
No. A41
\$8.95 per pair
\$12.95

MULTIPLYING & APPEARING SPONGE BALLS
PLACE BALL IN YOUR HAND AND ONE IN FRIEND'S HAND.
\$12.95

BINGO BOMBS
Just drop or squeeze one of these Bingo Bombs for loud explosion.
\$12.95

SPARKING HANDSHAKER
Your innocent victim will never shake hands with you again!
\$12.95

OUR BIGGEST CATALOG CAN BE YOURS
GIANT MAGIC CATALOG
\$2.00



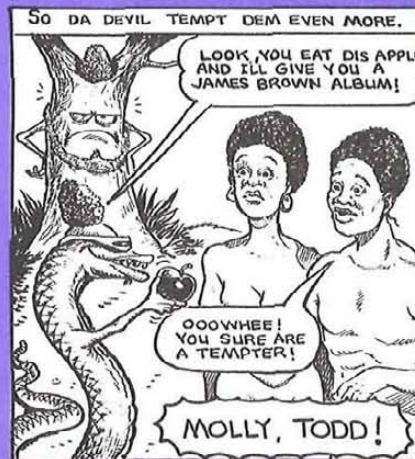
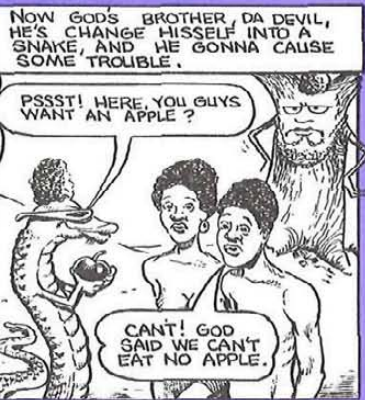
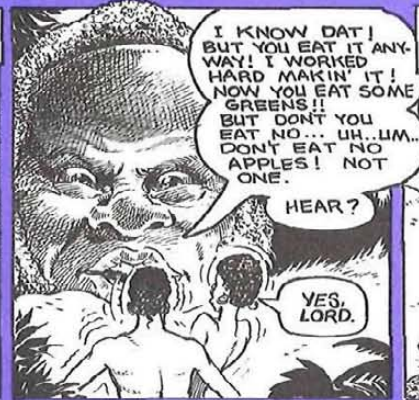
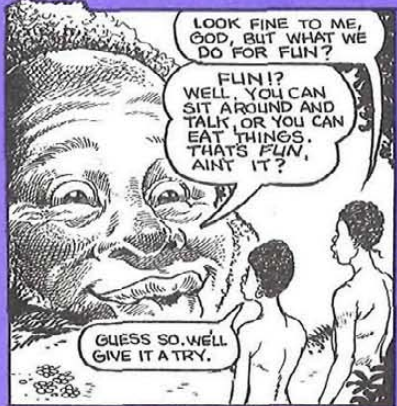
Stories from  
**UNCLE KUNTA**



AT THE CABIN OF UNCLE KUNTA, MOLLY AND TODD WAIT IN ANTICIPATION AS THEIR FRIEND BEGINS ANOTHER CHAPTER OF HIS STORY ABOUT CREATION....



DIS STORY START IN A PLACE CALLED DA GARDEN OF EDEN, AND GOD LOOK DOWN AT HIS FIRST TWO LITTLE PEOPLE CREATIONS AND HE SAY...





© 1987 M.C. MARFESSO

# SON OF HERCULES

## AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

THE DEEDS OF HERCULES, KNOWN FAR AND WIDE, CAN BE READ IN THE CLASSICS OR OVERHEARD RETOLD IN GREEK DINERS, BUT WHAT OF BRAVE PENOS, ELDEST SON OF HERCULES AND MAGDALENA, FAIR WAITRESS OF STEAK AND BREW? OR WAS IT WITH TINA, FAIR TELLER OF METRO SAVINGS AND LOAN? AH, SUCH ARE THE QUANDARIES OF A HORNY DEMIGOD. PONDER NO MORE, HEREIN LIES THE TALE.

THE HOUSE OF HERCULES IS ACCUSTOMED TO GREAT STRUGGLES, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH INCLUDES THE EVENING MEAL



TIS A WEEKDAY, THERE IS MUCH HOMEWORK TO BE DONE.



HERCULES WANTS FOR HIS SON OPPORTUNITIES HE HIMSELF DID NOT HAVE IN HIS YOUTH



ZOUNDS! I CANNOT HEAR THE GODS THINK WITH THAT GREEK BLASTER ON!



PENOS SOLICITS THE HELP OF HIS FATHER, A MAN NOT KNOWN FOR ESPECIALLY WELL-DEVELOPED CRANIAL MUSCLES



BUT OF COURSE IT IS WRONG TO FIGHT ANOTHER'S BATTLES



UNEXPECTEDLY A MYSTERIOUS AND POWERFUL SPELL OVERCAME PENOS DURING THE COURSE OF HIS STUDIES



HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR HIS FATHER PENOS MIGHT HAVE REMAINED UNDER THE SPELL FOR CENTURIES



HERCULES INSISTS ON BRINGING PENOS TO SCHOOL



AH! PENOS IS AT THAT AWKWARD AGE THAT FINDS EMBARRASSMENT WITH A PARENT'S AFFECTION.



NEXT: CRACK VIALS IN PENOS'S DRESSER DRAWER!!



# Dirty Dozen Videos—\$1.98 ea. in qty.

These 12 down and dirty, pulse pounding, hard driving sexual powerhouses are ready for you as a group for only \$23.75 total. That's \$1.98 each for 12 video features; 240 sex-soaked minutes of sizzling sensuousness with big name studs and superstarlets.

**If ordered separately, features are \$7.95 each.**

#XSF901 **Girls Who Crave Huge Men**, starring Nina Harley, Tracy Lynn, Divine Brazil, Herschel Savage.

#XSF902 **Kiss & Swell**, the ultimate oral orgy, starring Lisa deLeeuw, Jessica Wilde, Jack North, Rachel West.

#XSF903 **California Cream Girls**, hungry for hot rods, starring Oral Annie, Gina Carrera, Tigr, John Leslie.

#XSF904 **Oriental Orgasms** starring Mai Lin, Kim Sum, Phaedra, Don Fernando.

#XSF905 **Interracial Lust** starring Billy Dee, Tina Maria, Honey Wildest.

#XSF906 **Spoiled Virgins** starring Nina Harley, Daisy, Elana, Martina and more.

#XSF907 **Three's Not A Crowd** starring Jessica Long, Blair Harris, Kathy Nicole, Paul Thomas.

#XSF908 **Foreskin Foreplay** starring Jim Fox, R. Bolla, Ahmad, Ingrid Ellis, Linda.

#XSF909 **Sexercise Class** starring Lisa deLeeuw, Pam Snyder, Mike Morrissey.

#XSF910 **Beach Blanket Bing Bang** starring Cindy Evans, John Leslie, Cherry Fox, John Storm.

#XSF911 **Peeping Voyeurs** starring Serena, Crystal Hart, Jamie Gillis, Jessie St. James, Eric Edwards.

#XSF912 **Dildo Girls** starring Karen Summers, Lori Smith, Heather, Janey, Kyoko.

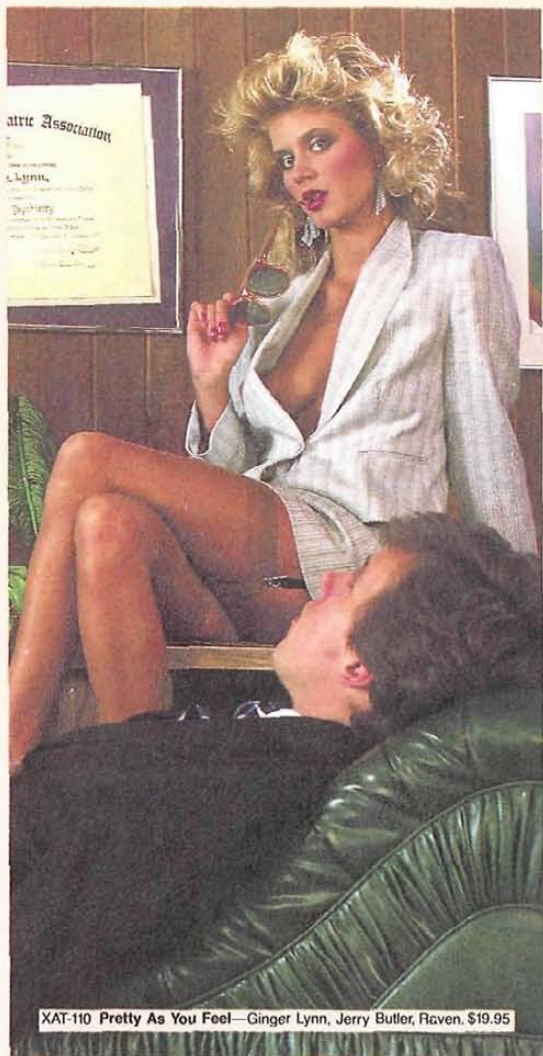
**#XSF900 - The Dirty Dozen. All 12 features for one price—only \$23.75 total!**



**Features, Lifestyles, & Collections, 60–90 min.**

XMO-501 **Voyeur's Dream**—6 hunks going it alone. (All Male) \$19.95  
 XMP-504 **Black On Black**—Interracial cast of 70 (All Male). \$24.95  
 XMS-903 **Oral Delights**—Seka, John Holmes, Annette Haven. \$24.95  
 XGT-115 **Women Who Love Women**—Rhonda Jo Petty, Monique Perry (All Female). \$19.95  
 XVH-232 **Women in Passion**—Vanessa, Jean Dalton, Tina Russell (All Female) \$19.95  
 XGR-105 **Lady Friends**—Rachael and her sensuous friends (All Female) \$19.95  
 XGT-108 **Women's Fantasies**—Danielle, Annie Owen, K.C. Valentine (All Female) \$19.95  
 XEX-108 **Star Women**—Seka, Lori Smith, Desiree Lane (All Female), 90 min., \$24.95  
 XTV-101 **Hot Blondes**—Helga and all her Danish friends (TV) \$29.95  
 XTV-102 **TV Orgy**—Brigitte, Erick and company (TV) \$29.95  
 XBL-104 **19 Best of Caballero**—Best of Dixie Ray: Hollywood Star, Centerspread Girls, 17 more. \$19.95  
 XBL-101 **Blockbuster Cinema Collection**—Best of Deep Throat, Devil in Miss Jones, 11 more. \$24.95  
 XBT-10 **John Holmes Collection**—5 featurettes of Big John with straight & bi-beauties. \$19.95  
 XBT-8 **Black on White Revue**—4 interracial featurettes & one lily white. \$19.95  
 XCA-103 **Best of Seka**—Sizzling Seka in her legendary top films. \$19.95  
 XJP-103 **Big Melons #1–7**—7 featurettes with the most well-endowed ladies. \$19.95  
 XMS-915 **Kinky Sex Acts**—Cara Lott, Bunny Bleu, Paul Thomas. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XCA-108 **Come With Me, My Love**—Vanessa del Rio, Annie Sprinkle, Jeffrey Hurd. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XCA-111 **Around the World with Johnny Wadd**—John Holmes and a bevy of beauties. 90 min. \$19.95

XAT-113 **Like A Virgin**—Christy Canyon, Peter North, Gail Force. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XAT-118 **Heavenly Desire**—Seka, Serena and big, black Johnny Keyes. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XAT-119 **Taxi Girls**—Nancy Sultier, John Holmes, Serena. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XVH-228 **The Story of Joanna**—Terry Hall, Jamie Gillis. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XVH-217 **Autobiography of a Flea**—Jean Jennings, John C. Holmes. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XAT-103 **A Taste of Money**—Constance Money, Gina Gianetti, John Leslie. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XAT-102 **White and Black**—Satin Summers, George Payne, Sharon Kane. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XCA-112 **Dark Dreams**—Tina Russell, Darby Lloyd Flains, Tim Long. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XEX-106 **Wild Orgies**—Heather Wayne, John Leslie, Constance Money. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XEX-107 **Famous Ta-Ta's**—Christy Canyon, Kitten Nativity, Rachel Ashley. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XEX-105 **Superstars and Superstuds**—Seka, Ginger, Amber Lynn, Harry Reems. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XVH-201 **Oui, Girls**—Anne Ventura, Lisa DeLeeuw, Tiffany Clark. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XD-229 **Inside Seka**—Seka plus an all-start cast of your favorite studs and starlets. 90 min. \$19.95  
 XMP-505 **Humungous**—"Big" Taurus in live superhug adventures. (All Male) \$19.95  
 XVH-236 **Big, Blond and Black**—Daniel Holt, Gary, Tony, John, Eric, Henry. (All Male) \$19.95  
 XMP-502 **Mind, Body and Soul**—Michael Fox, Ken Christopher, John Anderson (All Male) \$19.95  
 XAT-115 **RX For Sex**—Julia Perrier, Lauren St. Germain. \$19.95  
 XGT-116 **Danielle's Girlfriends**—Tara Ate, Annie Owen, Becky Savage, Danielle. (All Female) \$19.95  
 XGT-122 **Female Companions**—JoAnn Harris, Yolanda Clark, Marie Sharp. (All Female) \$19.95



XAT-110 **Pretty As You Feel**—Ginger Lynn, Jerry Butler, Raven. \$19.95

Private Showcase Video Dept. HFQ727, P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, CT 06907

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. (State residents add sales tax.)

Please indicate <input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> Beta				Video Total _____
Item #	Price	Item #	Price	
	\$		\$	State Tax _____
	\$		\$	P&H \$3.00 ea., 4 or more \$10 _____
	\$		\$	Total Enc. \$ _____

**NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED**  
 I declare that I am an adult, 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 M.C.  Visa  Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bank or Org. issuing card \_\_\_\_\_  
Void outside U.S. and where prohibited by law

© 1987 CMG Ltd., 5922 High Ridge Road, Stamford, CT 06905



# NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

EARLY  
TELEVISION

RICK  
GEARY  
©86



IN 1781, BENJ. FRANKLIN  
INVENTED THE FIRST PRACTICAL  
TELEVISION TRANSMISSION SYSTEM.



THE APPARATUS WAS RATHER  
CRUDE BY TODAY'S  
STANDARDS.



THE TYPICAL BROADCAST  
DAY MIGHT BEGIN WITH  
TOM PAINE'S TALK SHOW.



SILVERSMITHING FOR FUN  
WITH PAUL REVERE.



WASHINGTON'S AMERICAN  
FARMER



HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM  
THOS. JEFFERSON



POLITICAL COMMENTARY BY  
JOHN AND ABIGAIL ADAMS.



AND, OF COURSE, POOR  
RICHARD'S VIDEO ALMANACK!



ONLY THE WEALTHY, AT THAT  
TIME, HAD RECEIVERS IN  
THEIR HOMES.



NEVERTHELESS, TELEVISION  
CAN BE CREDITED WITH TURNING  
THE TIDE OF THE REVOLUTION.



IN 1965, FRANKLIN RECEIVED  
A SPECIAL EMMY!



# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

## BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** The first edition of funnies told through fotos, published in 1980. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies All-new**, all-brilliant Foto Funnies. If you liked them in the magazine, you'll really love them in the book. 1986. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best Of National Lampoon, No. 4** Just the good shit from 1972-1973. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon True Facts '86** The third all-new collection not even we could dream up. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Dirty Joke Book** The filthy, the funny, and the farmer's daughter. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see, gringo! \$3.95
- National Lampoon Comics** Not the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. \$2.50
- National Lampoon Dirty Dirty Joke Book** Collection of ribald stories, limericks, one-liners, cartoons, and other off-color works.
- Encyclopedia of Humor** Everything funny from A to Z. Hardcover. \$4.95

## MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- OCTOBER 1972** / Those Fabulous Sixties
- NOVEMBER 1972** / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972** / Easter in December
- APRIL 1973** / Prejudice
- MAY 1973** / Fraud
- JUNE 1973** / Violence
- JULY 1973** / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973** / Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973** / Banana Issue

- NOVEMBER 1973** / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973** / Self-indulgence
- JANUARY 1974** / Animals
- MAY 1974** / Fiftieth Anniversary
- AUGUST 1974** / Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974** / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974** / Civics
- JANUARY 1975** / No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975** / Love and Romance
- MAY 1975** / Medicine
- AUGUST 1975** / Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975** / Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
- NOVEMBER 1975** / Work
- DECEMBER 1975** / Money
- JANUARY 1976** / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976** / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976** / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976** / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976** / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976** / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976** / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976** / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976** / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977** / Sulfuric Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977** / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977** / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977** / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977** / Careers
- JULY 1977** / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977** / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977** / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977** / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977** / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977** / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978** / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978** / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978** / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978** / Families
- JUNE 1978** / The Wild West
- JULY 1978** / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978** / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978** / Style
- OCTOBER 1978** / Entertainment

## \$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979** / April Fool
- MAY 1979** / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979** / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979** / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979** / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980** / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980** / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980** / Vengeance
- MAY 1980** / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980** / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980** / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980** / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980** / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980** / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980** / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980** / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981** / Sin
- MARCH 1981** / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981** / Chaos
- MAY 1981** / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981** / Romance
- JULY 1981** / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981** / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981** / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981** / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981** / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?

- JANUARY 1982** / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982** / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982** / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982** / Failure
- MAY 1982** / Crime
- JUNE 1982** / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982** / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982** / O. C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982** / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982** / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983** / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983** / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983** / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983** / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983** / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983** / Adults Only
- JULY 1983** / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983** / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983** / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983** / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983** / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983** / Holiday Jeers

## \$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984** / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984** / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984** / The 60's Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984** / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984** / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984** / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984** / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984** / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984** / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984** / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984** / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984** / The last of the old NL
- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of New York
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of 15 Years
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985** / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985** / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985** / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985** / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985** / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985** / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986** / Money
- MARCH 1986** / All About Women
- APRIL 1986** / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986** / Sports
- JUNE 1986** / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986** / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986** / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986** / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986** / Back to School

## \$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986** / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987** / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987** / Crime Pays
- National Lampoon Binders** Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$5.50 each, \$9.00 for two, \$12.00 for three. — Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder** Fits many types of magazines. \$9.95 each. — Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. — 1975 — 1979 — 1983 — Vinyl binder — 1976 — 1980 — 1984 — Case binder — 1977 — 1981 — 1985 — \$24.00 each — 1978 — 1982 — 1986

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order; if it's over \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/2 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely. Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:  
NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept 887, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.



# True Miscellany Part VI

In Evansville, Indiana, a burglar pried open the door of an apartment and apparently stole a banana belonging to the seventy-year-old woman who lived there. The peel was found in the bedroom.

"Police did not estimate the amount of damage done to the door," noted the *Evansville Press*, "but the value of the banana was listed as five cents." (contributed by Herm Albright)

A Seattle electronics store offered new stereos for "299 bananas," and several customers chose to take the offer literally.

"The ad said bananas, by golly," said the store's district manager, "and so we had thirty-two buyers come to our Southcenter distribution point Saturday morning to exchange bananas for stereos."

The store accepted forty to sixty dollars' worth of bananas in exchange for each stereo—a total of 11,000 bananas. It donated the bananas to the local zoo, but there were too many even for the animals.

"We need about a thousand a week," said a zoo commissioner, "for the elephants, monkeys, gorillas, primates, and hippos." (*Hackensack, New Jersey Record* (contributed by Duck Divet))

A South Carolina man, Joseph Frazier, shot his brother, Randolph, in a dispute over a banana. Joseph told police that Randolph had attacked him with a hammer and handsaw after noticing that one of two bananas was missing from the kitchen of their father's Georgetown home.

"I had seen the banana on a counter," Randolph said, "and when I came back it was gone."

Their father, John Frazier, told police he had eaten the banana in question while Randolph was out. There was another banana left, but his sons weren't interested in that one. (*Columbia, South Carolina State* (contributed by J. W. Barrett))

This report from the *Jonesboro* (Arkansas) *Sun* appeared under a photo of a Chevy Blazer wrecked in a collision that hospitalized Irwin Gould and his wife, Geneva:

"According to State Police Corporal Hershel (Plug) Eaton, David Pratt, thirty-four, of Trumann, was driving his family north on 63 in a 1982 Chevrolet Blazer to seek medical treatment for his daughter, Deanna Pratt, two, who had a foreign object, a bead, stuck in her ear. Pratt pulled out to pass a tractor-trailer rig, saw the Gould vehicle, and swerved toward the west shoulder of the highway. Mrs. Gould, who was driving the couple's Lincoln Town Car south on U.S. 63, also turned toward the west shoulder, and the two vehicles collided. No one in the Pratts' truck was injured, but the impact of the accident knocked the bead loose from Deanna's ear." (contributed by Stephen Hill)

From the police activities column of Alaska's *Ketchikan Daily News*:

"A citizen reported that someone broke into his car while it was parked at Valley Park Elementary School. A pack of cigarettes was taken and a purple 34-B brassiere was left behind. The investigating officer reported that it appeared two people had entered the car and had stayed in it quite a while." (contributed by Jerry Cegelske)

Governor S. S. Ray of India's Punjab state announced that he wanted to turn a marshland hideout of Sikh rebels into a tiger sanctuary. "Releasing tigers to fight terrorists is a hell of an idea," said one member of the Central Reserve Police Force that patrols the area. "Then we could share the credit with the felines." (*Washington Times* (contributed by Harry Molyneux))

Two Pineville, Kentucky, women sued an A & P supermarket, claiming they were attacked by a bat that was hiding in the store's produce section. The bat "darted out from behind a head of lettuce and bit them," according to the *Middlesboro Daily News*. Carrie McGeorge and Lillie Burke claimed "A & P management knew or should have known that bats were hiding in the lettuce." (contributed by Cheryl Holt)

This appeared in *The Age*, a Melbourne, Australia, newspaper, under the headline "Pet Goldfish Raped, Left For Dead As Luststruck Cane Toads Hit Ponds":

"The president of the Townsville Aquarium Society, Mr. Paul De Vine, recently came home to find his goldfish pond surrounded by about eighty toads. The next morning, seven of his goldfish were dead.

"I'd never had this trouble before," Mr. De Vine said. "But then I did a bit of reading and I realized the toads had taken a fancy to my goldfish. They were jumping in and trying to mate with them."

"A zoologist at the local James Cook University, Dr. Ross Alford, confirmed Mr. De Vine's theory. Dr. Alford said that at this time of year, cane toads were sex-crazed.

"I have stood on the edge of a pond and had a cane toad try to mount my boot," he said. "They aren't really the sort of beasts you want mating with your boot."

"Dr. Alford said that at this time of year, male toads gathered at the edge of ponds and waited for females, which arrived only after rain.

"They really are hot to trot," he said. "They get so desperate they will mount almost anything that moves. They mount each other as well."

"Male toads have a special croak to let other males know when they have made a mistake in the allocation of their affections. 'I'm not very good at noises, but it's a sort of creek-creek noise,' Dr. Alford said." (contributed by Neil J. Carter)



## ZEN BASTARD

continued from page 14

concerned a short morning-news item on South African radio: "P. W. Botha departed this morning on a tour of friendly neighboring states. He will be back in time for lunch today."

You could sample insult humor: "I remember when hippie was your philosophical stance and not your anatomical condition."

Or, more specialized, feminist insult humor: "If they can send a man to the moon, why can't they send them all?"

Alleen Nilsen, co-director of the humor conference, referred to a running argument about hostile humor: "On one side of the issue are people who claim that hostile humor is all right as long as people are equal-opportunity insulters—that is, sexist jokes are acceptable if you insult men as often as women. With ethnic jokes, you should take turns insulting Catholics, Jews, and Protestants—and today add Muslims—and with racial jokes be sure to tell a few Polish jokes in between the black and the Mexican jokes.

"On the other side of the issue are people who find sexist, ethnic, and racial humor unacceptable. They say that good humorists should be able to find better ways to bring laughter than by attacking people for something over which they have little control. In the last two decades, people with this philosophy have changed the nature of humor in the United States. They have made it unacceptable for 'educated,' liberal-minded people to tell sexist, racist, or ethnically hostile jokes."

There was a panel on the process of laughter itself. Joyce Anisman-Saltman spoke of the physiological benefits to the heart and lungs. "The throat goes into uncoordinated spasms, the diaphragm—the one God placed there—is stimulated, all the little capillaries under the surface of your skin aerate and take in extra oxygen. I call that the Orange Julius effect. The pituitary gland is stimulated, producing endorphins, which are natural painkillers, several times more powerful than morphine."

When the government finds this out, presumably it will try to outlaw laughter. There will be a campaign urging young folks, "When somebody tries to tell you a joke... just say no!"

It is only natural that a humor conference should produce a couple of confrontations.

One involved the question of whether Jesus had a sense of humor. James Vincent of the Moody Bible Institute reported on a survey which

revealed that "87 percent of pastors believe Jesus had a sense of humor."

However, John Morreall argued that "Jesus used lots of clever figures of speech in the Gospels, but his purpose and his point of view were always uniformly serious. When he said it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven, he wasn't kidding."

The other involved the seriousness of the humor conference itself. Professional joke collector Larry Wilde complained: "I think academia often ruins the very essence of what humor is by overanalysis. Humor is spontaneous, gleeful, fun. Putting it under a microscope so that it can be categorized, analyzed, and subjected to scrutiny beyond reason actually defeats its very purpose."

But Larry Mintz argued: "Our purpose is to inform, not to entertain, to learn rather than to be amused. I love humor, but I didn't come here looking for it. I spend a lot of time and money in comedy clubs and I watch comedians in just about all of the media in which they work, but a

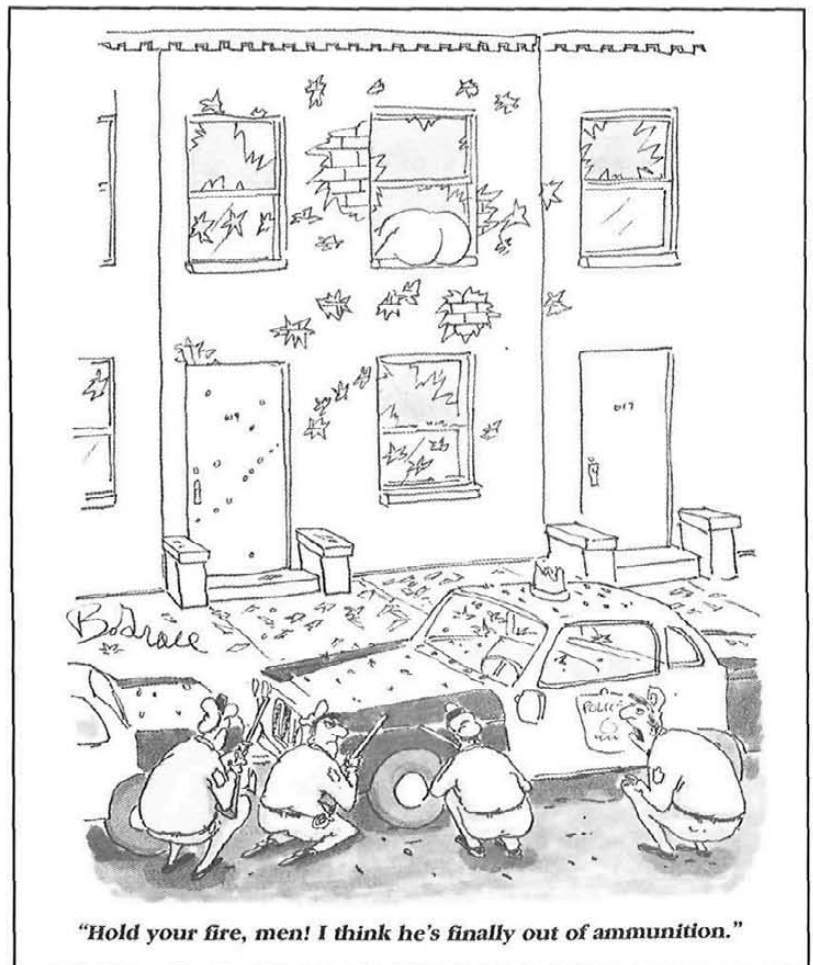
conference is a different matter for me.

"After fifteen years in this game and after attending a half-dozen humor conferences, I can gauge the nature of a session fairly accurately from the titles, and I did try to avoid ones I didn't think would be profitable. The ones that irritated me most, I guess, were not the humorous ones but the hucksters who are trying to get rich and to teach people how to get rich selling humor as a universal cure-all. The speakers' bureaus, the health and psychological well-being workshops, the novelty-gag salesmen, and the other capitalist entrepreneurs offend me sufficiently that I steer very clear of them. I guess they have a right to ply their trade and to have a humor conference too, but I prefer not to mix their activities with mine."

It's possible he was referring to Max Feibelman, president of Nulle and Voyd Enterprises, manufacturer of U.F.O. Welcome Mats, and distributor of Siberian Red Bantam Hen's Teeth as well as a Portable Sperm Bank.

Or Virginia Tooper, founder of Sarcastics Anonymous. "I had been

continued on page 114

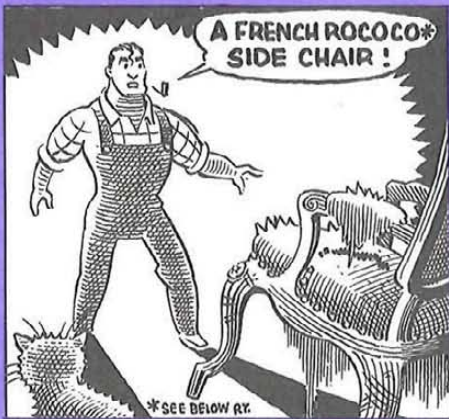
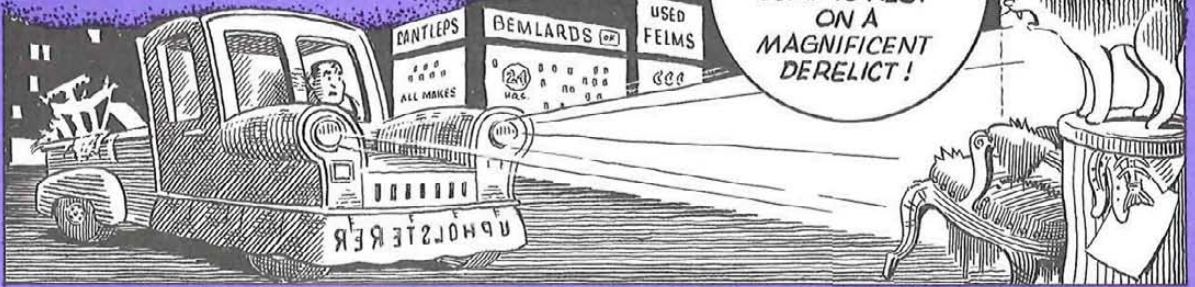




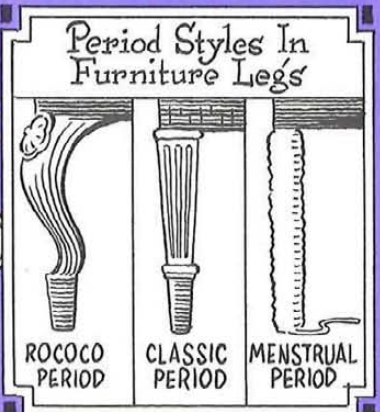
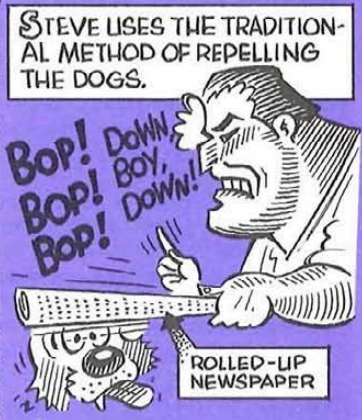
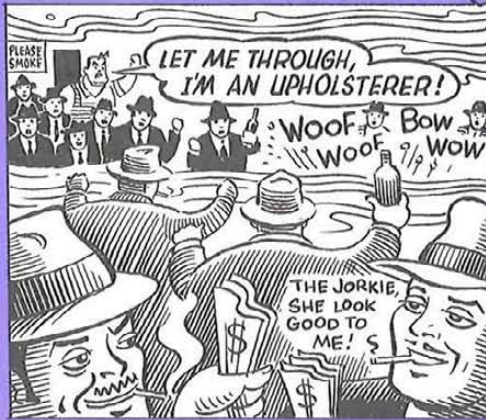
# STEVE DRAPER, CUSTOM REUPHOLSTERER

CRUISES THE NIGHT STREETS IN HIS FLOUNCEVAN SEARCHING FOR OLD FURNITURE TO RECONDITION FOR HIS RESALE BOUTIQUE...

HIS ROVING HEADLIGHTS COME TO REST ON A MAGNIFICENT DERELICT!



**CHAIR FIGHTING**  
 A brutal practice brought to the U.S. by Satin Americans in which dogs are encouraged to jump up on furniture and de-upholster it, solely for the purposes of wagering and a few laughs.





## EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

tricks God performed in the heyday of the Israelites; pranky poltergeist phenomena, mysterious assaults, strange stabbings, phantom bullets, cascades of rocks that harassed people who lived in non-glass houses, all of these done without any visible perpetrators of aforesaid crimes; and fires that consumed people internally, scorching them from the inside out yet leaving the chairs from which the people-ashes were recovered miraculously intact!

Weird shit.

So Fort sat there, poring over the records that orthodox science couldn't expunge, and he scribbled and he scribbled and he collected these True Facts in four amazing books (*The Book of the Damned*, *Lo!*, *Wild Talents*, and *New Lands*), which the good book people over at Dover Publications (31 East 2nd Street, Mineola, N.Y. 11501) have faithfully kept in print to this day at a very modest price indeed. (They'll send you a free catalog, too.)

We should make Charles Fort an honorary contributing editor of the *National Lampoon*. Because Fort took these discarded and damned data and held them under the noses of Proper

and Staid Science and said, "Smell this shit, babe."

And that, I think, is what we do here at the *National Lampoon*.

Especially with the True Facts section. Every few weeks John Bendel pores over the letters and clippings and snapshots you people send him from every corner of America, and we dress these little paupers up in the finest of typefaces and arrange them in a fine-tuned display of editorial choreography and march them out to attack the stuffed shirts and the purveyors of pomposity wherever the Truth intrudes on their charade of propriety. In other words, "Smell this shit, babe."

So here's another collection of all-new True Facts, and here's Charles Fort, writing in 1919, in *The Book of the Damned*, laughing his balls off through the time/space-warped continuum, greeting the readers of *National Lampoon's* August 1987 True Facts Gala Section:

"A procession of the damned.

"By the damned, I mean the excluded.

"We shall have a procession of the data that Science has excluded.

"Battalions of the accused, captained by pallid data that I have ex-humed, will march. You'll read them—

or they'll march. Some of them livid and some of them fiery and some of them rotten.

"Some of them are corpses, skeletons, mummies, twitching, tottering, animated by companions that have been damned alive. There are giants that will walk by, though sound asleep. There are things that are theorems and things that are rags: they'll go by like Euclid arm in arm with the spirit of anarchy. Here and there will flit little harlots. Many are clowns. But many are of the highest respectability. Some are assassins. There are pale stanches and gaunt superstitions and mere shadows and lively malices: whims and amiabilities. The naive and the pedantic and the bizarre and the grotesque and the sincere and the insincere, the profound and the puerile.

"A stab and a laugh and the patiently folded hands of hopeless propriety.

"The aggregate appearance is of dignity and dissoluteness: the aggregate voice is a defiant prayer: but the spirit of the whole is processional."

So here's the latest march of the damned.

Damned True Facts.

Damned funny True Facts.

Larry Sloman





## DISCO FEVER

continued from page 24

their shoes full of popcorn and their bloomers full of butter and salt. Richie advised me that, while we used to tell the chicks we were bisexual back then even though we weren't because it was cool, nowadays, with AIDS all over the place, that's like saying there's a time bomb in the briefcase chained around your neck. He assured me that things weren't that different, though—the only things to remember now are, carry cocaine, know your videos, and dress retro.

Cocaine, as I've mentioned, was beyond my financial reach, but I was about randy enough to try anything else, so one Friday after work I turned on MTV and dug through the stuff I'd managed to spirit away before the bitch changed the locks. I found a pair

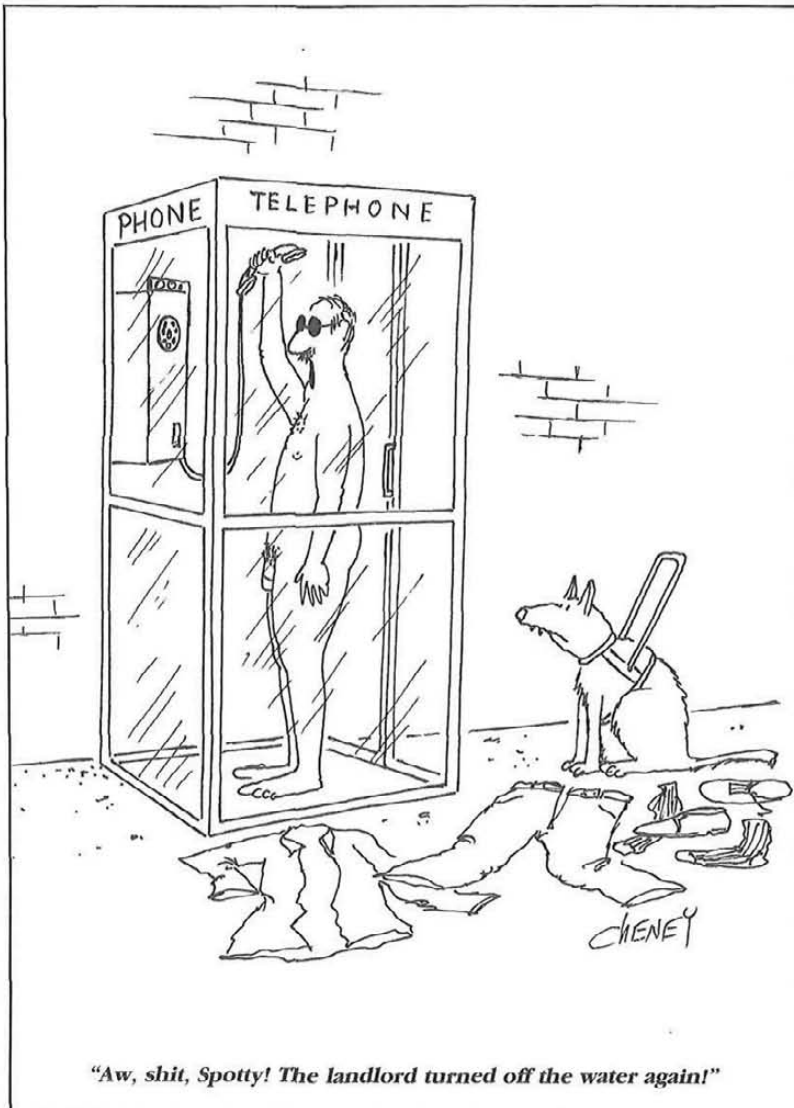
of shoes that still fit, but everything else was trouble. My freshly farmed blubber battled back the designer jeans with Hulk Hogan-like resistance, and I realized for the first time what a truly humiliating thing a fitted shirt can be. Grunting with shame and pain, I vowed to send \$19.95 first thing Monday morning to the company in Ohio that makes those Gut Busters. And then, with my head full of female secondary sexual characteristics, my heart full of hope, and my hips full of deep-red painful trenches, I headed for the BMT to downtown Manhattan.

**W**hen I arrived at the disco at about eleven, I could see that some things have stayed exactly the same: at the door is a big muscular turd, a moron who thinks he's a fucking monarch because he works out with Marc Gastineau and

because, if he chooses to do so, he can humiliate you in front of your date and your friends, and make you spend your evening somewhere less desirable. He is the moat of human scum separating you from the castle, and the more you look like you want to get in, the longer you will wait, or, in winter, the thinner your coat and gloves, the longer you will stand outside. If you object to this treatment, you'll be out there all night long. His power is the power to make you squirm; if he had been born forty-five years earlier, he would have been the one at the concentration camp smugly making people choose between their children. He is a Master Race Dream Boy, a consummate prototype of the Hitler Youth Doll. He is being financially and socially compensated for being a heartless scumbag, for being 100 percent devoid of compassion or charm or discernible flaws, yet he is still bitter and hateful and frustrated, and ready to take it out on poor saps like me and you. Tonight it just so happens that I am exceptionally, exceptionally lucky: just as I get there a passel of underground celebrities is arriving and I push in behind them. What a coup! I have beaten him out of his chance to humiliate me and, it turns out, I beat the joint out of the twenty-dollar cover when the crowd I'm with is waved on by the interior bouncer, a male Grace Jones wearing a plaid shirt buttoned to the top under a huge cardigan.

As I approach the main dance floor the crowd and the noise thicken until I feel like I'm in the midst of the mass exhumation scene in *Pollergeist*, so physically powerful is the crush of sensation and horror. The crowd looks like one hundred spilled dumpsters doing the wave, a moving, weaving, networking Smithsonian of retro and mothball chic; people are wearing Beatle wigs, peace sign earrings, Johnny Mathis shoes, rubber and leopard raincoats, white vinyl headgear, costume jewelry made from the bones of rodents, black death hoods, police outfits, swastika earrings, it's like Liberace's wardrobe was run through a food processor and let loose in a zero-gravity planetarium, all bathed in a hot, swirling, flashing shitstorm of feverish light and music so loud it impedes your vision, like a raging torrent of hot, blinding migraine. Through the flashes of strobe I smell burning crack and marijuana and opium, and I see more faces, against walls of cold raw stone and a ceiling of deep black and gnarled pipe fixtures, and though it is so terribly real it is surreal and frightening; gone are the days of tight

continued on page 106



"Aw, shit, Spotty! The landlord turned off the water again!"



# True Miscellany Part VII

As part of a public relations program, the mayor of Mountain View, California, Jim Zesch, attended a gallbladder operation as an observer. When the anesthetized patient was wheeled in, Zesch saw a note taped to his stomach. It read "Since I am being kind enough to let you observe my surgery, will you please install a left-turn signal at Middlefield and Stierlin? Thank you." *Road & Track* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

This appeared in the *Des Moines Register*:

"The town of Bolan, population five, in northern Iowa held a centennial celebration in August. About 3,000 attended. The big production number was the 'Stand Still Parade.' Bolan's only street was so short that there was no route for a parade to take. So they parked the parade and the spectators paraded around the units." (contributed by Jim Hirschberg)

In Cleveland, Ohio, Columbus A. Royal returned to the 1975 Chevrolet station wagon he had left unattended in traffic to find it hooked up to a tow truck. But before the truck could haul it away, Royal jumped into the wagon and drove away, dragging the tow truck with him. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (contributed by Michael P. Bruno)

While renting a house in Sunshine, Australia, an unnamed family found \$100,000 in the garden. They gave the money to the police, who promised to return it to them if it remained unclaimed. However, a number of claims were made. While most were from recent robbery victims, one was from a woman who said she was a man before her sex-change operation.

According to the Melbourne *Sun*, the woman, "who goes by the names of Rose Marie, Marcia Cooklar, and 'Buzz,' claims she saved a fortune and helped finance the building and extension of Elvis Presley's Memphis mansion, Graceland. The \$100,000 was from profits from these ventures,

she told Sunshine police.

"She said she could not remember where, when, or how she hid the cash because she was brainwashed—and because of the effects she also could not remember who had been manipulating her mind." (contributed by Keith Brown)

This item appeared in *Adweek*: "Jaycees from Prairie du Sac and Sauk City, Wisconsin, have nominated a local resident to be one of the sports champions pictured on boxes of Wheaties. She is Kay Hankins, six-time state champion and a four-time national cow pie tosser." (contributed by Alan C. Swan)

Lord Avebury of Britain, a member of the House of Lords and a recent convert to Buddhism, said he wants his remains to be fed to strays at the Battersea Dogs Home when he dies.

"I think it's a terrible waste that bodies should be buried or cremated," said the fifty-eight-year-old Liberal Party member. "It's a nice gesture to give the doggies a good meal and it will save Battersea the cost of some dog food, too."

Battersea manager Bill Wadham-Taylor declined Lord Avebury's offer.

"I am sure there's a lot of nutritional value in the noble lord," he said, "and the dogs are not fussy, but we just couldn't do it." *New York Post* (contributed by Hal Nifty)

For the last four years, the Oakland Memorial Funeral Home and Cemetery in Lake Mary, Florida, has been offering free burials for "drunken drivers who die during the holidays." According to the *Y. B. News*, a funeral services trade publication, "The offer includes a cemetery lot, vault, casket, and funeral worth an estimated \$5,500."

However, there have been no takers, said Oakland funeral director Cramer Stiff. (contributed by Cary K. Troxel)

This correction appeared in Florida's *Tallahassee Democrat*: "Murray Williams is a mentally ill,

disabled Tallahassee resident who spends a lot of time with the homeless people of Tallahassee. Williams was incorrectly identified as a vagrant in Sunday's *Democrat*." (contributed by Paul R. Adams, Jr.)

## IMPORTANT STUFF BEING TALKED ABOUT IN THIS BOX!

Attention, contributors! We'll give each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll give each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency, which roughly equals four pounds of salami at the deli across the street. You'll also get a credit, which is roughly equal to a salami sandwich. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. As you can see, these lovely T-shirts, as modeled by Carol Burnett, are indeed . . . lovely T-shirts.

Send your contributions to True Facts, National Lampoon 635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022.





## DISCO FEVER

continued from page 104

jeans and white shirts and what I always thought was pretty normal clothing except for an occasional weirdo here or there; now everybody is either in a business suit or they look like if you left Norman Bates in a room for a month with just a box of crayons and a ream of paper, this is what he would come up with; men are dressed like what the Gabor sisters would look like postmortem and women are going for the Dennis Hopper look; dozens of people are rubbing swatches of blue velvet and inhaling from homemade respirators; there is so much leather and animal skin being worn that if Marlin Perkins did a séance and the spirits of the dead animals rose up, everyone would be trampled and mashed to pizza; there must be the reallocated casings of some fifty billion burgers out there tonight, hug-holding the yearning crotches of all-night dancers, the leather supply coddling genitalia which other days of the week draw back in goose-fleshed anguish at the mention of a freshly clubbed baby seal. There are guys who shave swaths on the sides of their heads and let the rest of their hair grow long and comb it over the hairless spot; they are the same guys who call their fathers assholes for combing their hair over

the top of their bald heads. There are the douchebags who wear gray linenish grainy suits with a black tie either thin or knit, have perms, try to be smooth but are actually everyone's vision of a consummate asswipe; then there are the mangy guys who wear jeans and T-shirts and baseball caps, and I think jeez do they look comfortable, but then I realize where I am and that it couldn't be as simple as comfort, it must be that they are trying to prove that they don't need props, and that if they show up without gimmicks people will assume that they are the *real* big wheels, they are the ones who are too busy shaking and moving to squander an hour primping.

**M**oving slowly, as if wading into a cold ocean, I move out onto the dance floor, hoping to recapture that old rush of excitement, but I'm winded just from looking around. You can't stand still, because it's so loud that the bass pounding up through the floor will deregulate your heartbeat and force a body-wide arrhythmia. In the old days I'd just go with it, it was like riding a wave, but I can't do a thing in three-quarter time with these twenty new pounds of midriff on my dance card. I move like someone who's been assassinated and I sweat gracelessly, and then I realize, no fucking wonder,

this new weight makes what I'm doing the equivalent of the old me dancing with a five-pound weight on each wrist and each ankle, or, more accurately, wearing a cummerbund containing twenty pounds of marmalade.

And the dances they're doing! I need Dramamine just to watch. It's like a speeded-up movie of people detoxing, people who move like a marionette and an acrobat and an irate Gila monster all at once, and the way they're dressed I can't help wondering if this is a flashback from the time I tried acid and wound up at Coney Island. The craziest thing about it is, they don't break a sweat when they dance, even though they sweat like pigs at the health club, where it is chic to. They can probably control it, they're probably the same people to whom orgasm is a voluntary muscle. And then, the final insult—after they dance their nuts off for hours, they sit down and chain-smoke cigarettes, the brands with brown filters that should have a Jolly Roger on the package, and the nasty French ones without filters. Then they get up and do another few dances with names like the Epileptic Jackhammer and the New Connption Pancreas and the Big Cardiac Twitch, and then they go and smoke a thick, tar-filled joint and go out and boogie some more.

I decide to bite the bullet and try to find a dance partner, hoping my natural rhythm will rise up out of its tomb of flab if placed in proper circumstances. A quick look around tells me that, despite the fright factor, there is an abundance of attractive women here and, quite frankly, an amazing number of them have great bodies, what with the craze for gyms and aerobics and surgical revision and dabbling with bulimia. But then I realize that to undress a woman with your eyes, as they used to call it, is no longer enough; nowadays, with all the bizarre makeup and hair configurations, if you want to visualize the woman as nature created her, you have to run her through a mental car wash.

I also notice that there are an unrealistic number of blondes here, mostly shades of blonde that can be found nowhere in God's crayon box. They say the only way to be sure of a woman's real hair color is to take off her pants, but if you wanted that information about a woman here you'd probably have to go back to her baby pictures, not only because she probably does not remember her original color, but also because anything not shaved into a funny shape is probably dyed some bizarre parakeet colors or something to match Don Johnson's jacket. Out of the thousands





of blondes here tonight, probably fifty are real, and they're probably wearing red hair or some kind of aluminum cowl.

I decide that I might as well just jump right in the water, and I walk over to a tall girl who is leaning against a pillar. She is lean and mean and her face is attractive but her eyes are made up to resemble the fins on the Batmobile, and it looks like she is wearing a wounded blonde porcupine on her head. I ask her if she'd like to cut a rug, and she looks at me like there's a big chunk of booger on my face. Taking a step back, she surveys me with contempt and scoffs. With a final disbelieving laugh, she wheels and strides off into the crowd, leaving me to wonder if it was my clothes or my body or my chutzpah that elicited such a reaction. Fuck this, I resolve, I'm wined, I'm gonna get a drink.

Fortunately, I find that there is a downstairs, more of a lounge atmosphere, where the music is simply the soundtrack accompanying the gigantic video screen. The scary part is, you can hear yourself think. Some of the walls are devoted to the permanent display, which is comprised of sadomasochistic paraphernalia and gloomy artistic depictions of its deployment; also on display is the current art show, which basically looks like paintings right-handers did lefty as an experiment. Fortunately, the crowd pretty much blocks my view of it.

It turns out that I have quite accidentally located the social hub of the place, and it turns out I have picked quite a noteworthy evening to do so, a veritable star-fucker picnic. The special guest is a former defensive lineman of the New Jersey Generals who was better-known for his Jacuzzi-proof hair-weave workshops than for his athletic prowess; at six feet four, he is probably the biggest asshole this side of Roy Cohn's. Also scheduled to appear is Cherry Yellow, a blonde with brunette eyebrows who did a spread in *Swank* in August '81 and has since made her living dressing up in hot pants and petting the hoods of Corvettes at car shows. Appearances are also anticipated by the editors and publishers of *A, B, D, F, E, J, Q, R, V, X, Z*, and *PMS* magazines, and the hosts are expecting drop-ins by nearly 14,000 people who are producing cable TV shows. Most prominent, though, are the approximately 784 hyperstereotype pretentious pseudo-visionary rectally fixated douchebags who desperately wish they were from the *Village Voice*, all of whom look like Jeff Goldblum but with worse breath and whinier, and they are talking about

The New Right, The New Poverty, The New Boredom, The New Hair Pie, and The New Elderly, and they are furiously denouncing anything more than fifteen minutes old.

I head for the bar: though it's been nine years since I've been in one of these places, and I was never in this one specifically, I remember exactly how much they hate to serve drinks.

The bartender is a lean health-clubber (he was in shape even before it became a vital fashion accessory) with long muscles, skin he scrubs with an organically harvested coral sponge till he draws blood, short-cropped blond hair, and a fastidiously shaved neck, wearing impeccably faded jeans and a sleeveless T-shirt. He is no doubt a bisexual model-actor, slumping at the moment to pay the rent but, more important, getting seen; he is rarely out anywhere but discos, Perrier brunches, and exclusive health clubs with juice bars and mineral water springs; he is one of those people who gets invited to parties you can only dream about, and who somehow always has a far better apartment than you for one-third the price, and his friends are all no doubt coke-rich blonde models whom I'd sell my soul for a night with; no doubt they exchange massages and fuck him uncomplicatedly when he feels like he's wasting his life.

I try catching his eye; I wave my hand, I try a "Yo!" He ignores me with the bitter glee of a garbageman tossing a steel barrel against a wall at five A.M. or a surly checkout girl putting the eggs at the bottom of the bag under the canned dog food. With his scorn he makes his servile position into a position of power, in which customers must grovel for his approval, must pray that he judges them worthy of a drink.

I stare at him harder; I want to burn a hole in him with my hate. I'd love to storm off and cost him business but I know that would be a triumph for him. I try to seem like I'm in no hurry, I lean against the bar, because I know the thing he most enjoys is feeling like he's inducing d.t.'s in me. He might do cocaine ten times a day, but it tickles him pink to see someone want a drink; that guy needs that drink; he has problems.

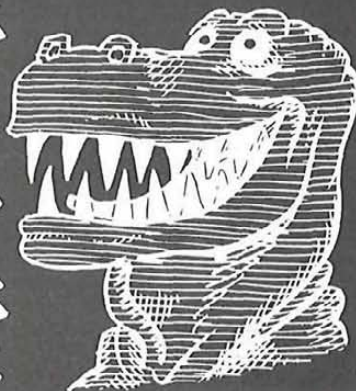
The thing that he loves most, though, is knowing that the longer he keeps me waiting, the likelier it is that, if I'm with a girl, she will have been plucked by the time I bring her her drink, which would odds-on be the "ladies' special," a concoction in the eight-dollar price range made out of sloe gin, rum, vodka, Cepacol, crème de menthe, tequila, Aqua Velva, malt liquor, whipped cream, and a handful

continued on page 110

THE FIRST, THE ONLY  
★THE ORIGINAL★

# DYNOOSAUR DANCE RECORD!!!

LATEST DANCE CRAZE  
FROM NEW YORK!



12" LONGPLAY SINGLE

~ ONLY ~

\$5.00 & POSTAGE  
& HANDLING.

\*Includes Special Guest  
Stars from Billy Joel's Band,  
The Coasters, Whodini, Dino  
& the Dynosaurs, authentic  
dinosaur sounds, & more!!!

Call the Dinosaur Hotline:

(212) 861-6780

▶ DON'T LET THIS  
DYNOOSAUR GET AWAY!

Send \$5.95 to:

BLAST RECORDS

P.O. BOX 1051

N.Y.C. 10021

☆☆☆ PS: Also look for  
Dinosaur books!

AVAILABLE IN  
CASSETTES, TOO.



# PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

## NATIONAL LAMPOON

— authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics.



**TS 1050—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY.** You'll look like Joe or Josephine Montana and be able to throw the bomb when you wear this 100 percent-nylon-mesh authentic football jersey, the same one used by most NFL teams. Ours is more distinctively styled with our logo on the front and the famous Mona Gorilla in full color on both sleeves. White. \$26.95.

**TS 1049—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY.** Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White. \$20.85.

**TRUE FACTS T-SHIRT.** Choose from the following four T-shirts. The True Fact is on the back and a very funny portrait of George Washington is on the front. \$10.95

**TS1060A** "A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket."  
—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter

**TS1060B** "White Sulphur Springs, Montana—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister."  
—San Francisco Chronicle

**TS1060C** "After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks."  
—UMKC University News

**TS1060D** "Manchester, Iowa—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck."  
—Washington Post

**TS 1045—ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT.** The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous National Lampoon Cohabitation Team. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. \$18.95

**TS 1046—ACRA SWEATSHIRT.** Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. \$13.95.

**TS 1045—MARATHON 50 SHORTS.** The Cohabitation Team wears these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon tricot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing shorts. In navy, with yellow National Lampoon imprint. \$9.50.



**TS 1059 National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** It's the T-shirt that everyone's talking about (everyone at *National Lampoon*, that is), and they're all saying the same thing: "My, what a nice T-shirt." It's great for a number of uses, including wearing. So get yours soon!  
**\$7.95 each**



**TS1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. \$5.95

**TS1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95



**TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$7.95



**TS 1057—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT.** The return of our National Lampoon superhero, Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. In full color, and with the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.

**TS 1052—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT.** We predict this will be the hottest item of the year. But then we predicted, Carter would beat Reagan. It's our authentic sports practice shirt with our famous Mona Gorilla in color and her college and graduation date. Made of 100 percent cotton. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. Women can wear it as a short dress. White. \$10.95.

**TS 1053—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT.** A great conversation piece. Ed Subitzky's Risqué Comic Strip with a great punch line. In full color, and the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.





**TS1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95

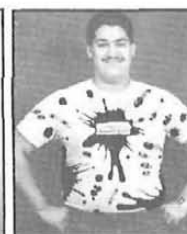


**TS1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95



**TS1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00

**TS1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people. \$10.95



**TS1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95

**TS1061—Dirty T-shirt.** Ever hear the "dirty" joke about the kid who fell into the mud? Well, that's what this shirt is like, except it's a little more expensive than the joke. \$7.95

**TS1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross in gray or black. \$20.95



**TS1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with ¾ length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$7.00

**TS1032—National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95

**TS1040—National Lampoon Nightshirt** Fun to wear. More fun to take off. \$7.95

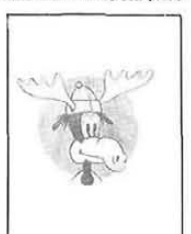


**TS 1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt** No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswalds to Europe. **\$6.95 each**

**TS1041—"I got my job through the National Lampoon"** And you can get your T-shirt through the *National Lampoon* as well. It's our newest T-shirt and it's awful nice! \$6.95



**TS1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



**TS1062—Marty Moose Golf Shirt.** The most famous moose since Bullwinkle now has a golf shirt fashioned after him. And he's very happy, so please buy one. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95

**TS1063—Marty Moose Sweater.** Comes in three sizes and two colors, gray and black. \$20.95



**TS1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95



**TS 1043A • TS 1044B National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt.** On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular Vacation T-shirt. On the right is the "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. \$16.95 each.

TS 1019 \$4.95	—S _M _L	TS 1038 \$20.95	—S _M _L	TS 1045 \$18.95	—S _M _L _XL
TS 1026 \$5.95	—S _M _L			TS 1046 \$13.95	—S _M _L _XL
TS 1027 \$7.00	—S _M _L			TS 1048 \$9.50	—S _M _L _XL
TS 1028 \$7.00	—S _M _L	TS 1039 \$10.95	—S _M _L	TS 1049 \$20.95	—S _M _L _XL
TS 1029 \$5.95	—S _M _L	TS 1040 \$7.95	—S _M _L	TS 1050 \$26.95	—S _M _L _XL
TS 1030 \$33.95	—S _M _L	TS 1041 \$6.95	—S _M _L	TS 1052 \$10.95	—S _M _L
TS 1031 \$7.95	—S _M _L	TS 1043A \$16.95	—S _M _L _XL	TS 1053 \$10.95	—S _M _L
TS 1032 \$6.95	—S _M _L	TS 1044B \$16.95	—S _M _L _XL	TS 1057 \$10.95	—S _M _L
TS 1034 \$13.95	—S _M _L _XL	TS 1061 \$7.95	—S _M _L _XL	TS 1058 \$6.95	—S _M _L
	COLOR _____	TS 1062 \$14.95	—S _M _L	TS 1059 \$7.95	—S _M _L
TS 1035 \$14.95	—S _M _L			TS 1060A \$10.95	—S _M _L _XL
	COLOR _____	TS 1063 \$20.95	—S _M _L	TS 1060B \$10.95	—S _M _L _XL
TS 1036 \$13.95	—S _M _L			TS 1060C \$10.95	—S _M _L _XL
	COLOR _____			TS 1060D \$10.95	—S _M _L _XL

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

**NATIONAL LAMP, Dept 887, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.**

Please enclose \$2.00 for postage and handling for each order; New York State residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax. Add \$1.00 extra per item for foreign orders.

Check items desired and circle size.

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.



## DISCO FEVER

continued from page 107

of maraschino cherries, with the wooden umbrellas whipped to splinters in the crushed-ice-and-antifreeze base; it looks like an export of Chernobyl and would probably render similar results.

I wave a twenty-dollar bill at him; he continues ignoring me; I'd love to pick up an empty glass and hurl it at him, but I want the drink too much.

Two queers mince up to the bar now; one is talking about how he should have had a triple bypass on Valentine's Day; the other is talking boredly about how he went to school with Don Johnson and Grace Jones and Vanna White. The first, skinny to shame Diana Vreeland, is wearing tape measures as suspenders and a broth-gold T-shirt he paid about \$170 for at a SoHo boutique so another piano-fingered fag could fuss-fit him. The thing is custom-tailored, Finnish body-fit, but a rhinoceros could wear it as a nightshirt.

**T**he second queer now starts gossiping about a mutual friend whose rectum is nicknamed The Bermuda Bi-Angle because of all the unexplained disappearances reported in its musky vicinity; eventually he decides he wants a drink, and he instantly mashes his way into the bartender's attention. He wants a white wine and orange juice but he has conditions: "Is the orange juice fresh-squeezed? Is it? I don't want frozen or from concentrate. I don't care if it costs more, I want fresh. You don't?"

Well, do you at least have reduced-acid frozen? What? For chrissakes, what are you, Rip Van Bartender?" He cackles hysterically at his joke, then, failing any sporty breeds of orange juice, settles on a Perrier with a twist of fresh lime, which, he snickers, probably both come from Jersey anyway.

By the time the bartender acknowledges me, we have both won; he has made me squirm and I have made him serve me. I order a drink; with enough hostility and disdain to last the royal family two generations, he packs a glass with ice, splashes in the token one-third ounce of watered generic whiskey, slops it in front of me, and rings up seven dollars. Somehow, as I take the drink off the bar, he has made me feel ashamed of myself, in a way that triggers dismal introspection, the conviction that I am a useless human being. I tip him two dollars and instantly regret it, but more than regret it, I am amazed by it: how has he made me do all this?

As I slalom back through the crowd, I notice that a tremendous number of people are wearing leather pants, trying to impart the "I am a sexual animal" message in a high-charisma, physical way. But there should be a sign at the door informing people that if they're old enough to get in here, they almost certainly look awful in leather pants. There is a fifty-fiveish woman standing near me wearing shiny leather pants the light brown color of a badly fed dog's squibby shits, and the fit is bad enough to be repulsive, not to mention the vapors of menopause encased in greasy leather. This type of

heady bodily secretion should only be trapped as treats around the maypole, and even then, caution and a lot of strong soap should be used.

I am in the middle of thinking that leather pants could be the most profound symptom of graceless aging imaginable when I glance up at the giant video screen and see that there are exceptions to every rule: here comes James Brown; he's wearing skintight leather pants and he's got hair like a shiny black loofah and he's grinning like a winning scorebard, shaking out onto the smoky stage like a mechanical bull in the body of a sweating, gleaming locomotive, and he's 90,000 years old, a veteran of the Jurassic era, but somehow it's all perfect on him, and the only other person it could be perfect on would be Tina Turner, and someday around the year 2060 they'll make a video together, she'll have a walker, and he'll have an artificial heart in a shopping wagon, and they'll still be tearing up the town.

When I go to the bathroom I find the same bunch of hungry-looking guys standing around that there always were, affecting a supervisory capacity, usually a couple of them smugly watching the urinators. Tonight there's a guy leaning over the sink counter scratching his head; once he accumulates a good-sized pile of dandruff, he takes out a credit card and scrapes it into a coke vial. In a couple of hours some winsome bimbo is going to think she's blowing her nodes out with Peruvian flake, and all it'll be is dust from his scalp. By the time he has finished bottling the product, he has four offers to buy it, but he laughingly declines, telling them his big red otter is gonna jog the pink parkway tonight. Then he turns to me and tells me not to believe the commercials, that in truth, Head & Shoulders will wreck your sex life.

**O**n your way out of the bathroom you're supposed to give the cock-watcher a dollar for a paper towel. You've gotta give the cock-watcher at least a dollar or he sprays your back with Brut Lilac. The cock-watcher loves to look powerful in his folding chair with his cheap perfume transfused in the fancy bottles; he loves to look at you and make you feel like the tip you give him is actually hush money so he doesn't go telling the whole world you shook six times and your pud couldn't stuff a hamster. Tonight the cock-watcher has a woman in talking with him, the type of girl who is beautiful and insatiable, who can only experience orgasm during aerobics, skydiving, or when lashed





with rawhide and being dragged by a motorcyclist. To stay excited during conventional sex she must imagine more exciting things, like being fist-fucked by Mike Tyson, or being torn to shreds by a sea of Dobermans. Presumably they are doing coke; later on the cock-watcher will have a male friend in with him to spectate, and they will joke about preparing Olympic-style cock-watching signs with numbered ratings: 8.5; 9.5; 6.5.

When I get back to the lounge, it is so crowded there is hardly room to move, let alone find a place to sit down or get comfortable. This is the midnight influx of the ultra-trendy; here everyone has on leopard or black spandex and Carl Perkins's shoes, and glasses like the class piñata used to wear, and they have skim-milk-colored faces and hair that looks like it was cut with Playskool scissors when they fell asleep baby-sitting for brats. What I overhear mostly regards movies—excuse me, films—with subtitles, and I hear the word “struggle” a lot, and everything gets broken down into categories, one person is an epigrammatic, anal, didactic, Jungian, nihilistic, neo-fascist, American League fan. I decide to head back upstairs and take another crack at that dance floor.

But once returned to that deafening mayhem of smoke and screaming miscreant light, I realize I'm not going to be able to go this alone—I will need liquor. The only problem is getting to the bar.

I grit my teeth and remind myself that by God I've been a New Yorker for thirty-seven years and I can be as rude and pushy a scumbag as anyone, I can do it. I locomote with my elbows, stomp on toes, shove and jostle shamelessly. When I reach the bar I give the bartender a glower that frightens him into service. Then I stiff him with a smile.

I guzzle one of the bourbons at the bar and carry the other two off, wondering if they will rolf me into assertiveness, make me change my luck. Within a matter of moments, things start happening.

In the midst of the din I see an excruciatingly cute girl smiling at me, a big, luscious, friendly, pulse-quickening smile—unfortunately, though, when she begins talking a moment later I realize she is conversing with a brunette standing behind me. They might as well be chatting across the gorge at Niagara Falls, but they seem to be communicating completely efficiently. When they end the conversation, I turn to the girl behind me, get her attention, put my face inches from her ear, and shout, “HOW CAN YOU UNDERSTAND HER?” Comes

the predictable reply, an annoyed “WHAT?” “NEVER MIND,” I scream. These must be the same people who are able to have torrid romances and deep friendships and breezy chats in cafés with unintelligible foreigners.

I blast back the cocktails with abandon and, scalp tingling and overall giddy, gallivant to the dance floor, a blizzard of crackling limbs and unkempt muscles.

Within three minutes my back would produce a sound like an old sofa being thrown off a tall building and landing badly, and I would be writhing in an extremity of pain that could only be equaled by, say, giving birth out of your eye or nostril. The worst of it was I became the hit of the place when they thought the writhing was some new dance. There I was, rolling around with a spine made of splintered wicker, and within moments there was a circle of forward-thinkers above me, clapping and whooping and speculating over whether I was West End or East Village and how nouvelle the accompanying scream was and whether I had a video out.

Things didn't get much better when my twitched-out, finally-still body alerted them something was wrong. A lispy voice suggested mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and before I could react I felt the hot scrape of a mustache on my face. Suddenly the smell of chewed semen was being panted on me; I thrashed away as best I could and then everything went black and I drifted into a distant dreamworld in which

there was a surgeon general's warning on the door of every disco apprising potential entrants of the physical hazards and high population of cretins within, and then I died and they sprinkled my ashes over John Travolta's bald spot, and then I was cursing the fact that now I would never get my rocks off, and the next thing I remember was coming to, and, before I opened my eyes, knowing I was in an ambulance, hearing the wail of the sirens and feeling a fast rocky ride.

But then I became aware of a hand resting on my leg and I looked up. My eyes met those of a sleepy-looking young nurse, her uniform a little dirty, her mouth thick with red lipstick. I felt her hand travel higher up my thigh.

“Quite the little boogier, are we?” she said in a voice like a cigarette smoked down to the filter, and when I smiled her hand moved up and settled on my crotch. My trousers reacted with gusto.

Now mind you, this was not a woman who would inspire Charles Nelson Reilly to want to relive his life as Warren Beatty, and she was not what you'd call an all-tongue piranha, but I do dearly cherish the memory of her imploring me (“Mmmmbgmbgmmmm”) to hurry up as the ambulance pulled up the hospital ramp. Enough so that I'm going to buy her dinner as soon as I get out of this body cast.

I guess it wouldn't be right to tell you to destroy your lumbar region next time you're looking for a good time, but quite frankly it's a hell of a lot less traumatic than going to a disco. ■





**THE LIFE CONDOM BY CONDOM RESEARCH.** AIDS is life-threatening and is exceeding epidemic proportions. Current status shows that in the U.S. alone potential carriers number in the millions. At CONDOM RESEARCH we know how AIDS is changing the course of our lives; we also know how important it is to feel safe during intimate contact. CONDOM RESEARCH believes the LIFE CONDOM is the best known protection against AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases.

**HALT THE PLAGUE OF THE 21<sup>ST</sup> CENTURY. WE ARE WORKING FOR YOUR SAFETY. \$1 FROM EACH ORDER IS DONATED TO AIDS RESEARCH.**

Send me THE LIFE CONDOM at \$12.95 per order of 12 (# orders \_\_\_\_\_)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/state/zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send to:  
C. Research, Suite 306-126,  
1430 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138

\*\* Included in each order is up-to-date information on AIDS.

\*\* ALL ORDERS ARE SENT WITH  
UTMOST DISCRETION \*\*

**FREE OFFER!**  
**MOVIE SCRIPTS!**  
**★ GIANT CATALOG ★**  
NOW AVAILABLE! Scripts from your favorite Movies & TV Shows. From Gone With The Wind to Ghostbusters! Over 3000 titles! Send \$1 (refundable) for huge catalog. Receive FREE offer! SCRIPT CITY, 1765 N. Highland, #760NL, Hollywood, CA 90028.

**EAT THE POOR!** Illustration of Ronnie and Nancy sitting down to a tasty snack of brains in black butter. Order the ultimate 80's radical-chic T-shirt! Black, white. \$11.95. Glad Hand Shirts, 615 Spring St., Mt. Shasta, CA 96067.

Hey, Vern, it's the **ERNEST P. WORRELL** \*  
**INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB**  
For a measly \$7 you get:  
★ An official membership card ★ An autographed picture ★ A prescription to the KnowWhutline Newsletter ★ A one-size-fits-all bumper sticker. PLUS—tips on how to order other Ernest souvenirs. Guaranteed to double your fun and maybe even your life span! Check/Money Order to ERNEST FAN CLUB • Suite 20 • BOX 23325 • NASHVILLE, TN 37202 © 1987 GARDEN AND CHERRY



**Computer PRANKS for PCs and Compatibles.** A whole disk full of hilarious practical-joke programs. Turn PCs into booby traps. Spreadsheet crumbles to bottom of screen. Generate twenty-two million disgusting insults. **Much, MUCH more!!** Money-back guarantee. Only \$17.50 (plus \$2.50 s&h)—PRANKS, P.O. Box 11632, Salt Lake City, Utah 84147.

**SEX IS AS SEXY THINGS!**  
**THE ILLUSTRATED SELECTION HANDBOOK**  
UNIQUE, REVEALING HUMOR  
Over 100 pages of good-lovin' laughs! Available EXCLUSIVELY by mail! Money-back guarantee\*\$5.00 ppd.  
Get it while you can!  
B C Publications  
210 Seventh Street SE  
Washington, DC 20003




To: BC Publications\*210 Seventh St. SE  
Washington, DC 20003\*\*\*\*\*I'm over 21.  
Here's \$5. Send the Sexy Book. If I don't like it, I can return it within 10 days & get my money back, no questions asked.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**OUTRAGEOUS BOOKS!** Perverse philosophy, tasteless humor, bizarre sex, magic, money, cannibalism, revenge, flimflam, pyrotechnics, pickpocketing, secret information. Free catalog \$1. Esoterica, 349 E. Cooke Rd., Columbus, OH 43214.

**SEARCHING FOR 1960'S FIGURE MODEL KITS!** Preferably unbuild. Munsters, Lost in Space, Bride of Frankenstein, whatever. Built okay. Phil Ceccola, P.O. Box 129, Bridgeport, Pa. 19405, (215) 277-1966.

**INDOOR GARDENING SUPPLIES**  
THE LATEST IN ORGANIC TOOLS, LIGHTING, BOOKS, FERTILIZERS - WE HAVE IT ALL!  
FREE BROCHURE - PRIVACY GUARANTEED  
P.O. BOX 6-L, REDWAY, CA 95560  
(707) 923-3988



**FULL CIRCLE**

**RESEARCH PAPERS HOT LINE**  
SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG  
OF 16,000 TOPICS OR CALL TOLL FREE  
800-621-5745 FOR INFORMATION  
IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 922-0300  
Authors' Research, Rm. 600-L, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605

**SUPPORT THE LUST VARMIT CAM-PAIGN** Help Durwood the Lust Varmit Battle the Agents of S.I.N. (Sex Is Nasty). Strike a Blow for Freedom of Sex! Join the Lust Legion! Send \$1.00 & S.A.S.E. for details & price list of Lust Varmit T-shirts. **ADULTS ONLY!** Mail to: Doc Doobad Creations, P.O. Box 163, Salvisa, Ky. 40372.


**WRAP THAT RASCAL**  
"SUPPORT SAFE SEX"  
T-Shirts—\$8 (+ \$2 handling). State size and color (Gry, Whit, Yel, Pnk, Org, Trq.)  
Bumper Stickers—\$2 (+ 25¢ handling). To: C.A. Crerar, 1904 Cutty Bay Ct., Oldsmar, Fla. 33557.



All last-a-quality tee-shirt that expresses your true feelings about **Marriage!**  
**Black & Red On White**  
Great gift for Groom/Best Man/Stag Party  
Buy 4, get 5th FREE!! \$10.95 plus \$2.00 shipping  
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery  
Indicate size(s) (SM MED LG XLG)  
**Metro Graphics**  
P.O. Box 102 Dept. NLA Ansonia, CT 06401



**THE MAD MOTHER SHOWER CURTAIN**  
Guests overstaying their welcome? Let MOTHER help. One PSYCHOSHOWER sends them packing! Motel quality. \$19.95, pp. check or MO to HARMONY GROVE HOUSE Box 701, Ocala, Fla. 32670  
Money-back guarantee.



**GET OUT OF THE DARK.**

Open your eyes and see just how many subjects are covered in the new edition of the Consumer Information Catalog. It's free just for the asking and so are nearly half of the 200 federal publications described inside. Booklets on subjects like financial and career planning; eating right, exercising, and staying healthy; housing and child care; federal benefit programs. Just about everything you would need to know. Write today. We'll send you the latest edition of the Consumer Information Catalog, which is updated and published quarterly. It'll be a great help, you'll see. Just write:

**Consumer Information Center**  
Dept. TD, Pueblo, Colorado 81009  
U.S. General Services Administration

**MUSCLES**  
HOW TO BUILD A MORE POWERFUL BODY!  
LOSE FAT!  
FREE BOOKLET  
New Muscle Pumping Methods gives you wider shoulders • Trimmer waist • Powerful chest • Bigger arms • Gain weight and strength. Write today!  
**UNIVERSAL BODYBUILDING**  
DEPT. 22 BOX 694, DETROIT, MI 48240



**ASIAN WOMEN DESIRE ROMANCE!**  
Sincere, cultured, attractive. Sunshine International Correspondence—Dept. TZ, Box 260, North Hollywood, CA 91603.

**"NO FARTING"**  
Top quality 2 color red and black stickers available in:  
4" x 4" Regular size \$1.00  
6" x 6" Large size \$2.00  
7" x 10" metal sign \$5.00  
T-Shirts S.M.L.XL \$8.00  
Send check or M.O. to  
**BREAKWIND ENT.**  
3739 Greenway  
Shreveport, LA 71105



**TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE**  
**HOT LINE**  
SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG  
LISTING 16,278 RESEARCH PAPERS, or  
CALL TOLL FREE 800-351-0222  
IN CALIFORNIA (213) 477-8226  
Research Assistance, 11322 Idaho Ave. #206LE Los Angeles, CA 90025

**PROTECT YOURSELF** from unnecessary pregnancy decisions, problems. Conception Liability Contract, wallet size; or novelty. \$2.00 to Decisions, P.O. Box 966, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

**GO INTERNATIONAL!** Over 60 foreign university T-shirts and sweatshirts available. For free color brochure write: Collegiate Wholesale, 407 So. Dearborn, Room 1615-L, Chicago, Illinois 60605



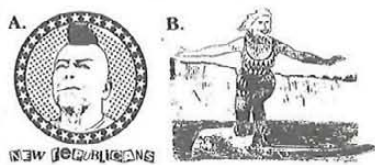
**HAVE AN  
EXCITING,  
INDISPENSABLE  
PRODUCT?**



**Sell a lot  
of it  
through  
National  
Lampoon  
mail-order and  
classified  
advertising.**

**Send to:  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022  
Attn: Howard Jurofsky  
or call (212) 688-4070**

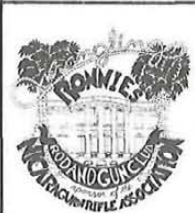
**A. Reagan With a Mohawk  
B. Surf Niagara Falls  
(lettering not shown)**



Six colors on white 100% cotton Hanes Beefy T Shirts - 10. Specify design and size. Check or money order to:  
**SCREEN CLASSICS**  
P.O. Box 275 - Station C  
1245 Main Street  
Buffalo, NY 14209  
Add \$1.50 shipping charge per shirt New York State residents add local sales tax.

**HISTORY OF WHITE PEOPLE IN AMERICA**

Martin Mull searches for the "roots" of the average American white person in this hilarious video "mockumentary," VOLUME I (48 min.), \$24.95, VOLUME II (100 min.), \$39.95. Add \$3.00 P&H. To order send check or M.O. to: MCA Home Video, 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, CA 91608, or call: 1-800-972-5858, ext. 1334.



**WRANGLING  
RONNIE ROD AND  
GUN CLUB**  
Sponsor of the  
Nicaraguan Rifle Assoc.  
Multicolor design on  
khaki, hefty 50-50 T  
S-M-L-XL, 1 for \$11.00,  
2 for \$20.00 (U.S.  
funds). AAL Designs,  
P.O. Box 965, Tucson,  
AZ 85702.

**Small  
colleges  
can help  
you make  
it big.**

**Just ask: Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, Eureka College, IL; Pierson Mapes, President, NBC Television Network, Norwich University, VT; Robert Noyce, Vice Chairman of the Board, Intel Corporation and Microchip Inventor, Grinnell College, IA; Red Johnson, President, Borg-Warner Corporation, Millikin University, IL.**

A small college can help you make it big, too. To learn more about our small independent colleges, write for our free booklet. Send your name and address to Council of Independent Colleges, Box 11513, Washington, D.C. 20008.

Sponsored by CIC The Council of Independent Colleges

**SCHOOL'S  
NEVER BEEN SO MUCH FUN.  
GET IN TERRAINING!**

You'll love doing your assignments when you enroll in an ATV Rider's Course. In just one 4½ to 6 hour lesson you'll learn how to climb hills, turn and brake with the best of 'em. Skillfully and safely. The course is taught by certified SVIA instructors and training is available to both kids and adults. So call (800) 447-4700 today for the class nearest you. Go for it!



**AN  
ADVENTURE  
IN SAFETY**

**SVIA** Specialty Vehicle Institute of America



## ZEN BASTARD

continued from page 101

losing lots of boyfriends," she confessed, "through the indiscriminate use of funny remarks. I was on the wagon for six months, and then I went to see a live show with Joan Rivers, and after only ten minutes I had the uncontrollable desire to turn around and insult three people." She also runs Sarcanon, "for people who have to live and work with sarcastics."

Perhaps he had in mind Crane Consultants, a firm which specializes in conducting workshops for businesses that teach how to decrease the destructive effects of stress and Type A behavior through techniques of laughter and play.

Or Chuckle Pops, "a new type of computer program that resides in your computer's memory along with your word processor, spread sheet, database manager, or whatever. You simply run Chuckle Pops once to load jokes in your computer's memory and then you can pop up jokes while you run any other program. One keystroke pops up a joke, another keystroke takes you

back to your program. Chuckle Pops contains over four hundred jokes divided into twenty chapters...."

Humor is becoming big biz these days. At this conference, there was a cocktail party reception co-hosted by *Writer's Digest* to celebrate the publication of a book, *Comedy Writing Secrets*, by Melvin Helitzer.

The next day, he spoke on "The Ethics, Structure, and Application of Hard-core Words in Humor." His point was that sometimes four-letter words are the *only* appropriate words to use in certain jokes, despite the taboos. So it would be permissible to say, "I can prick my finger," but impermissible to say, "I can finger my prick."

He told a story of a man who got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, came back to bed, and told his wife how he had experienced a miracle, that there was a sudden light, not hot, but cool and refreshing. "What miracle?" she responded. "You were pissing in the refrigerator."

He told about the golfer whose long drive hit a woman in the head. "Why didn't you yell, 'Fore?'" she asked. He replied, "I didn't have time." She came

back with "You had time to yell, 'Oh shit!'"

And he told about the time George Carlin was taping an interview for radio, mentioning how he got up at three A.M., went to the medicine cabinet, woke up his wife, and said, "Here's your Excedrin." She responded, "I don't have a headache." "Good," he said. "Then let's fuck."

The interviewer said that would be a problem. "You mean because I said fuck?" asked Carlin. "No," was the answer, "but we're a noncommercial station, and you can't say Excedrin."

Helitzer concluded his talk on a rather sentimental note: "When E.F. Hutton last year committed a criminal act by floating checks between one bank and another and nearly got thrown out of business—a crime that you and I would be serving jail terms for—and they needed to have a spokesman to enhance their credibility, for six million dollars they got Bill Cosby. Isn't it wonderful, in this country, that a black comedian is the most respected, credible person in the United States? We've come a long way."

Yeah, but can Cosby swim? ■

### COMING

Sharpen those pens and ink up those pencils, grease up those slide rules and buy a gross of condoms, because you know what time it is. That's right, it's time to go back to school. Ah, the ever-unpopular fall ritual is about to take place again as it has for generations. Fortunately for us, we have all purchased Ph.D.'s from prestigious universities and no longer have to endure teachers, students, dropouts, geeks, hall monitors, jocks, homo phys. ed. staff, disgusting cafeteria food, or any of the other putrocities of academic incarceration. Read carefully; there will be a short quiz immediately following the issue.


C-

Shows no intelligence or originality. But I must say that spelling has improved somewhat.






The publishers and editors of Heavy Metal magazine cordially invite you to a very special celebration, the tenth anniversary of the world's favorite fantasy magazine, Heavy Metal, founded in 1977.




Guest speakers, artists, and storytellers will include: Jeff Jones, Drew Friedman, Angus McKie, Michael Wm. Kaluta, John Findley, Moebius, and Daniel Torres, who for this very special occasion will reprise memorable characters that they introduced on the pages of this magazine over the past decade.


Additional guests will include: Rowena, Stephen Hall, and others known throughout the world for their creativity and for the bizarre beauty of their work.




As a very special attraction, there will be an exhibition and study on "The Construction of Your Own Robot."




The Time: Summer 1987



The Place: By subscription or at select bookstore and magazine outlets



The Reason: You're only ten once.



Heavy Metal's Tenth Anniversary Issue: A very special occasion for the magazine for people who can dream while still awake.



FOR SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION WRITE TO: HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE, 635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

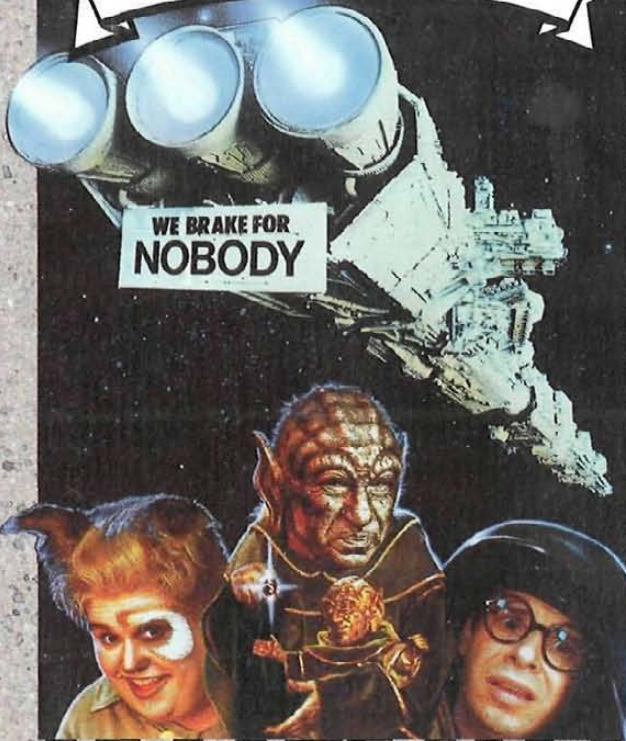


★★★★ HEY, DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT IT'S TIME TO TAKE THE OFFICIAL...★★★★

# SPACEBALLS ATTITUDE TEST

TEST YOUR SKILLS!

Everything you need to know before seeing Mel Brooks' new spaced-out adventure in comedy.



John Candy as **BARF**

Half-man half-dog Barf has trouble when:

- He tries to be his own best friend
- He sees a fire hydrant
- Someone throws a rolled up newspaper



Rick Moranis as **DARK HELMET**

Dark Helmet uses the Schwartz to:

- Enslave the universe and all who live in it
- Get his favorite table at restaurants
- Search the galaxy for a helmet that actually fits.



Mel Brooks as **YOGURT**

Yogurt has the power of the Schwartz because:

- He embodies all good in the universe.
- He bought the rights from George Lucas.



The Voice of Joan Rivers as **DOT MATRIX**

Dot matrix — robot slave, when she gets low on oil she:

- Slows down imperceptibly
- Stops in at local auto store
- Gets cramps
- Develops a pain in the neck.



Daphne Zuniga as **PRINCESS VESPA**

How many times a day does this princess think of nothing but herself:

- Once a day
- Every day, all day long
- Princesses don't have to think.



Bill Pullman as **LONE STARR**

When Lone Starr sees Princess Vespa for the first time he:

- Falls in love.
- Joins her in a quest to save the universe.
- Develops a pain in the neck.

## SPACEBALLS

### THE TEST



**PIZZA-THE-HUT**

To get his way Pizza-The-Hut

- Smothers his victims with an extra layer of cheese
- Bakes them to a crispy golden brown
- Makes them eat at the salad bar.



**EAGLE 5**

Lone Starr's Winnebago is a good design for a spaceship because

- It can travel the speed of light
- It can outrun any starship in the galaxy
- Sleeps four and has a toilet

GRADE IT YOURSELF!



★★★ COMING SOON TO A THEATRE VERY, VERY NEAR YOU!!! ★★★